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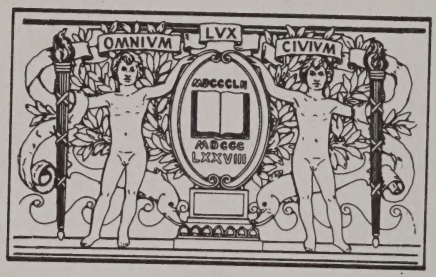

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THE

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JANUARY, 1864.

ART. I. — *The Life of William Hickling Prescott.* By GEORGE TICKNOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. 4to. pp. 491.

BOOKS about books are to most readers comparatively dull. Criticism is a species of dissection, the graces of which are not fully appreciated but by a professional eye; but books about men who write books address a wider circle of interest, because they add the interest of humanity to the element of literature. Books like Boswell's Life of Johnson and Lockhart's Life of Scott are universally popular, because they glow with vital warmth, and are suffused with the hues of human feeling. We trace the careers of men like Johnson and Scott as we follow the adventures of the heroes of a novel. Scott's first and unsuccessful passion is as romantic an incident as the rejection by Flora McIvor of Waverley's proffered hand. Johnson's heroic struggles against poverty, loneliness, and a melancholy temperament are as pathetic as anything in "The Vanity of Human Wishes." In short, a well-written literary biography is read with pleasure by all men who have any taste for reading at all.

We have in the work before us a delightful addition to the class of literary biography, for which we venture to predict a wide and enduring popularity. It is the biography of one who was not only an eminent man of letters, but also, in his private character and personal relations, one of the most frank, amiable, warm-hearted, and open-hearted of human beings. It is

written by a man who from early youth was his intimate friend, and knew and understood him as well as one man can know and understand another, — whom all the common friends of the two would have pointed out as the most proper person to do the work which he has done. And he has discharged the trust of friendship which was devolved upon him in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. The story of Mr. Prescott's life is told simply, affectionately, and truthfully; nothing is extenuated, and nothing is overstated; the friends of the historian will recognize the perfect fidelity of the likeness, and the stranger who knew him not will, from internal evidence, feel assured that in these pages he has seen him as he lived and was. The style is correct, flowing, and easy. The stream of the narrative is rarely broken by criticism or speculation, and such liberal use is made of Mr. Prescott's journals and correspondence, that the work has something of the charm of an autobiography. It has the sweetness and the sunshine which were so characteristic of the living man, and the qualities which made him so beloved shed their attractions over the pages which contain the story of his life. We shall best do justice both to the historian and his biographer by giving a brief abstract of the Life, with liberal extracts.

William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem on the 4th of May, 1796. There were few happier homes than that into which the child was born, and rarely did a human being begin the voyage of life under more favorable auspices. His father had every qualification of mind, character, and disposition needed for the due discharge of the paternal office. He was a man of mild wisdom, unaffected dignity of character, sweet temper, and gentle manners. His son held him in the highest veneration, and yet with that perfect love which casteth out fear. Between the two there was always the most unclouded confidence, and so long as the father lived, the son leaned upon him as upon a strong column of support. The historian's mother was a woman of great energy, warm benevolence of heart, and that cheerful temperament which brightened every scene in which she appeared. Mr. Prescott the elder, at the time of his son's birth, was a young but rapidly rising lawyer, so that his son never knew that burden of pov-

erty which often presses so heavily upon the sensitive spirit; nor, on the other hand, was he exposed to the trial of great wealth and enervating luxury. His childhood and boyhood were passed in Salem and in Boston, to which latter place his father removed in 1808. He was a happy, light-hearted boy, a good deal indulged at home, but very rarely abusing this indulgence, and never without a check from his vigilant father, who was not too busy to keep watch over his son, and never allowed the reins of discipline to fall from his hand, though he often held them loosely. He was not a precocious boy, and gave no promise of great intellectual distinction, though as a scholar he was of rather more than average merit.

He entered Harvard College in 1811, at the age of fifteen, very well instructed in Latin and Greek, and with an excellent taste in English literature, but with no liking — rather a decided repugnance — for mathematics, and with no fondness for metaphysical discussions and speculations. It is hardly necessary to add, that under these conditions any high rank in college was out of the question. Nor did he do all that he might have done in the departments which were congenial to his taste. He was full of health and hope and joy, overflowing with animal spirits, feeling his life in every limb, of warm social sympathies and a brilliant social position, and very attractive in person and manners. These gifts and advantages exposed him to some dangers, and it is certain that in after life he did not look upon his college career with unmingled satisfaction. It is not to be wondered at that he was not a hard student; but, on the other hand, he was not an idler, and if he did not achieve distinction, he escaped discredit.

But there was a strong will under his pleasurable temperament and light-hearted exterior. Early in college began that struggle between the law in his members and the law in his mind which continued through life, though it was not suspected by any but his most intimate friends. Here, too, he began his life-long practice of making good resolutions, which were not always kept, but yet were not without aid to his sometimes vanquished virtue. Upon this point his early and always intimate friend, Mr. W. H. Gardiner, communicates to his biographer an interesting paper, which, as it reveals a part

of Mr. Prescott's character not known to the general public, we copy entire.

"It was about this time, that is, pretty early in his college life, when the first excitements of perfect liberty of action were a little abated, that he began to form good resolutions, — to form them, not to keep them. This was, so far as I remember, the feeble beginning of a process of frequent self-examination and moral self-control, which he afterwards cultivated and practised to a degree beyond all example that has come under my observation in cases of like constitutional tendency. It was, I conceive, the truly great point of his moral character, and the chief foundation of all he accomplished in after life as a literary man; a point which lay always concealed to transient observers under lightness and gayety of manner.

"This habit of forming distinct resolutions about all sorts of things, sometimes important, but often in themselves the merest trifles in the world, grew up rapidly to an extent that became rather ludicrous; especially as it was accompanied by another habit, that of thinking aloud, and concealing nothing about himself, which led him to announce to the first friend he met his latest new resolution. The practice, I apprehend, must have reached its acme about the time when he informed me one day that he had just made a new resolution, which was, — since he found he could not keep those which he had made before, — that he would never make another resolution as long as he lived. It is needless to say that this was kept but a very short time.

"These resolutions, during college days, related often to the number of hours, nay, the number of minutes, per day to be appropriated to each particular exercise or study; the number of recitations and public prayers per week that he would not fail to attend; the number of times per week that he would not exceed in attending balls, theatrical entertainments in Boston, &c., &c. What was most observable in this sort of accounts that he used to keep with himself was, that the errors were all on one side. Casual temptations easily led him, at this time of life, to break through the severer restrictions of his rule; but it was matter of high conscience with him never to curtail the full quantity of indulgences which it allowed. He would be very sure not to run one minute *over*, however he might sometimes fall *short* of the full time for learning a particular lesson, which he used to con over with his watch before him, lest by any inadvertence he might cheat himself into too much study.

"On the same principle, he was careful never to attend any *greater* number of college exercises, nor any *less* number of evening diversions

in Boston, than he had bargained for with himself. Then, as he found out by experience the particular circumstances which served as good excuses for infractions of his rule, he would begin to complicate his accounts with himself by introducing sets of fixed exceptions, stringing on amendment, as it were, after amendment to the general law, until it became extremely difficult for himself to tell what his rule actually was in its application to the new cases which arose; and, at last, he would take the whole subject, so to speak, into a new draft, embodying it in a bran-new resolution. And what is particularly curious is, that all the casuistry attending this process was sure to be published, as it went along, to all his intimates.

"The manner in which he used to compound with his conscience in such matters is well illustrated by an anecdote, which properly belongs to a little later period, but which may well enough be inserted here. It is one which I was lately put in mind of by Mr. J. C. Gray, but which I had heard that gentleman tell long ago in Prescott's presence, who readily admitted it to be substantially true. The incident referred to occurred at the time he and Mr. Gray were travelling together in Europe. An oculist, or physician, whom he had consulted at Paris, had advised him, among other things, to live less freely, and when pushed by his patient, as was his wont, to fix a very precise limit to the quantity of wine he might take, his adviser told him that he ought never to exceed two glasses a day. This rule he forthwith announced his resolution to adhere to scrupulously. And he did. But his manner of observing it was peculiar. At every new house of entertainment they reached in their travels, one of the first things Prescott did was to require the waiter to show him specimens of all the wine-glasses the house afforded. He would then pick out from among them the largest; and this, though it might contain two or three times the quantity of a common wine-glass, he would have set by his plate as his measure at dinner to observe the rule in." — pp. 18, 19.

And thus life went on with him till he became a Junior in college, at the age of seventeen. Any one who had seen him at that time would have pronounced him a youth of many hopes, and yet with traits and tendencies which awakened some fears. Of anything distinctly evil there was no apprehension, but the danger was that he might fail of anything distinctly good; certainly no one would have predicted for him the high literary distinction he afterwards achieved. His health and spirits were so high, his temperament was so joyous, his manners were so engaging, that it seemed quite likely he might

be content with such easy pleasures as are the natural growth of life, and, declining the higher satisfactions which are the rewards of toil and sacrifice, become one of those of whom Dante speaks: —

"Seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre;
Senza la qual, chi sua vita consuma,
Cotal vestigio in terra di sè lascia
Qual fummo in aere ed in acqua la schiuma."

But at this critical period a painful accident befell him, which seemed at first a crushing and irreparable misfortune, but which became, in the wise providence of God, a blessing in disguise. As this was the leading and controlling event of his life, and as its consequences were so lasting and important, we need not apologize for copying the whole of Mr. Ticknor's full and interesting account of it.

"But just at the period of his college history to which Mr. Gardiner chiefly refers, or a very little later, the painful accident befell him which, in its consequences, changed the whole aspect of the world to him, and tended, more than any single event in his life, to make him what he at last became. I refer, of course, to the accident which so fatally impaired his sight. It occurred in the Commons Hall, one day after dinner, in his Junior year. On this occasion there was some rude frolicking among the undergraduates, such as was not very rare when the college officers had left the tables, as they frequently did, a few minutes before the room was emptied. It was not, however, on this particular occasion a considerable disorder, and Prescott had no share in what there was. But when he was passing out of the door of the Hall, his attention was attracted by the disturbance going on behind him. He turned his head quickly to see what it was, and at the same instant received a blow from a large, hard piece of bread, thrown undoubtedly at random, and in mere thoughtlessness and gayety. It struck the *open* eye; — a rare occurrence in the case of that vigilant organ, which, on the approach of the slightest danger, is almost always protected by an instant and instinctive closing of the lids. But here there was no notice, — no warning. The missile, which must have been thrown with great force, struck the very disk of the eye itself. It was the left eye. He fell, — and was immediately brought to his father's house in town, where, in the course of two or three hours from the occurrence of the accident, he was in the hands of Dr. James Jackson, the kind friend, as well as the wise medical adviser, of his father's family.

"The first effects of the blow were remarkable. They were, in fact, such as commonly attend a concussion of the brain. The strength of the patient was instantly and completely prostrated. Sickness at the stomach followed. His pulse was feeble. His face became pale and shrunken, and the whole tone of his system was reduced so low, that he could not sit up in bed. But his mind was calm and clear, and he was able to give a distinct account of the accident that had befallen him, and of what had preceded and followed it.

"Under such circumstances no active treatment was deemed advisable. Quiet was strictly prescribed. Whatever could tend to the least excitement, physical or intellectual, was forbidden. And then nature was left to herself. This, no doubt, was the wisest course. At any rate, the system, which had at first yielded so alarmingly to the shock, gradually recovered its tone, and in a few weeks he returned to Cambridge, and pursued his studies as if nothing very serious had happened; — a little more cautiously, perhaps, in some respects, but probably with no diminution of such very moderate diligence as he had previously practised. But the eye that had been struck was gone. No external mark, either then or afterwards, indicated the injury that had been inflicted; and although a glimmering light was still perceptible through the ruined organ, there was none that could be made useful for any of the practical purposes of life. On a careful examination, such as I once made, with magnifying lenses, at his request, under the direction of a distinguished oculist, a difference could indeed be detected between the injured eye and the other, and sometimes, as I sat with him, I have thought that it seemed more dim; but to common observation, in society or in the streets, as in the well-known case of the author of the 'Paradise Lost,' no change was perceptible. It was, in fact, a case of obscure, deep paralysis of the retina, and as such was beyond the reach of the healing art from the moment the blow was given.

"One circumstance, however, in relation to the calamity that thus fell on him in the freshness of his youth, should not be overlooked, because it shows, even at this early period, the development of strong traits in his character, such as marked his subsequent life. I refer to the fact that he rarely mentioned the name of the young man who had thus inflicted on him an irreparable injury, and that he never mentioned it in a way which could have given pain either to him or to those nearest to him. Indeed, he so often spoke to me of the whole affair as a mere chance-medley, for which nobody could be to blame, and of which little could be distinctly known, that, for a time, I supposed he was really ignorant, and preferred to remain ignorant, from whose hand the fatal blow had come. But it was not so. He always knew who it was;

and, years afterwards, when the burden of the injury he had received was much heavier on his thoughts than it had been at first, and when an opportunity occurred to do an important kindness to the unhappy person who had inflicted it, he did it promptly and cordially. It was a Christian act, — the more truly Christian, because, although the blow was certainly given by accident, he who inflicted it never expressed any sympathy with the terrible suffering he had occasioned. At least, the sufferer, to whom, if to anybody, he should have expressed it, never knew that he regretted what he had done." — pp. 19 – 22.

In due season he returned to college, sobered and grown older by the discipline he had gone through, and with a more resolute purpose to make good use of his opportunities than he had before shown. He held a respectable rank in his class at the close of his academic career, and his wise father and affectionate mother were content with this, and much gratified with his graceful recitation of a Latin poem on Commencement day.

His father's eminence at the bar led him naturally into the study of the law, though his love of society and his love of literature alike interfered with that exclusive devotion to the pursuit without which the prizes to the profession cannot be won. But all his plans were interrupted, and the current of his life arrested, by an attack of acute rheumatism which settled in his sound eye, and after severe and protracted suffering left it in so morbid and irritable a state that reading and study were out of the question, and even total blindness was apprehended. It was determined that everything else should be set aside for the restoration of his health and the preservation of the precious organ of sight, and a course of extensive foreign travel was determined upon, to recruit his exhausted constitution, as well as to enable him to consult the best oculists of London and Paris. Accordingly, on the 26th of September, 1815, he embarked at Boston for the Azores, in order to pass the winter with his maternal grandfather, who was United States Consul, residing at St. Michael's. He reached his destination after a tedious passage of twenty-two days. Mr. Ticknor says: —

"He was most kindly received by his grandfather, — a generous, open-handed, open-hearted gentleman, seventy-two years old, who had

long before married a lady of the island as his second wife, and was surrounded by a family of interesting children, some of whom were so near the age of their young nephew of the half-blood, that they made him most agreeable companions and friends. They were all then residing a few miles from Ponta Delgada, the capital of the island of St. Michael's, at a place called Rosto de Cão, from the supposed resemblance of its rocks to the head of a dog. It was a country-house, in the midst of charming gardens and the gayest cultivation. The young American, who had been little from home, and never beyond the influences of the rude climate in which he was born, enjoyed excessively the all but tropical vegetation with which he found himself thus suddenly surrounded; the laurels and myrtles that everywhere sprang wild; and the multitudinous orange-groves which had been cultivated and extended chiefly through his grandfather's spirit and energy, until their fruit had become the staple of the island, while, more than half the year, their flowers filled large portions of it with a delicious fragrance; 'Hesperian fables true, if true, here only.'

"But his pleasures of this sort were short-lived. He had landed with a slight trouble in his eye, and a fortnight was hardly over before he was obliged to shut himself up with it. From November 1st to February 1st he was in a dark room; — six weeks of the time in such total darkness, that the furniture could not be distinguished; and all the time living on a spare vegetable diet, and applying blisters to keep down active inflammation. But his spirits were proof alike against pain and abstinence. He has often described to me the exercise he took in his large room, — hundreds of miles in all, — walking from corner to corner, and thrusting out his elbows so as to get warning through them of his approach to the angles of the wall, whose plastering he absolutely wore away by the constant blows he thus inflicted on it. And all this time, he added, with the exception of a few days of acute suffering, he sang aloud, in his darkness and solitude, with unabated cheer. Later, when a little light could be admitted, he carefully covered his eyes, and listened to reading; and, at the worst, he enjoyed much of the society of his affectionate aunts and cousins." — pp. 34, 35.

The winter he passed at the Azores was far from being an unhappy one, for he was in the midst of a most amiable and affectionate family, and his own joyous temperament was proof against the depressing influences of infirm health and impaired sight. His letters to his friends at home, of which Mr. Ticknor prints several, are written in the gayest and happiest mood, and in reading them we can see how just a claim he had then,

unknown youth as he was, to the love of all there who stood in near relations of blood or friendship to him.

On the 8th of April, 1816, he left the Azores for London, and remained abroad till midsummer, 1817, visiting the most interesting portions of England, France, and Italy, seeing and enjoying much, in spite of his ever-present infirmity, which required daily care and daily sacrifice. The oculists whom he consulted gave him honest advice, telling him that his case admitted of no remedy and few alleviations; for it was ascertained that the eye originally injured was completely paralyzed, and that for the other little could be done but to add to its strength by strengthening the whole system. But there was a kindness in this frank statement; for, in order to bear up against any calamity, the first requisite is an assured knowledge of its measure and extent. There are few burdens that cannot be borne after we have learned their exact weight. Men who have lost their sight or their hearing, in whole or in part, will tell us that the most painful period of their experience was the period of struggle, when hope and fear were alternating in the breast, and that, when the worst was known, a comparative calm settled down upon the spirit. It could not be expected that his journey would be productive of great intellectual benefit. What we bring home from Europe is in exact proportion to what we take out, and few youths of twenty can take out much.

His first two or three years after reaching home were happy years. At home, everything that the most tender and vigilant affection could suggest was done to make the burden of his misfortune as light as possible, and if he chose to go abroad, he was everywhere eagerly welcomed, as well for his father's sake as for his own. But this period of his life, otherwise so sunny, was darkened by anxious uncertainty as to his future, and by perplexing questions as to what profession or occupation he should adopt. Some approach to certainty was made when he determined to renounce all thoughts of the profession of the law; but this only narrowed the field of choice, leaving still a range quite wide enough for uneasy doubts and painful misgivings. While thus deliberating, he fell in love and married, and upon this interesting event in his life Mr. Ticknor shall speak.

"On the evening of the 4th of May, 1820, which was his twenty-fourth birthday, he was married at the house of Mrs. Amory, in Franklin Place. It was a wedding with a supper, in the old-fashioned style, somewhat solemn and stately at first; many elderly people being of the party, and especially an aged grandmother of the bride, whose presence enforced something of formality. But later in the evening our gayety was free in proportion to the restraints that had previously been laid upon it.

"The young couple went immediately to the house of the Prescott family in Bedford Street, — the same house, by a pleasant coincidence, in which Miss Linzee, the mother of the bride, had been married to Mr. Amory five and twenty years before; and there they lived as long as that ample and comfortable old mansion stood.

"Another coincidence connected with this marriage should be added, although it was certainly one that augured little of the happiness that followed. The grandfathers of Mr. Prescott and Miss Amory had been engaged on opposite sides during the war for American Independence, and even on opposite sides of the same fight; Colonel Prescott having commanded on Bunker Hill, while Captain Linzee, of the sloop-of-war Falcon, cannonaded him and his redoubt from the waters of Charles River, where the Falcon was moored during the whole of the battle. The swords that had been worn by the soldier and the sailor on that memorable day came down as heirlooms in their respective families, until at last they met in the library of the man of letters, where, quietly crossed over his books, they often excited the notice alike of strangers and of friends. After his death they were transferred, as he had desired, to the Historical Society of Massachusetts, on whose walls they have become the memorials at once of many a hard-fought field and of 'victories no less renowned than those of war.' A more appropriate resting-place for them could not have been found. And there, we trust, they may rest in peace so long as the two nations shall exist, — trophies, indeed, of the past, but warnings for the future.

"At the time of his marriage my friend was one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen; or, if this should be deemed in some respects a strong expression, I shall be fully justified, by those who remember him at that period, in saying that he was one of the most attractive. He was tall, well formed, manly in his bearing but gentle, with light-brown hair that was hardly changed or diminished by years, with a clear complexion and a ruddy flush on his cheek that kept for him to the last an appearance of comparative youth, but, above all, with a smile that was the most absolutely contagious I ever looked upon. As he grew older, he stooped a little. His father's figure was bent at even an earlier age,

but it was from an organic infirmity of the chest, unknown to the constitution of the son, who stooped chiefly from a downward inclination which he instinctively gave to his head so as to protect his eye from the light. But his manly character and air were always, to a remarkable degree, the same. Even in the last months of his life, when he was in some other respects not a little changed, he appeared at least ten years younger than he really was. And as for the gracious, sunny smile that seemed to grow sweeter as he grew older, it was not entirely obliterated even by the touch of death. Indeed, take him for all in all, I think no man ever walked our streets, as he did day by day, that attracted such regard and good-will from so many; for, however few he might know, there were very many that knew him, and watched him with unspoken welcomes as he passed along." — pp. 53 – 55.

This sketch of Mr. Prescott as he was at the age of twenty-four will not be pronounced at all beyond the truth by those who remember him. Young, handsome, attractive in manners, happily married, not obliged to earn his daily bread by daily toil, and with an infirmity of sight, what was more natural than that he should give himself up to a life of easy indulgence, without distinct aim or purpose, and who could have judged him severely if, with his disability, he had yielded to the temptations to which so many yield who have no such excuse? But beneath his light and joyous exterior there was a strong will and a vigilant conscience. He knew and felt that a life of aimless ease was not right, and he also knew that to him, at least, labor — continuous, resolute labor — labor upon some plan and towards some defined end — was the only condition of happiness in this world. He had decided, as we before said, to give up the law, and a further step in progress was made when he determined to make literature a profession. This seemed the natural result of his tastes and training, but the choice was not made without grave reflection and careful self-communing, as well as with a distinct perception of the difficulties which lay in his path.

He immediately began, by a course of diligent study, to repair the deficiencies of his early education, and to lay anew the foundations of his knowledge. He renewed his acquaintance with the classical writers of Rome, of whom he had learned something at school and in college. He went through

a thorough and extensive course of English literature, studying, like a school-boy on his form, Blair's Rhetoric, Lindley Murray's Grammar, and the prefatory matter to Johnson's Dictionary, and then took up the series of standard English authors, beginning with Ascham, Bacon, Raleigh, and Milton, and coming down to our own times, reading carefully, and occasionally noting down some critical observations. He next turned to the language and literature of France, upon which, however, he spent comparatively little time. The spirit and forms of Italian genius were more to his taste, and he read a great amount of Italian poetry, from Dante down to Metastasio, Alfieri, and Monti. Indeed, he was so much charmed with Italian literature that he thought of making it his chief object of study; and, as Mr. Ticknor says, excepting what he has done in relation to Spanish history, nothing of all he has published is so matured and satisfactory as two articles in our own journal, — one on Italian Narrative Poetry, published in October, 1824, and another on Italian Poetry and Romance, published in July, 1831. Mr. Ticknor also prints several letters addressed to himself, on subjects drawn from Italian literature, which show a sound critical judgment; and among them, one on Dante, under date of January 21, 1824, is especially entitled to this commendation. The German language, which he would gladly have mastered, he was obliged to leave unattempted, on account of his infirmity of sight.

These studies and acquisitions brought him down to his twenty-eighth year. They gave him occupation and interest, and furnished him with a good foundation on which any literary superstructure might thereafter be reared. But his studies were desultory still, and his acquisitions did not converge to any distinct point. He had not found a congenial subject to give an aim to his reading and shape to his attainments; and it was by a sort of accident at last that this end was attained.

His friend and biographer, Mr. Ticknor, had already begun his studies in Spanish literature, of which we have the full results in his admirable work on that subject, and had completed a course of lectures on Spanish literary history, which

he had delivered to the highest class in Harvard College. These lectures he read to his friend in the autumn of 1824. Mr. Prescott became interested in them, and in November he determined, as a substitute for the German, to undertake the Spanish, which had not previously constituted any part of his plan of study. On the first day of December he began a regular drill in the language, with a teacher. "This," says Mr. Ticknor, "was the opening of the Spanish campaign, which ended only with his life." His Spanish studies were pursued for some months, with constantly increasing interest; and during this period he was hesitating, in his choice of a subject, between a history or general examination of Italian literature, and a work of Spanish history and biography. Mr. Ticknor copies some interesting extracts from his private memorandums, which we transfer to our own pages.

"'The subject would require a mass of [general] knowledge and a critical knowledge of the Italian in particular. It would not be new, after the production of Sismondi and the abundant notices in modern reviews. Literary history is not so amusing as civil. Cannot I contrive to embrace the *gist* of the Spanish subject, without involving myself in the unwieldy, barbarous records of a thousand years? What new and interesting topics may be admitted — not forced — into the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella? Can I not indulge in a retrospective picture of the Constitutions of Castile and Aragon, — of the Moorish dynasties, and the causes of their decay and dissolution? Then I have the Inquisition, with its bloody persecutions; the Conquest of Granada, — a brilliant passage; the exploits of the Great Captain in Italy, — a proper character for romance as well as history; the discovery of a new world, my own country; the new policy of the monarchs towards the overgrown aristocracy, &c., &c. A biography will make me responsible for a limited space only; will require much less reading (a great consideration with me); will offer the deeper interest which always attaches to minute developments of character, and a continuous, closely connected narrative. The subject brings me to the point whence [modern] English history has started, is untried ground, and in my opinion a rich one. The age of Ferdinand is most important, as containing the germs of the modern system of European politics; and the three sovereigns, Henry VII., Louis XI., and Ferdinand, were important engines in overturning the old system. It is in every respect an interesting and momentous period of history; the

materials authentic, ample. I will chew upon this matter, and decide this week.'

"In May, 1847, above twenty years afterwards, he noted in pencil on this passage, 'This was the first germ of my conception of Ferdinand and Isabella.'

"But he did not, as he hoped he should, decide in a week, although, having advanced well towards a decision, he soon began to act as if it were already made. On the 15th of January, 1826, when the week had expired, he recorded: —

"'Still doubting, looked through Hita's "Guerras de Granada," Vol. I. The Italian subject has some advantages over the Spanish. It will save me at least one year's introductory labor. It is in the regular course of my studies, and I am comparatively at home in literary history, particularly the Italian. This subject has not only exercised my studies, but my meditations, so that I may fairly estimate my starting-ground at one year. Then I have tried this topic in public journals, and know the measure of my own strength in relation to it. I am quite doubtful of my capacity for doing justice to the other subject. I have never exercised my mind on similar matters, and I have stored it with no materials for comparison. How can I pronounce upon the defects or virtues of the Spanish constitutions, when I am hardly acquainted with those of other nations? How can I estimate the consequences, moral, political, &c., of laws and institutions, when I have, in all my life, scarcely ever looked the subject in the face, or even read the most elementary treatise upon it? But will not a year's labor, judiciously directed, put me on another footing?'

"After some further discussion in the nature of a soliloquy, he adds: —

"'I believe the Spanish subject will be more new than the Italian; more interesting to the majority of readers; more useful to me by opening another and more practical department of study; and not more laborious in relation to authorities to be consulted, and not more difficult to be discussed with the lights already afforded me by judicious treatises on the most intricate parts of the subject, and with the allowance of the introductory year for my novitiate in a new walk of letters. The advantages of the Spanish topic, on the whole, overbalance the inconvenience of the requisite preliminary year. For these reasons, I subscribe to the History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, January 19th, 1826.'

"And then follows in pencil, — 'A fortunate choice, May, 1847.'" — pp. 75, 76.

His subject having been selected, he set himself to work

upon it with characteristic energy and perseverance. A large number of books was ordered from Europe, and in the mean time he went through a wide course of preliminary and preparatory reading, or, rather, listened to it, as a fresh trouble in his eye constrained him to suspend the use of it entirely, and to depend upon his ear and the voice of a reader. And from this time till the day of his death he was never without an assistant of this kind. One of his readers, Mr. J. L. English, who was with him from 1827 to 1831, contributes to the memoir some interesting accounts of his manner of study, and the quiet perseverance with which he triumphed over the difficulties which his defective vision threw in his way. It was not until three years and a half from the time when he had selected his subject, and begun to work upon it, that he finally broke ground with its actual composition. From this time his progress was moderate, but continuous and uninterrupted, without haste and without rest. As early as 1833, and from that time forward, while the composition was going on, he had four copies of his book printed in large type on one side only of the leaf, mainly that he might himself, whenever his eye was strong enough, revise the whole personally, making his corrections on the blank pages. This task of revision was thoroughly and carefully performed. The first chapter, for instance, he wrote out three times, and printed twice, before it was finally stereotyped, and completed as it now stands. At last, on the 25th of June, 1836, he finished the concluding note of the concluding chapter to the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella." Including the two or three years which preceded the beginning of its actual composition, during which he had been reading and studying on the subject, he had given ten years to the work.

Strange as it may seem, after his ten years' labor was completed, a sort of faint-heartedness came over him, and he hesitated about committing his manuscript to the press. But he was encouraged by the concurrent testimony of such of his friends as had seen the work, in whole or in part, during its progress, and he was confirmed by the wise courage of his father, who not only advised the publication, but told him that "the man who writes a book which he is afraid

to publish is a coward." This, as Mr. Ticknor says, "stirred the blood of his grandfather in his veins," and he hesitated no longer. And here we may appropriately introduce an extract from his private Memoranda, under date of June 26, 1836, when he had recorded the completion of the History: —

"Pursuing the work in this quiet, leisurely way, without over-exertion or fatigue, or any sense of obligation to complete it in a given time, I have found it a continual source of pleasure. It has furnished food for my meditations, has given a direction and object to my scattered reading, and supplied me with regular occupation for hours that would otherwise have filled me with *ennui*. I have found infinite variety in the study, moreover, which might at first sight seem monotonous. No historical labors, rightly conducted, can be monotonous, since they afford all the variety of pursuing a chain of facts to unforeseen consequences, of comparing doubtful and contradictory testimony, of picturesque delineations of incident, and of analysis and dramatic exhibition of character. The plain narrative may be sometimes relieved by general views or critical discussions, and the story and the actors, as they grow under the hands, acquire constantly additional interest. It may seem dreary work to plod through barbarous old manuscript chronicles of monks and pedants, but this takes up but a small portion of the time, and even here, read aloud to, as I have been, required such close attention as always made the time pass glibly. In short, although I have sometimes been obliged to whip myself up to the work, I have never fairly got into it without deriving pleasure from it, and I have most generally gone to it with pleasure, and left it with regret.

"What do I expect from it, now it is done? And may it not be all in vain and labor lost, after all? My expectations are not such, if I know myself, as to expose me to any serious disappointment. I do not flatter myself with the idea that I have achieved anything very profound, or, on the other hand, that will be very popular. I know myself too well to suppose the former for a moment. I know the public too well, and the subject I have chosen, to expect the latter. But I have made a book illustrating an unexplored and important period, from authentic materials, obtained with much difficulty, and probably in the possession of no one library, public or private, in Europe. As a plain, veracious record of facts, the work, therefore, till some one else shall be found to make a better one, will fill up a gap in literature which, I should hope, would give it a permanent value, — a value founded on its utility, though bringing no great fame or gain to its author.

"Come to the worst, and suppose the thing a dead failure, and the book born only to be damned. Still it will not be all in vain, since it has encouraged me in forming systematic habits of intellectual occupation, and proved to me that my greatest happiness is to be the result of such. It is no little matter to be possessed of this conviction from experience." — p. 103.

The History of Ferdinand and Isabella was published in December, 1837, in three handsome octavo volumes, by the American Stationers' Company, and it is hardly necessary to say that it was received with a degree of favor such as had been never before shown to any similar work in this country. Mr. Prescott might almost have repeated what Byron said of himself on the appearance of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. A man very popular in society, very much beloved by his friends, but whose merits as a man of letters were known only to a very limited circle, became at once, without heralding or premonition, one of the most prominent and distinguished authors in the country. Men and women, young and old, all over the land, were reading the History, discussing its merits, and inquiring into the habits, personal traits, and previous life of the author. The discussion was all on one side, for the work was received with "large draughts of unqualified praise." All were unanimous in commending its wide and thorough research, its sound judgment, its brilliant descriptions, its discriminating sketches of character, and the flowing ease and natural grace of its style. The sale was beyond all precedent, and as far beyond the wildest hopes of the author. In England, where its appearance was simultaneous with its publication in America, and where the author's social position and personal popularity at home could be of no help to it, it was received with hardly less favor, and commanded the emphatic commendation of men like Lord Holland, John Allen, Hallam, Milman, Ford, and Southey.

Mr. Prescott was, naturally enough, delighted with the reception which was given to the first-born offspring of his mind; delighted, but not elated, for his honors were as gently worn as they had been honorably won. And not the least of his satisfactions was his sense of the pleasure which his success

gave to his friends and relatives, and especially his excellent father and mother, who had cheered him with such affectionate sympathy at every step of his progress, and had survived to witness his triumph and rejoice in his well-earned fame. The verdict passed upon his work was of peculiar importance to him, who had deliberately chosen literature as a profession, because it assured him that in so doing he had not made a mistake, and thus secured an interest and an occupation for his future life.

It is rather a remarkable fact in literary history, that a man comparatively unknown till he had passed the age of forty should then, by the publication of a single work, become suddenly and widely famous; and, naturally enough, great curiosity was felt to know something about the life and personal traits of Mr. Prescott, and especially about the infirmity of vision which threw so touching an interest over a book of such thorough research. Upon this last point many exaggerated impressions were current, and by some it was even supposed that the author of Ferdinand and Isabella was totally blind. Mr. Ticknor pauses for a while in his narrative, after describing the brilliant success which attended the publication of this work, to depict his friend's character and habits as he was in his ripened manhood; and as it is an interesting sketch, and states exactly the measure and extent of his disability of sight, we make a very liberal citation from it.

"When the Ferdinand and Isabella was published, in the winter of 1837 – 8, its author was nearly forty-two years old. His character, some of whose traits had been prominent from childhood, while others had been slowly developed, was fully formed. His habits were settled for life. He had a perfectly well-defined individuality, as everybody knew who knew anything about his occupations and ways.

"Much of what went to constitute this individuality was the result of his infirmity of sight, and of the unceasing struggle he had made to overcome the difficulties it entailed upon him. For, as we shall see hereafter, the thought of this infirmity, and of the embarrassments it brought with it, was ever before him. It colored, and in many respects it controlled, his whole life.

"The violent inflammation that resulted from the fierce attack of rheumatism in the early months of 1815 first startled him, I think, with

the apprehension that he might possibly be deprived of sight altogether, and that thus his future years would be left in 'total eclipse, without all hope of day.' But from this dreary apprehension, his recovery, slow and partial as it was, and the buoyant spirits that entered so largely into his constitution, at last relieved him. He even, from time to time, as the disease fluctuated to and fro, had hopes of an entire restoration of his sight.

"But, before long, he began to judge things more exactly as they were, and saw plainly that anything like a full recovery of his sight was improbable, if not impossible. He turned his thoughts, therefore, to the resources that would still remain to him. The prospect was by no means a pleasant one, but he looked at it steadily and calmly. All thought of the profession which had long been so tempting to him he gave up. He saw that he could never fulfil its duties. But intellectual occupation he could not give up. It was a gratification and resource which his nature demanded, and would not be refused. The difficulty was to find out how it could be obtained. During the three months of his confinement in total darkness at St. Michael's, he first began to discipline his thoughts to such orderly composition in his memory as he might have written down on paper, if his sight had permitted it. 'I have cheated,' he says, in a letter to his family written at the end of that discouraging period, — 'I have cheated many a moment of tedium by compositions which were soon banished from my mind for want of an amanuensis.'

"Among these compositions was a Latin ode to his friend Gardiner, which was prepared wholly without books, but which, though now lost, like the rest of his Latin verses, he repeated years afterwards to his club, who did not fail to think it good. It is evident, however, that, for a considerable time, he resorted to such mental occupations and exercises rather as an amusement than as anything more serious. Nor did he at first go far with them even as a light and transient relief from idleness; for, though he never gave them up altogether, and though they at last became a very important element in his success as an author, he soon found an agreeable substitute for them, at least so far as his immediate, every-day wants were concerned." — pp. 121 – 123.

Mr. Ticknor then proceeds to give a minute description of a machine, called a noctograph, by which blind people were enabled to write, which Mr. Prescott constantly used during his life, and thus resumes his sketch: —

"That Mr. Prescott, under his disheartening infirmities, — I refer not only to his imperfect sight, but to the rheumatism from which he

was seldom wholly free, — should, at the age of five-and-twenty or thirty, with no help but this simple apparatus, have aspired to the character of an historian dealing with events that happened in times and countries far distant from his own, and that are recorded chiefly in foreign languages and by authors whose conflicting testimony was often to be reconciled by laborious comparison, is a remarkable fact in literary history. It is a problem the solution of which was, I believe, never before undertaken; certainly never before accomplished. Nor do I conceive that he himself could have accomplished it, unless to his uncommon intellectual gifts had been added great animal spirits, a strong, persistent will, and a moral courage which was to be daunted by no obstacle that he might deem it possible to remove by almost any amount of effort.

"That he was not insensible to the difficulties of his undertaking, we have partly seen, as we have witnessed how his hopes fluctuated while he was struggling through the arrangements for beginning to write his Ferdinand and Isabella, and, in fact, during the whole period of its composition. But he showed the same character, the same fertility of resource, every day of his life, and provided, both by forecast and self-sacrifice, against the embarrassments of his condition as they successively presented themselves.

"The first thing to be done, and the thing always to be repeated day by day, was to strengthen, as much as possible, what remained of his sight, and, at any rate, to do nothing that should tend to exhaust its impaired powers. In 1821, when he was still not without some hope of its recovery, he made this memorandum: 'I will make it my principal purpose to restore my eye to its primitive vigor, and will do nothing habitually that can seriously injure it.' To this end he regulated his life with an exactness that I have never known equalled. Especially in whatever related to the daily distribution of his time, whether in regard to his intellectual labors, to his social enjoyments, or the care of his physical powers, including his diet, he was severely exact, — managing himself, indeed, in this last respect, under the general directions of his wise medical adviser, Dr. Jackson, but carrying out these directions with an ingenuity and fidelity all his own." — pp. 125, 126.

After describing the regular and methodical course of his friend's daily life, and the careful mechanical arrangement of the shades and shutters in his study, Mr. Ticknor thus goes on: —

"In relation to all such arrangements, two circumstances should be noted.

"The first is, that the resources of his eye were always very small and uncertain, except for a few years, beginning in 1840, when, from his long-continued prudence or from some inscrutable cause, there seemed to be either an increase of strength in the organ, or else such a diminution of its sensibility as enabled him to use it more, though its strength might really be diminished.

"Thus, for instance, he was able to use his eye very little in the preparation of the 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' not looking into a book sometimes for weeks and even months together, and yet occasionally he could read several hours in a day if he carefully divided the whole into short portions, so as to avoid fatigue. While engaged in the composition of the 'Conquest of Mexico,' on the contrary, he was able to read with considerable regularity, and so he was while working on the 'Conquest of Peru,' though, on the whole, with less.

"But he had, during nearly all this time, another difficulty to encounter. There had come on prematurely that gradual decay of the eye which is the consequence of advancing years, and for which the common remedy is spectacles. Even when he was using what remained to him of sight on the 'Conquest of Mexico' with a freedom which not a little animated him in his pursuits, he perceived this discouraging change. In July, 1841, he says: 'My eye, for some days, feels dim. "I guess and fear," as Burns says.' And in June, 1842, when our families were spending together at Lebanon Springs a few days which he has recorded as otherwise very happy, he spoke to me more than once in a tone of absolute grief, that he should never again enjoy the magnificent spectacle of the starry heavens. To this sad deprivation he, in fact, alludes himself in his Memoranda of that period, where, in relation to his eyes, he says: 'I find a misty veil increasing over them, quite annoying when reading. The other evening B—— said: "How beautiful the heavens are with so many stars!" I could hardly see two. It made me sad.'

"Spectacles, however, although they brought their appropriate relief, brought also an inevitable inconvenience. They fatigued his eye. He could use it, therefore, less and less, or if he used it at all, beyond a nicely adjusted amount, the excess was followed by a sort of irritability, weakness, and pain in the organ which he had not felt for many years. This went on increasing with sad regularity. But he knew that it was inevitable, and submitted to it patiently. In the latter part of his life he was able to use his eye very little indeed for the purpose of reading, — in the last year, hardly at all. Even in several of the years preceding, he used it only thirty-five minutes in each day, divided exactly by the watch into portions of five minutes each, with at least half

an hour between, and always stopping the moment pain was felt, even if it were felt at the first instant of opening the book. I doubt whether a more persistent, conscientious care was ever taken of an impaired physical power. Indeed, I do not see how it could have been made more thorough. But all care was unavailing, and he at last knew that it was so. The decay could not be arrested. He spoke of it rarely, but when he perceived that in the evening twilight he could no longer walk about the streets that were familiar to him with his accustomed assurance, he felt it deeply. Still he persevered, and was as watchful of what remained of his sight as if his hopes of its restoration had continued unchecked. Indeed, I think he always trusted that he was saving something by his anxious care; he always believed that great prudence on one day would enable him to do a little more work on the next than he should be able to do without so much caution.

"The other circumstance that should be noticed in relation to the arrangements for his pursuits is, the continually increased amount of light he was obliged to use, and which he could use without apparent injury.

"In Bedford Street, where he first began his experiments, he could, from the extreme sensitiveness of his eye, bear very little light. But, even before he left that quiet old mansion, he cut out a new window in his working-room, arranging it so that the light should fall more strongly and more exclusively upon the book he might be using. This did very well for a time. But when he removed to Beacon Street, the room he built expressly for his own use contained six contiguous windows; two of which, though large, were glazed each with a single sheet of the finest plate-glass, nicely protected by several curtains of delicate fabric and of a light-blue color, one or more of which could be drawn up over each window to temper the light, while the whole light that was admitted through any one opening could be excluded by solid wooden shutters. At first, though much light was commonly used, these appliances for diminishing it were all more or less required. But, gradually, one after another of them was given up, and, at last, I observed that none was found important. He needed and used all the light he could get.

"The change was a sad one, and he did not like to allude to it. But during the last year of his life, after the first slight access of paralysis, which much disturbed the organ for a time and rendered its action very irregular, he spoke plainly to me. He said he must soon cease to use his eye for any purpose of study, but fondly trusted that he should always be able to recognize the features of his friends, and should never become a burden to those he loved by needing to be led about. His hopes were, indeed, fulfilled, but not without the sorrow of all. The

day before his sudden death he walked the streets as freely as he had done for years.

"Still, whatever may have been the condition of his eye at any period, — from the fierce attack of 1815 to the very end of his life, — it was always a paramount subject of anxiety with him. He never ceased to think of it, and to regulate the hours, and almost the minutes, of his daily life by it. Even in its best estate he felt that it must be spared; in its worst, he was anxious to save something by care and abstinence. He said, 'he reckoned time by eyesight, as distances on railroads are reckoned by hours.'

"One thing in this connection may be noted as remarkable. He knew that, if he would give up literary labor altogether, his eye would be better at once, and would last longer. His physicians all told him so, and their opinion was rendered certain by his own experience; for whenever he ceased to work for some time, as during a visit to New York in 1842 and a visit to Europe in 1850, — in short, whenever he took a journey or indulged himself in holidays of such a sort as prevented him from looking into books at all or thinking much about them, — his general health immediately became more vigorous than might have been expected from a relief so transient, and his sight was always improved; sometimes materially improved. But he would not pay the price. He preferred to submit, if it should be inevitable, to the penalty of ultimate blindness, rather than give up his literary pursuits." — pp. 129 – 132.

Surely, in the whole history of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, there are few more touching records than this of trials heroically borne, and difficulties patiently overcome!

After the publication of Ferdinand and Isabella, a short period was passed in comparative literary leisure, partly in the enjoyment of well-earned rest and the wider range of social pleasures which his reputation opened, and partly in the selection of a new subject. He first thought of trying his hand upon a life of Molière, and made a considerable collection of books with that view, but he never fairly broke ground upon it. A truer instinct prompted him to continue in the path of investigation in which he had already made such brilliant progress, and he soon turned to and settled upon the Conquest of Mexico, a subject which had long been interesting and tempting him, with no other misgiving than the doubt he felt

whether he could obtain the necessary materials. In the summer of 1838 he set himself to work upon his new theme, and in December, 1843, the "Conquest of Mexico" was published, in three volumes, and, as Mr. Ticknor says, "the work was greeted from one end of the United States to the other with a chorus of applause such as was never vouchsafed to any other, of equal gravity and importance, that had been printed or reprinted among us." An English edition was at the same time published by Bentley in London, and Baudry in Paris soon afterwards reproduced it in the original. It was received with great favor both in England and on the Continent. Few tributes were ever more grateful to the author than that contained in a letter from Hallam, a man not liberal of praise, who wrote, under date of December 29, 1843: "Your style appears to me almost perfect, and better, I think, than in your former history. You are wholly free from what we call Americanisms. Sometimes I should think a phrase too colloquial, especially in the notes." This last remark, the natural expression of so grave and earnest a mind as Hallam's, will hardly be assented to by the majority of the readers of the work, but all will agree that the style of the "Conquest of Mexico" is nearly perfect. It was more easy and flowing, and less formal and elaborate, than that of his previous work. It had been written with a freer and more rapid pen than the History of Ferdinand and Isabella, and this had been done advisedly and deliberately. Mr. Ticknor devotes a very interesting chapter to the consideration of Mr. Prescott's style, and the patient care by which he acquired that natural grace of expression, from which we make an extract or two, beginning with some observations of Mr. Prescott's own, taken from his private Memoranda, which seem to us to contain much good sense expressed in a spirited and pointed form.

"A man's style, to be worth anything, should be the natural expression of his mental character; and where it is not, the style is either painfully affected, or it falls into that conventional tone which, like a domino at a masquerade, or the tone of good-breeding in society, may be assumed by anybody that takes pains to acquire it; fitting one person as well as another, and belonging to anybody, — nobody. The best consequence of such a style is, that it offends no one. It delights no

one, for it is commonplace. It is true that genius will show itself under this coating, as an original will peep out under a domino. But this is not the best dress for it. The best, undoubtedly, for every writer, is the form of expression best suited to his peculiar turn of thinking, even at some hazard of violating the conventional tone of the most chaste and careful writers. It is this alone which can give full force to his thoughts. Franklin's style would have borne more ornament, — Washington Irving could have done with less, — Johnson and Gibbon might have had much less formality, and Hume and Goldsmith have occasionally pointed their sentences with more effect. But, if they had abandoned the natural suggestions of their genius, and aimed at the contrary, would they not in mending a hole, as Scott says, have very likely made two?

"There are certain faults which no writer must commit: false metaphors; solecisms of grammar; unmeaning and tautological expressions; for these contravene the fundamental laws of all writing, the object of which must be to express one's ideas clearly and correctly. But, within these limits, the widest latitude should be allowed to taste and to the power of unfolding the thoughts of the writer in all their vividness and originality. Originality — the originality of nature — compensates for a thousand minor blemishes.

"Of one thing a writer may be sure, if he adopt a manner foreign to his mind he will never please. Johnson says, 'Whoever would write in a good style, &c., &c., must devote his days and nights to the study of Addison.' Had he done so, or had Addison formed his style on Johnson's, what a ridiculous figure each would have cut! One man's style will no more fit another, than one man's coat, or hat, or shoes will fit another. They will be sure to be too big, or too small, or too something, that will make the wearer of them ill at ease, and probably ridiculous.

"It is very easy for a cool, caustic critic, like Brougham, to take to pieces the fine gossamer of Dr. Channing's style, which has charmed thousands of readers in this country and in Europe, and the Doctor would be a fool to give up his glorious mystifications — if they are such — for the homespun, matter-of-fact materials out of which a plainer and less imaginative mind would make its tissue. It would be impossible for Brougham — in his way of writing tolerably set and sometimes pedantic, with an occasional air of familiarity that matches the rest of the sentences badly enough — to ascend into the regions of the true sublime, as Dr. Channing does, or to call up such a strong sense of the beautiful. It may be the best style for criticism, however, — the best for the practical, ordinary uses of life. But I should not advise the Doctor

to take it up, and still less the Ex-Chancellor to venture into the Doctor's balloon, or — as his admirers might think — his chariot of fire.

"How many varieties of beauty and excellence there are in this world! As many in the mental as the material creation, and it is a pedantic spirit which, under the despotic name of taste, would reduce them all to one dull uniform level. A writer who has succeeded in gaining the public favor should be cautious how he makes any innovation in his habitual style. The form of expression is so nicely associated with the idea expressed, that it is impossible to say how much of his success is owing to the one or the other. It is very certain, however, that *no* work in any of the departments of the belles-lettres can dispense with excellence of style of some kind or other. If this be wanting, a work, however sound or original in the conception, can hardly be popular, for it cannot give pleasure or create interest, — things essential in every kind of composition which has not science *exclusively* for its end.

"Let the writer, therefore, who has once succeeded in gaining the public suffrages, — the suffrages of the higher public, the well-educated, — let him beware how he tampers with the style in which he has before approached them. Let him be still more slow to do this in obedience to the suggestions of a few; for style is the very thing which, all-important as it is, every well-educated man is competent to judge of. In fact, he had better not make any serious innovation in it, unless, like Sharon Turner or Jeremy Bentham, it is the object of such universal censure as shows he has succeeded in spite of it, and not in consequence of it. Innovation is not reform in writing any more than in politics. The best rule is to dispense with all rules except those of grammar, and to consult the natural bent of one's genius." — pp. 223, 224.

Mr. Ticknor's own remarks upon the relation between the style of Mr. Prescott and his personal character will be assented to by all who had the pleasure of knowing the historian.

"But there was one charm in Mr. Prescott's style which, I think, was much felt, without being much understood by the great mass of his readers. He put not a little of his personal character into it; a great deal more, I think, than is common with writers of acknowledged eminence. The consequence was, that the multitudes who knew him in no way except as an author were yet insensibly drawn to him by the qualities that made him so dear to his friends as a man, and felt, in some degree, the attachment that is commonly the result only of personal intercourse. They seemed to know him more than they know

other authors whom they have never seen; and as most of us have favorite writers without being able always to explain why they are such, he became peculiarly so to many, who yet never stopped to inquire what was the cause of an interest so agreeable to them.

"To this result — the insensible communication to his works of so much that belonged to himself personally and to his inmost nature — two circumstances, immediately connected with the infirmity of his sight, I doubt not, contributed.

"The first of these circumstances was the long and severe thought which he felt himself compelled to give in the course of his investigation of any subject, before he began to write on it. For, after he had collected the materials for any chapter, or other less definite portion of his subject, — that is, after everything about it in the way of authority or opinion had been read to him, and he had caused it all to be embodied in short notes, to which he listened again and again, as the only way to make himself master of their contents, — then he sat down, as we have seen, in silence, and gave to the whole the benefit of the most vigorous action of his own mind. Being generally unable to look at all at the notes which had been thus prepared for him, he turned every fact or circumstance in the case on which he was employed over and over again in his memory, and examined on every side whatever related to it. While doing this, he put the greatest stress he was able to put on his faculties, and urged his mind to the most concentrated and unbroken action, so as to make sure that he had mastered all the details. And this process was sometimes long-continued. I knew one instance in which, after preparatory investigations which occupied only two days, he gave yet three days more to the mere shaping and moulding of his materials. The result was sure. The general outline was right, if it was in his power to make it right. But no other process, I suppose, could have so completely digested and harmonized his materials, or made them so completely a part of himself; no other process could have tinged his works so largely and so deeply with what was most characteristic of his own mind and temperament; nothing could have made so certain to the reader his love of truth, of justice, of liberty, of toleration. And for these and other kindred qualities, thus insensibly but thoroughly infused into the very materials and fabric of his tissues, though almost never seen on their surface, the reader, after a little experience, came to trust the author, and take a personal interest in him, without considering or knowing exactly why he did it. The chord of sympathy between them was invisible, indeed, but it was already there, and it was strong enough to hold them together.

"But thus far in the process of his work not a phrase or sentence

had been adjusted or thought out. The composition, as that word is commonly understood, was still to be done. And here again his infirmity was a controlling influence, and is to be counted among the secrets of a manner which has been found at once so simple and so charming. He was compelled to prepare everything, down to the smallest details, in his memory, and to correct and fashion it all while it was still held there in silent suspense; after which he wrote it down, by means of his noctograph, in the freest and boldest manner, without any opportunity really to change the phraseology as he went along, and with little power to alter or modify it afterwards. This, I doubt not, was among the principal causes of the strength, as well as of the grace, ease, and attractiveness of his style. It gave a life, a freshness, a freedom, both to his thoughts and to his mode of expressing them. It made his composition more akin than it could otherwise have been to the peculiar fervor and happiness of extemporaneous discussion. It not only enabled but it led him to address his reader, as it were, with his natural voice, so that those who never heard a word from his lips seemed yet, in this way, to find something like its effects in the flow and cadence of his sentences." — pp. 227 – 229.

The Conquest of Peru was a subject which followed in natural succession to a writer who had treated the Conquest of Mexico; and in a few weeks after the publication of the latter work, Mr. Prescott had broken ground upon the former. He had not been long employed upon his new task when he was interrupted by a great sorrow, the death of his father, which occurred suddenly on the morning of December 8th, 1844. Though Mr. Prescott the elder had reached an age at which death is a natural and probable event, yet his decease was, to his son, a severe blow and an irreparable loss. They had always lived under the same roof, and thus the filial relation had continued with peculiar force. To the last, the son had leaned upon his father as he had done in boyhood and youth. Not a step had been taken without his counsel, and not a success had been won which had not been heightened by his sympathy. To the survivor, the world was no longer what it was. Something of the sunshine was taken away from his daily life, and not a day passed that he did not feel the void that had been left by his father's death. It was more than two months before he could resume his literary labors; and when he did, he found it impossible to recover the thoughts which before

lay settled and spread out in his memory. A link had dropped out of the chain, and the connection was broken. He began a new chapter without finishing that on which he had before been employed. A few months later, when he had news of his election into the French Institute and also into the Royal Society of Berlin, his first thought was a feeling of regret that these honors had not come to him in his father's lifetime, that he might have shared in the pleasure they gave him.

In the summer of 1845, Mr. Prescott published simultaneously in England and America an octavo volume of Miscellanies, principally contributions to our own journal, which was well received by the public.

The "Conquest of Peru," in two volumes, appeared in the spring of 1847. It had been more rapidly written than the author's previous works, and he had some misgivings as to the judgment that would be passed upon it. But it was greeted with a warmth of welcome not inferior to that which had been bestowed upon its predecessors.

The great subject of the reign of Philip II. had long been in his mind, and he had been looking forward to it as the culminating and closing literary labor of his life. For many years he had been patiently gathering materials, in manuscript as well as in print, from London, Paris, Brussels, Vienna, and especially Simancas. The collection thus made is one of the most complete ever formed on any historical subject. It comprised above three hundred and seventy volumes that regard the times of Philip II.; and when the copies of manuscripts which had been made for him all over Europe were brought together and bound, they made fifteen thick folios, not counting those which came to him already bound up, or which still remain unbound, to the amount of eight or ten volumes more.

After the publication of the "Conquest of Peru," a considerable period elapsed before he fairly applied himself to his new subject. This delay was owing in part to the reluctance that always held him back from any fresh field of labor, and partly to the condition of his sight. For thirty-four years one eye had been compelled to do the work of two, and the strain

put upon it had been more than it could bear. Upon examination, the retina was found to be affected anew, and incipient *amaurosis*, or decay of the nerve, was detected. He submitted his case to competent medical advisers; and, their deliberate judgment agreeing with his own previously formed opinion, he made up his mind, as he has recorded it, "to relinquish all use of the eye for the future in his studies, and to be content if he could preserve it for the more vulgar purposes of life." It is not strange that, with this disheartening consciousness, he shrank from the labor of grappling with his great enterprise, and turned to lighter tasks. One of these was a memoir of that excellent scholar and excellent man, John Pickering, for the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In the summer of 1848 his studies upon Philip II. may be said to have fairly begun, though he went no further for a time than to read, or rather to hear read, a number of works more or less directly bearing upon the subject. It was not until July, 1849, that he put pen to paper. But he did not make much progress, for in the course of the autumn his general health began to fail, and his spirits to be affected; and so he did not work easily, or with results satisfactory to himself. Nor did the spring of 1850 bring the brightening and restoring influences that were to be desired. He felt, and his friends felt, that he needed a change of life for a season, to refresh his spirits, and restore to his system something of the elastic energy it had lost; and, after much reflection, he determined upon a brief excursion to Europe, — a project often before considered, and as often rejected.

Accordingly he embarked from New York on the 22d day of May, 1850, and set sail from Liverpool, on his return, on the 14th day of September in the same year. With the exception of a hasty run to Paris, Brussels, and Antwerp, the whole time of his absence was passed in England and Scotland. It was a period of rare and unbroken enjoyment. The most brilliant social attentions — such as were never before shown to any American not in an official station — were lavished upon him. Men of the highest rank, as well as those most eminent in literature and science, were eager to secure him as a guest. His fine countenance, winning smile, and gentle courtesy of

manner, increased the interest which his literary reputation had awakened; and many, who sought him merely as a lion, became his warm friends before they parted with him. His letters home — of which Mr. Ticknor prints several — reveal his character in the most attractive light. They are written with unstudied grace, are full of natural expressions of the pleasure he is enjoying, as well as of affection for his family and friends at home. The stranger who reads these letters, hastily written in the brief moments of a crowded life, addressed to the eye of intimate affection alone, will see why it was that Mr. Prescott was so widely and so warmly loved. We should be glad to copy from them largely, but must content ourselves with a single extract from a letter to Mrs. Prescott, giving an account of his presentation at court.

"Well, the presentation has come off, and I will give you some account of it before going to dine with Lord Fitzwilliam. This morning I breakfasted with Mr. Monckton Milnes, where I met Macaulay, — the third time this week. We had also Lord Lyttleton, — an excellent scholar, — Gladstone, and Lord St. Germans, — a sensible and agreeable person, — and two or three others. We had a lively talk; but I left early for the court affair. I was at Lawrence's at one, in my costume: a chapeau with gold lace, blue coat, and white trousers, begilded with buttons and metal, — the coat buttons up, single-breasted, to the throat, — a sword, and patent-leather boots. I was a figure, indeed! But I had enough to keep me in countenance. I spent an hour yesterday with Lady M., getting instructions for demeaning myself. The greatest danger was, that I should be tripped up by my own sword. On reaching St. James's Palace we passed up-stairs through files of the guard, — beef-eaters, — and were shown into a large saloon, not larger than the great room of the White House, but richly hung with crimson silk, and some fine portraits of the family of George the Third. It was amusing, as we waited there an hour, to see the arrival of the different persons, diplomatic, military, and courtiers. All, men and women, blazing in all their stock of princely finery; and such a *power* of diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and laces, the trains of the ladies' dresses several yards in length! Some of the ladies wore coronets of diamonds that covered the greater part of the head, others necklaces of diamonds and emeralds that were of a size perfectly enormous. I counted on Lady ——'s head two strings of diamonds, rising gradually from the size of a fourpence to the size of an English shilling, and thick in proportion. Lady —— had emeralds mingled with her diamonds, of the finest lus-

tre, as large as pigeon's eggs. The *parure* was not always in the best taste. The Duchess of ——'s dress was studded with diamonds along the border and down the middle of the robe, — each of the size of half a nutmeg. The young ladies, a great many of whom were presented, were dressed generally without ornament. I tell all this for Lizzie's especial benefit. The company were at length permitted one by one to pass into the presence-chamber, — a room of about the same size as the other, with a throne and gorgeous canopy at the farther end, before which stood the little Queen of the mighty Isle, and her consort, surrounded by her ladies in waiting. She was rather simply dressed, but he was in a field-marshal's uniform, and covered, I should think, with all the orders of Europe. He is a good-looking person, but by no means so good-looking as the portraits of him. The Queen is better-looking than you might expect. I was presented by our Minister, according to the directions of the Chamberlain, as the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, in due form, — and made my profound obeisance to her Majesty, who made a very dignified courtesy, as she made to some two hundred others, who were presented in like manner. Owing to there having been no drawing-room for a long time, there was an unusual number of presentations of young ladies; but very few gentlemen were presented. I made the same low bow to his Princeship, to whom I was also presented, and so bowed myself out of the royal circle, without my sword tripping up the heels of my nobility. As I was drawing off, Lord Carlisle, who was standing on the edge of the royal circle, called me, and kept me by his side, telling me the names of the different lords and ladies, who, after paying their obeisance to the Queen, passed out before us. He said he had come to the drawing-room to see how I got through the affair, which he thought I did without any embarrassment. Indeed, to say truth, I have been more embarrassed a hundred times in my life than I was here, I don't know why; I suppose, because I am getting old. I passed another hour in talking and criticising, especially with Lady T——, whom E—— D—— knew, and with Lady M—— H—— and Lord M——, all of whom happened to gather in that part of the room. I had also some talk with Sir Robert Peel and his wife, who has the remains of beauty, and whose daughter, much admired, according to Lord C., has much beauty herself. I talked also for some time with the old Iron Duke, who had more gold than iron about him to-day, and looked very well, although his utterance is not perfectly distinct, and he is slightly deaf." — pp. 308, 309.

In due season, after his return, he settled to work again upon Philip II. with steady but not very rapid progress. His

time was subject to frequent interruptions from visitors anxious to see the writer whose works had given them so much pleasure; and, flattering as such expressions were, he sometimes grudged the precious moments they cost him. His correspondence with the many friends he had made in England, though a source of great pleasure, was a new draught upon his time and energies. The first two volumes of his History of Philip II. were printed in May, 1855, but, owing to the financial difficulties of the time, were not published till November, when it appeared simultaneously in America and England. The success of the work was unqualified, and the favor with which it was at first received has continued unabated to the present time.

In the interval between the printing and the publication of these two volumes of Philip II., he had been at work upon a new conclusion to Robertson's Charles V., and brought it to a close in January, 1856. It embraces that portion of the Emperor's life which followed his abdication, and makes about a hundred and eighty pages; and it proved so attractive as to insure a very liberal sale to the edition of the work to which it was appended.

After completing the addition to Robertson, he spent a few weeks in preparing a memoir of his friend, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who had died in the preceding month of August. It was written for the National Portrait Gallery, and subsequently printed in a quarto form for private distribution. It is a graceful tribute to a man much esteemed and beloved for his private virtues, and who in many honorable stations had shown his high capacity for public service.

In the spring of 1856 he resumed his labors upon Philip II., and went on with it through the summer steadily, but not rapidly. But the next winter was clouded with pain and illness, and those who watched him narrowly saw that he was somewhat changed. But he was able to pursue his literary labors nearly every day, and had the same sort of pleasure in society that he always had. And so it went on through the year 1857, and until the beginning of 1858, when his first warning came in the form of an attack of apoplexy, which Mr. Ticknor thus describes: —

"On the 4th of February, 1858, in the afternoon, I happened to call on my friend for a little visit or a walk, that being the portion of the day in which, from our respective occupations, we oftenest saw each other. As I entered, the air of the servant who opened the door surprised me, and I hardly understood the words he uttered with great emotion, to tell me that Mr. Prescott was suddenly and seriously ill. He had, in fact, been seized in the street a couple of hours before, and the affection was evidently of the brain, and apoplectic.

"The attack occurred just on his return from his accustomed walk in the early afternoon. Indeed, he reached home with some difficulty, and went, not without much effort, at once, and as it were instinctively and almost unconsciously, to his working study. His mind wandered for a few moments, and his powers of speech and motion were partly suspended. The earliest articulate words he uttered were to his wife, as she was tenderly leaning over him: 'My poor wife! I am so sorry for you, that this has come upon you so soon!'

"The symptoms were not formidable, and those that seemed most threatening yielded to remedies in the course of the afternoon. His venerable physician, Dr. Jackson, expressed himself to me at nine o'clock in the evening with much hopefulness, and the next day nearly all anxiety concerning an immediate recurrence of the disease was gone. But a mark had been made on his physical constitution which was never to be obliterated.

"For the first two days he was kept almost entirely in bed, and in a state of absolute rest and quietness, with his room somewhat darkened. On the third day I saw him. He talked with me as clearly as he ever had when in full health, and with intellectual faculties as unclouded. But his utterance was slightly affected. His movements were no longer assured. A few words and many proper names did not come promptly at his summons. He occasionally seemed to see figures — especially the figure of a gentleman in black — moving about the room, though he was quite aware that the whole was an optical delusion. If he looked into a book, one line was strangely mingled with another, and the whole became confused and illegible. All this he explained to me in the simplest and clearest manner, as if he were speaking, not of his own case, but of that of another person. He was, in fact, not under the smallest misapprehension as to the nature of his attack, nor as to what might be its consequences at a moment's notice. Neither did he at all exaggerate his danger, or seem alarmed or anxious at the prospect before him. He saw his condition as his physicians and his family saw it, and as the result proved that it must have been from the first.

"In five or six days he walked out with assistance; but he was put

upon a rigorous, vegetable diet, and his strength returned slowly and imperfectly. After a few weeks the irregularity in his vision was corrected; his tread became so much more firm that he ventured into the streets alone; and his enunciation, except to the quick ear of affection, was again distinct and natural. But his utterance never ceased to be marked with a slight effort; proper names were never again so easily recalled as they had been; and, although his appropriate gait was recovered, it was at best a little slower than it had been, and, in the last weeks of his life, when I walked with him a good deal, he sometimes moved very heavily, and more than once called my attention to this circumstance as to a considerable change in his condition. In his general appearance, however, at least to a casual observer, in the expression of his fine manly countenance, and in his whole outward bearing, he seemed such as he had always been. Those, therefore, who saw him only as he was met in his accustomed walks, thought him quite recovered. But his family and his more intimate friends were too vigilant to be thus deluded. They knew from the first, that he was no longer the same." — pp. 424 – 426.

In due time he felt the familiar craving for his old occupations and modes of life, and resumed his labors upon the third volume of Philip II., which was made ready for the press in April, 1858. In the course of the summer the stereotyping was finished, though the volume did not appear till towards the close of the year. It certainly showed no symptoms of intellectual decay, and nothing that he has ever done is finer in brilliant descriptive power than his sketch of the battle of Lepanto.

Upon his return to town from his autumn residence in Pepperell, at the close of October, he appeared to have improved in health and strength. His spirits resumed their natural tone, and his old gayety sometimes returned. His books and manuscripts tempted him anew, and about the beginning of 1859 he was occupied with that portion of the History of Philip II. with which his fourth volume would necessarily open. He worked with his old relish. His intellectual faculties were not affected, his affections were as warm, his spirits almost as gay, as ever. Though he never lost consciousness of the dark shadow which rested upon his life, and stood as one always waiting the last summons, yet it seemed to him, as well as to his friends, that the inevitable stroke might be delayed for

some years yet, — long enough at least to complete the work which he always meant should be the closing labor of his life. But it was not so ordered; the last hour was near at hand, though nothing gave token of its sudden approach. The end shall be told in Mr. Ticknor's own words.

"From day to day, after New Year of 1859, he seemed more to miss his old occupations. On the 27th of January, he talked decidedly of beginning again in good earnest his work on the 'History of Philip the Second,' and speculated on the question whether, if he should find his physical strength unequal to the needful exertion, he might venture to reinforce it by a freer diet. On the following morning — the fatal day — he talked of it again, as if his mind were made up to the experiment, and as if he were looking forward to his task as to the opening again of an old and sure mine of content. His sister, Mrs. Dexter, was happily in town making him a visit, and was sitting that forenoon with Mrs. Prescott in a dressing-room not far from the study where his regular work was always done. He himself, in the early part of the day, was unoccupied, walking about his room for a little exercise, the weather being so bad that none ventured out who could well avoid it. Mr. Kirk, his ever-faithful secretary, was looking over Sala's lively book about Russia, 'A Journey due North,' for his own amusement merely, but occasionally reading aloud to Mr. Prescott such portions as he thought peculiarly interesting or pleasant. On one passage, which referred to a former Minister of Russia at Washington, he paused, because neither of them could recollect the name of the person alluded to; and Mr. Prescott, who did not like to find his memory at fault, went to his wife and sister to see if either of them could recall it for him. After a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Prescott hit upon it, a circumstance which amused him not a little, as she so rarely took an interest in anything connected with public affairs, that he had rather counted upon Mrs. Dexter for the information. He snapped his fingers at her, therefore, as he turned away, and, with the merry laugh so characteristic of his nature, passed out of the room, saying, as he went, 'How came you to remember?' They were the last words she ever heard from his loved lips.

"After reaching his study, he stepped into an adjoining apartment. While there, Mr. Kirk heard him groan, and, hurrying to him, found him struck with apoplexy and wholly unconscious. This was about half past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He was instantly carried to his chamber. In the shortest possible space of time, several medical attendants were at his bedside, and among them — and the chief of them — was his old friend and his father's friend, Dr. Jackson. One of their

number, Dr. Minot, brought me the sad intelligence, adding his own auguries, which were of the worst. I hastened to the house. What grief and dismay I found there need not to be told. All saw that the inevitable hour was come. Remedies availed nothing. He never spoke again, never recovered an instant of consciousness, and at half past two o'clock life passed away without suffering.

"He would himself have preferred such a death, if choice had been permitted to him. He had often said so to me and to others; and none will gainsay, that it was a great happiness thus to die, surrounded by all those nearest and dearest to him, except one much-loved son, who was at a distance, and to die, too, with unimpaired faculties, and with affections not only as fresh and true as they had ever been, but which, in his own home, and in the innermost circle of his friends, had seemed to grow stronger and more tender to the last.

"Four days afterwards he was buried; two wishes, however, having first been fulfilled, as he had earnestly desired that they should be. They related wholly to himself, and were as simple and unpretending as he was.

"From accidental circumstances, he had always entertained a peculiar dread of being buried alive; and he had, therefore, often required that measures should be taken to prevent all possibility of the horrors that might follow such an occurrence. His injunctions were obeyed. Of his absolute death it was not, indeed, permitted to doubt. It had occurred under circumstances which had been distinctly foreseen, and by a blow only too obvious, sure, and terrible. But still, as had been promised to him, a principal vein was severed, so that, if life should again be awakened, it might ebb silently away without any possible return of consciousness.

"His other request was no less natural and characteristic. He desired that his remains, before they should be deposited in the house appointed for all living, might rest, for a time, in the cherished room where were gathered the intellectual treasures amidst which he had found so much of the happiness of his life. And this wish, too, was fulfilled. Silently, noiselessly, he was carried there. Few witnessed the solemn scene, but on those who did, it made an impression not to be forgotten. There he lay, in that rich, fair room, — his manly form neither shrunk nor wasted by disease; the features that had expressed and inspired so much love still hardly touched by the effacing fingers of death, — there he lay, in unmoved, inaccessible peace; and the lettered dead of all ages and climes and countries collected there seemed to look down upon him in their earthly immortality, and claim that his name should hereafter be imperishably associated with theirs.

But this was only for a season. At the appointed hour — his family, and none else, following — he was borne to the church where he was wont to worship. No ceremonies had been arranged for the occasion. There had been no invitations. There was no show. But the church was full, was crowded. The Representatives of the Commonwealth, then in session, had adjourned so as to be present; the members of the Historical Society, whose honored wish to take official charge of the duties of the occasion had been declined, were there as mourners. The whole community was moved; the poor whom he had befriended; the men of letters with whom he had been associated or whom he had aided; the elevated by place or by fortune, whose distinctions and happiness he had increased by sharing them; — they were all there. It was a sorrowful gathering, such as was never before witnessed in this land for the obsequies of any man of letters wholly unconnected, as he had been, with public affairs and the parties or passions of the time; — one who was known to most of the crowd collected around his bier only by the silent teachings of his printed works. For, of the multitude assembled, few could have known him personally; many of them had never seen him. But all came to mourn. All felt that an honor had been taken from the community and the country. They came because they felt the loss they had sustained, and only for that. And after the simple and solemn religious rites befitting the occasion had been performed, they still crowded round the funeral train and through the streets, following, with sadness and awe, the hearse that was bearing from their sight all that remained of one who had been watched not a week before as he trod the same streets in apparent happiness and health. It was a grand and touching tribute to intellectual eminence and personal worth." — pp. 442 – 445.

Mr. Prescott's historical writings are too well known, and his literary reputation is too well settled, to make it necessary for us to speak of him here as a man of letters. The critical judgment passed upon his books in our journal, as they successively appeared, has been amply confirmed by the verdict of succeeding time; we have little to add to what we then said, and nothing to take from it. But we propose to touch briefly upon some of his personal characteristics, and to point out some of the traits which distinguished him as a man from other men. These personal qualities enter in no small degree into his writings, and form no small portion of their charm; and yet, had he never written a line, they would have been shown none the less in his daily life and conversation. Mr.

Ticknor's biography closes with the narrative of his death and funeral. He does not append any summing up of his friend's character. This was, indeed, unnecessary, as in the course of his volume he had said all that needed to be said, all that could be said, upon the subject. Mr. Prescott's religious and moral nature, his social and personal traits, his daily way of life, are revealed to us in Mr. Ticknor's pages with a fulness, clearness, and truthfulness which will be most heartily acknowledged by those best qualified to pronounce a judgment. We shall do little more than repeat in our own words what those who read the biography will find there set down, not continuously and formally stated, it is true, but in natural connection with the incidents of his life and his literary successes.

Of all men we have ever known, Mr. Prescott was the most generally beloved, the most universal social favorite. It is literally true that he had not an enemy in the world. He was, within the limits of our acquaintance, the only man whom we never heard any one speak against. His literary reputation was the source of the highest pleasure to all who knew him. No author ever had in larger measure the personal sympathy of his friends, — that rare and exquisite delight of the successful author, which is like the dew on the wreath of laurel or the sparkling foam of the goblet of fame. No man paid him the doubtful tribute of envy. No anonymous scribbler ever shot at him with poisoned arrows. In his triumph there was no slave behind the chariot. Nor had he to meet that cold indifference which is quite as hard to bear, to say the least, as open or secret hostility. The lonely, irritable, and awkward Johnson closes the Preface to his Dictionary with a sentence of pathetic beauty: "I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds; I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." This morbid apathy, the expression of which is probably a little exaggerated, was never known to Mr. Prescott. The number of those whom he wished to please was always great, and always increasing. His literary reputation added to the number of his friends, but it did not,

it could not, strengthen the affection in which he was held by the friends of his youth and early manhood, who had learned to love him before the world had heard of his name. One of these, Professor Parsons, says, "If I were asked to name the man whom I have known whose coming was most sure to be hailed as a pleasant event by all whom he approached, I should not only place Prescott at the head of the list, but I could not place any other man near him." This is strongly put, but from our own observation, as well as from what we have heard from others, we should say that it was the exact truth, and no more. The statement might have been put into an affidavit, and sworn to with a perfectly good conscience.

Were we asked by one who had never known Mr. Prescott, and had never read Mr. Ticknor's biography, what it was which made him so universally beloved, the question would not be very readily answered. It is, indeed, not easy to define what it is that makes some men liked, some tolerated, and some disliked. Who could by language paint to a man without the sense of taste the flavor of a peach or a strawberry? Human beings have their peculiar and distinctive flavors, like fruits. Some men breathe upon us like the sweet southwest; others are like an embodied east-wind, at whose approach the very pores of the soul contract. Mr. Burke said of Mr. Fox, that he was a man made to be loved: so was Mr. Prescott. He was born with the organization and qualities which win affection. What made him so universal a favorite was seen in the rare beauty of his countenance and the magic sweetness of his smile, was heard in the rich music of his voice and felt in the gentle and gracious courtesy of his manners. He never came into a room without bringing a sunbeam with him. He was by nature social, sympathetic, cordial, and genial. He had no irritability to subdue and no bitterness to suppress. Anger rarely visited his heart, and the poisonous weed of hatred never took root there. What Sydney Smith said of Mackintosh, that the gall-bladder was omitted in his composition, was exactly true of Mr. Prescott. The virtues which are the slow fruit of discipline and self-control are not so captivating as the graces which are the natural growth of the soil. The charm of Mr. Prescott's manners was

that they were the unaffected expression of spontaneous qualities. There was nothing artificial in them, nothing that showed the carefulness of a man keeping watch upon himself. His conversation was delightful, not because it was pointed, sententious, or brilliant, but because it was the unstudied flow of a warm heart and a generous temper.

And another reason why Mr. Prescott was so universally beloved was, that his temperament was unimpassioned, though his heart was so warm and his nature was so social. This is a very happy combination of qualities, and not a very common one in New England, where our good gifts are apt to be edged with intensity. He was not a vehement partisan in anything, especially not in politics, which are such an element of division among us. He had decided political convictions, but party politics were not to his taste, and occupied but little of his time. He was not fond of discussion or controversy of any kind, and few men who talked so readily, and took so much pleasure in conversation, ever argued so rarely. He had very little of the habit of making strong assertions which is so common among us. Thus he was very catholic in his friendships, and was the common friend of men who never could have been friends to each other. The unpartisan and unimpassioned quality of Mr. Prescott's understanding is perceptible in his works. Mr. John Quincy Adams said that he possessed the two great qualifications of an historian, who should apparently be without country and without religion. This he explained by saying that a history should not show the political or religious bias of the historian. It would be difficult, Mr. Adams thought, to tell whether Mr. Prescott were a Protestant or a Catholic, a monarchist or a republican. All men will not deem this absence of personal feeling to be matter of praise. Lord Byron enumerated wrath and partiality among the virtues of Mitford, the historian of Greece; and it is very certain that, had Mr. Adams written a history, the reader would not have been left in doubt, certainly as to his politics, and probably not as to his religion. Some critics have found some fault with Mr. Prescott for not having passed a sterner judgment upon the cruelty of Cortés and Pizarro, and the bigotry of Isabella. How far he is obnoxious to this

criticism, or whether he is obnoxious to it at all, are points which we do not here propose to discuss. It is sufficient to say that herein, as in so many other traits, his history reflects his character, and that this kindliness of temper, and this disposition to dwell upon what was bright, and to forget what was dark, in all with whom he was thrown into relations, was a most prolific source of happiness to him through life.

And so it was with the higher interest of religion. Mr. Prescott was a man of religious faith and feeling. Under the influence of a great sorrow, he had studied the evidences of Christianity with characteristic thoroughness, and reposed upon the faith of a Christian man in all the experiences of life; but it was a subject on which he did not like to talk. Nothing could have induced him to make proclamation of his religious emotions, or to tell the growth of his religious faith. And he had very little taste for theological discussions and controversies, and dwells upon them as little as is possible consistently with the discharge of his duty as an historian.

But in describing Mr. Prescott as sympathetic in his nature, social in his tastes, heartily enjoying life, a universal favorite, the idol of those who were nearest to him in friendship and blood, we have not shown the whole of his character. There is another side to it, and one of the most valuable points in Mr. Ticknor's biography consists in the fulness with which this side is brought out. We say valuable, because of the moral lesson which it teaches. Mr. Ticknor shows us the stoical element which ran through his friend's life, and which none knew of while he was living but those who knew him most intimately. His whole being, seemingly so easy, joyous, and careless, was under the rule of a strong will and a vigilant and exacting conscience. All the world knows what obstacles he had to overcome, arising from his imperfect sight. But besides this his general health was by no means robust. Two serious disabilities, rheumatism and dyspepsia, were always hovering around him, ready to pounce upon him, and nothing but constant care kept off their assaults. And there was yet another lion in his path, another difficulty to be surmounted, which was not less grave than those we have enumerated. He was not one of those men who love work for its own sake; on the

contrary, had it not been for his sense of duty, he would have been happy enough in the career of a man of wit and pleasure about town. The common satisfactions which grow, unsown, by the wayside of life, would have sufficed him. For he had an organization and temperament finely attuned to enjoyment. He loved the society of his friends, the easy chat of his own domestic circle, light reading, and had a decided taste for lounging, — loafing, as he called it. He was ever spurring himself up to his work, and struggling manfully against his natural disinclination to labor. His diaries abound with strong expressions of self-reproach on account of wasted time, and equally strong resolutions of future amendment.

Nor did he content himself with making good resolutions. Early in life, while he was a student in college, he began to punish himself for neglect of duty by a system of self-imposed pecuniary mulcts and penalties. He made bets with his friends that he would avoid or do certain things, in relation to which he was sure that he should be mortified to have them know that he had failed. But they were bets in which the obligation was only on one side ; for when he lost, he would pay the sum staked, but if he won, he would say nothing about it. And while he was at work upon his " Ferdinand and Isabella," if he found his industry flagging, he resorted to the same system with his secretary and reader, Mr. English. He had a standing agreement with him binding each of them to take from the other the amount Mr. Prescott should himself decide to be won on certain wagers written by himself and sealed up. Mr. English never saw them, and never knew the subject of the bets, trusting, as well he might, implicitly to Mr. Prescott's honor. Two bets were paid to him at different periods by Mr. Prescott, and one was exacted from him, of much smaller amount than the aggregate of the two he had won.

This habit of strengthening good resolutions by pecuniary penalties was almost the only trait in Mr. Prescott's character which could be called an oddity. For in general he was singularly free from whims and eccentricities, alike in conduct and opinion. He inherited from his father sound common-sense, moderation of mind, and a tendency to respect established institutions and recognized forms. The aggregate sen-

timent of the wise and good men around him formed a standard to which he was ever ready to conform. He was not impatient of existing imperfections, and had nothing of the temper of an iconoclast. He never felt himself drawn to men who embody the spirit of protest and dissent. With him the beaten way was the safe way. One reason of the popularity of his writings is, that they express and reflect in their judgments and criticisms the average sentiments of mankind. He had no prejudices and no love of paradox. His taste in literature was of the same kind. He liked such books as have been approved by the general judgment of mankind, and had none of the pleasure which some men have in reading those which are favorites with the few. Eccentricities of thought and peculiarities of style repelled rather than attracted him. He never, for instance, could read Carlyle with any satisfaction, and the quaint garb of the "History of the French Revolution" made him insensible to its substantial merits.

Mr. Prescott was a man of regular and methodical habits. Every day had its appointed hours of toil, and he was a little disturbed if anything interfered with the usual disposition of his time. His home was in Boston, and the greater portion of the year was passed here. During the hot weeks of summer he lived, for the benefit of the bracing sea-air, first at Nahant and afterwards at Lynn; and in the autumn he spent some time at Pepperell, in a house endeared to him as having been the home of his father and grandfather. These removals were necessary for his health; but they were not without their alloy of annoyance, inasmuch as they disturbed the even flow of his hours of labor, and threw him out of his regular grooves of occupation. In the later years of his life, he had to pay one of the penalties of celebrity in the frequent visits of strangers, naturally desirous of seeing face to face a writer whose works had charmed and instructed them. Such expressions were not unwelcome to a man of his cordial and sympathetic nature; and if his visitors were not always duly mindful of the brevity of human life, he never allowed them to see that he was.

It was one of the felicities of Mr. Prescott's character, that it had by nature some of those delicate graces which are usu-

ally the fruit of cultivation and discipline. In making up the estimate of a man's claims to be loved and esteemed, we must take the impressions of his dependents and inferiors, — his children and servants, for instance. A thoughtful consideration for the rights of those who cannot enforce their rights is usually found only in those who have learned the value of the virtue from having at some period of their lives suffered from the want of it. Mr. Prescott's life and training were of the kind that commonly makes men selfish. He was reared in the soft air of ease and indulgence; he never knew anything of poverty and struggle. His very infirmities, by the peculiar interest and affectionate solicitude they awakened, were not without their moral danger; for the worst element in any permanent physical disability is the petty selfishness which it fosters. But so pure was the gold of Mr. Prescott's nature, that it never contracted a speck of the rust of selfishness. He needed not the sting of unkindness to make him kind to others; and his kindness was a habit, and not an act. He could no more be harsh or stern or exacting with others, than a rose-tree could help bearing roses. Then it was no virtue in him, the stoic may say, to be gentle and kindly. Perhaps not; roses are not virtues, but they are very charming things, and so was Mr. Prescott's sweetness of nature. Many young men, for instance, were, in successive periods, his secretaries and readers. This is a somewhat trying relation; and if there be any selfishness or harshness in a man's character, such a relation will be sure to bring it out. But, of all these young men, not one ever left his service without the most affectionate and grateful regard. One of them has recorded a little trait of him which is characteristic enough to be mentioned. Mr. Prescott was very punctual, and liked to have his secretary appear at the exact hour, and was annoyed at any tardiness; but he only noted it by looking significantly at his watch: no word of reproof was ever uttered by him.

Mr. Prescott's social nature, as might be surmised, was very strong. There was no music to his ear like the voice of a friend. His manners, always and everywhere engaging, were never more so than when he was seated at the head of his own table, surrounded by a moderate circle of those who loved him

and whom he loved. He never condescended to the trick of drawing others out, and he never needed to do so; for the sunshine of his countenance and the spontaneous charm of his conversation diffused around him an atmosphere of light and warmth which acted upon the minds of his guests as the air of a day in June acts upon the unexpanded buds of a garden. He was not only most agreeable himself, but he made others agreeable; and it was noticed that good talkers always talked their best at his table. But this warm social nature of his was always under the control of that strong will of which we have spoken as one of his marked and pervading characteristics. If he had previously determined to leave a scene of social enjoyment at a given hour, nothing but superior physical force would have kept him beyond the self-appointed time. No matter how fast and furious the mirth was, when the clock had struck he was gone. His friend, Mr. Gardiner, gives some amusing reminiscences on this characteristic trait.

But we must bring our notice to a close. We have dwelt mainly upon Mr. Prescott's life and character, and have said comparatively little of the taste, judgment, and affectionate appreciation which his biographer has shown. But this omission is not because we have not found these merits in the work, but because they are so conspicuous that they need not to be proclaimed. A more just and loving tribute was never paid by one friend to the memory of another. We shall be surprised if this biography does not attain a popularity equal to that of Mr. Prescott's own writings; it is, indeed, so tinged with the hues of his mind and character, that much of the charm which hangs over the pages of his histories will be found in the story of his life. And this story appears in no unworthy form. The quarto edition of the memoir is one of the finest productions of the American press. The engravings are among the best ever made in the country, and the paper, type, and press-work are of the highest excellence. It is a specimen of the art of book-manufacturing which reflects the greatest credit upon all who have taken part in it.

ART. II. — *Does the Bible sanction American Slavery?* By GOLDWIN SMITH. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1863.

Is African slavery, as it exists in our Southern States, an evil or a good thing? Is it, or is it not, consistent with a high sense of duty to man and to God, and with the requirements of that state of Christian civilization which the foremost nations of the world have now reached? So far as the practice of those nations and the opinion of the best and wisest men of Christendom are authority to decide this question, it is decided. There is not a slave in modern Europe. Even Russia, semi-barbarous as yet, has recently abolished serfdom, a very different thing from African slavery, because the serf had rights, and the relation between him and his master was the relation of man to man, not of man to merchandise. England, France, and Denmark have abolished slavery in their colonies. Effete and Catholic Spain, whose government does not represent its people, and derives no life-blood from free and enlightened opinion, permits it in the West Indies. So, within her own borders, does Brazil, Catholic and half-civilized also, a despotism, an offshoot of Spain and Portugal, and degenerated even below the parent stock by a mongrel mixture of races which renders her progress in social or political improvement a slow, if not hopeless task. So also the government of the United States has not merely tolerated, but maintained and protected slavery. And why? Because it had no control over the subject. The several States had this control; and those of them most advanced in wealth and liberal culture have prohibited slavery within their limits. The power of the central government might be exercised to prevent the extension of slavery. This, and the growth of Northern sentiment averse to the institution, caused the present war.

It is needless to cite eminent names. The list would include nearly all the great thinkers — philosophers, historians, and poets — who have been the guides of thought from the birth of Christ till the present time, and it would include the founders of our own government, and most of its distinguished statesmen, many of them slaveholders. Authority, therefore, that is

to say, human authority, is all on one side. Until recently, indeed, the abstract moral question was almost universally regarded as settled. Slavery is an evil and a wrong. Few were bold enough to deny this. The only question was, Can it be got rid of, without causing greater evils and wrongs than its own?

Abstract truth, more especially moral truth, finds easy entrance into the mind and conscience. But concrete truth, truth manifested in fact and action, when great interests are connected with error and wrong, is sure to be resisted. Pure thought, too, as it passes into conduct, loses something of its purity and beauty, and becomes often soiled by the dross of human passion and selfishness. Liberty, equality, and fraternity were favorite and fashionable themes for the *savans*, the court, and the noblesse of France, in the age that preceded the Revolution. But when they took the form of a demand for a republic, instead of monarchy and aristocracy, they suddenly lost their charm for these enlightened classes. When they afterwards assumed the form of Robespierre and the guillotine and a mob frenzied with license and howling for blood, their very names became odious to the old world. So, a few years ago, it was very easy and very common for Southern slaveholders to admit, that to treat human beings as property is wrong, and that slavery is injurious to the best interests of society, when these propositions were coupled with another, — that it is for the slave-owners to say when and how slavery is to be altered or destroyed. But the truth wore a different aspect when a powerful party in the country demanded that the area of slavery should be restricted, and afterwards, as is now the case, that slavery itself should be abolished. Truth then became concrete, and instantly the pride of power and the lust of wealth arrayed themselves against it. It must also be said, that, when the pure and noble idea of liberty appeared, as it did among a small portion of this Northern party, in the guise of reckless abolition, heedless of consequences, and of a willingness, if not a desire and purpose, to light the flames of servile war in the South, freedom for the negro, like the liberty and equality of French Jacobins, unfortunately ceased to be a beautiful thing in the eyes of many even thoughtful

men. Freedom, to be a blessing, must bless both parties, him who gives and him who receives. If it cannot do this, it is not freedom, but a mere transfer of power from one portion of society to another.

But this world is governed by a good God and by moral laws; and moral truth, whatever abuses may be for a time connected with it, must in the end triumph. Slavery, as established in the Southern States, is wrong, and injurious, because it is wrong, to the best interests of society, — to religion, to morals, to science, to literature, to the arts, to industry, — for these can flourish only under the right, under the rule of justice and truth. This is the rock on which the argument against slavery is built, and so long as the foundation remains, the edifice cannot be overthrown. The Southern people discovered this, and, as soon as slavery was seriously menaced, they abandoned the faith of their ancestors, and boldly announced to the world, that slavery is founded in truth and justice, that it is the basis of liberty and civilization, and a blessing wherever it exists. As they could not cite in support of these dogmas the opinion of the age, the practice of the most enlightened nations, or the writings of the wise and good here or elsewhere, they went at once to the fountain-head of spiritual truth and moral law, and boldly claimed for the institution the sanction of the Bible. Slavery, they said, is expressly permitted and ordained in the laws of Moses. Christ was silent on the subject, and it was recognized and impliedly approved by St. Paul.

If all this be true, those who accept the Bible as their rule of conduct must bow to its authority. But before yielding to a conclusion which justifies oppression and condemns all that has been done to emancipate the negroes, it is well to inquire what sort of slavery was established by the Old Testament and recognized by the New, in what respects it differs from African slavery in the South, and whether any obligation is imposed upon us to perpetuate the latter.

The storm of war that is sweeping over our country has excited discussion on many questions vital to the interests of the people. This discussion is one of its compensations. Our whole system of government is on trial, investigation is compelled by the emergency of danger, new views are suggested,

weak points may be discovered, and in the collision of free thought, stimulated by great events and the jeopardy of great interests, old errors, hoary prejudices, and forms whose use has past, may be destroyed, as decayed trees of the forest are prostrated by a tempest, to make room for a new growth. Slavery, as the cause of the war, has received especial attention. Its Southern friends are indeed silent for a time, being fully occupied in defending it on bloody battle-fields. But it has advocates in our Northern States and in Europe; for the slave power had grown to such bulk, that it had become the basis of a political party in the North and of vast commercial interests in France and England. The argument drawn from the asserted sanction of the Bible has been revived, and the discussion which has ensued has had the good effect of enlarging our knowledge and vindicating the truth.

Among the publications induced by this controversy, the best we have seen is a little volume written in England, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. As it is the production of a foreigner, it is likely to have the greater influence, because no sectional or partisan prejudice can be imputed to its author. Mr. Goldwin Smith is Professor of History at Oxford, and has a distinguished reputation, at home and abroad, of which this work is not unworthy. It is marked by clearness of thought and statement, extensive learning, liberal views, an elevated tone of thought befitting the topic, the earnestness of conviction, and a simple, grave, and forcible style. Critical and historical knowledge is necessary to understand many parts of the Bible, and this sort of knowledge is by no means universal, even among the educated. Most men, indeed, who condemn slavery, feel sure that it cannot be sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures, because it is opposed to the spirit and teachings both of the Old and the New Testament. Many are, however, not convinced, but puzzled, by the texts cited by the advocates of slavery. It is important, therefore, to show that the slavery of the South is not the slavery of the Bible; and this has been done by Mr. Smith.

There are two kinds of liberty, — political and personal. The former consists in a share of political power. To gain it, to keep it, and to exercise it for the good of society, implies a

degree of intelligence never possessed by a barbarous people, and by certain classes only of the more civilized. As nations advance in wealth and knowledge, this intelligence is more largely diffused. Intelligence means the power to think, and thinking produces the desire for action. As soon, therefore, as any portion of the people emerges from ignorance and poverty, public affairs become the objects of its intelligent curiosity and thought, and it demands the right to influence the action of government. When the masses of the people, or a portion of it, sufficient to represent the great interests of the nation, possess this right, such a people is said to possess political liberty. But those to whom this privilege is not extended are governed entirely by the will of those who possess it, or of one man, if he alone possesses it. Political liberty, therefore, or power over the conduct of government, is enjoyed now, as always, by a very small proportion of mankind. Free government belongs only to the most enlightened nations, to the most highly organized races. They only have been able, after a long and painful progress, to appreciate and desire it, to win and keep it. To be governed by the few, in all public affairs, is and always has been the lot of the vast majority of men.

Personal liberty is the power which a man has over himself, over his own actions and destiny, so far as these are not controlled by general laws affecting the whole community. Intelligence, combined with moral force,—what is called ability,—is the condition on which this sort of liberty can be enjoyed; for power is the inseparable attribute of ability, and loss of power of the want of it. Personal liberty is thus, like political liberty, the boon of advancing civilization, because civilization, by increasing the objects of desire and effort, stimulates and exercises varied talent. In the early stages of society, bodily strength and courage conferred power, because man was engaged in a struggle for subsistence with the untamed forces of nature and with fellow-men as savage as himself. The weak, therefore, sought the protection of the strong, because dependent upon, or the servants of, the strong. When communities were formed into nations, laws and policy were required, and demanded a new sort of ability, and intellect was enfranchised from the dominion of force. The security afforded by national

power and law developed industry and the arts. These enabled multitudes to take care of themselves, who were before dependent on individuals for protection. For the power of the individual was substituted the power of government, representing society, and men became personally free, masters of themselves, and governed, not by individual will, but by law, which, whether made by themselves or not, was the law for all.

Such has been the progress of society from the family to the tribe, to the nation, to established government, and from the arts of war to the arts of peace. During the whole of this progress, force of mind and force of character have always conferred power. The weak have ever been the servants of the strong, under the name of slaves, serfs, or vassals, because dependent on the strong; and servitude is another name for dependence. Not until society became stronger than any individual could men become free. And their freedom consisted in this, that, in return for protection, they gave service, duty, fealty, and obedience, not to a master or lord, for his own benefit, but to a king, magistrate, or ruling class; in short, to government, for the benefit of all, because it represents all.

Servitude, therefore, or the subjection of man to man, does not contradict the laws of nature. It represents the relation of weakness to strength. It has existed in all ages, and in all nations at some period of their growth. The condition of its presence is the existence of a class unfit to enjoy personal liberty, or the want of power in government to protect the rights of individuals; for personal liberty is a right, for those who can use it without injury to themselves or others. In the former case, personal liberty may be denied or restricted by law, and according to the necessity for that law, its humanity and justice, will the government that makes it be judged. It must not be a selfish law, intended exclusively for the benefit of the governing party, for power is eternally coupled with duty and responsibility. The ability to do good implies the obligation to do good, and he who has control over the happiness of another is a tyrant and a criminal, if in exercising that control he seeks only his own interest. The laws of the most enlightened nations give power to husbands over wives, to parents over children, to masters over apprentices. But

the power is intended for the benefit of both parties, and it is therefore carefully guarded and restricted so as to secure that benefit.

These are plain and simple principles, which, though often violated by human selfishness and passion, have always been vindicated and established more firmly by the consequences of such violation. No philosopher or moralist, whose name has become eminent, and held its place through the centuries as a spiritual guide and teacher, has ever advocated selfishness as a virtue, or denied the doctrine that all power, whether of an individual or of government, is trust-power, to be exercised for the well-being of both the governing and the governed party; that a king ought to be the father of his people; that a ruling class ought to rule for the benefit of all classes; that the lord is bound to his vassal in mutual and reciprocal obligation, the master to his servant.

But the world has never been governed by philosophers, and history is a terrible record of disobedience to these precepts by those who have governed it, whether one or many, princes or parliaments, lords or masters. It is a record, too, of the punishment that waits on crime. An unjust and oppressive government cannot prosper, cannot endure. Sooner or later it is destroyed by the moral force of mankind, either from within or from without, by a domestic or a foreign power.

We have in this country four millions of negroes. They are of a race inferior to ours. They are, therefore, it is said, unfit to enjoy political liberty, or to exercise power over government. If this be so, they are rightfully deprived of that power, both for their own good and ours, and we of the superior race may govern them politically for the good of both. We are told, also, that they are unfit to enjoy personal liberty, to exercise power individually over themselves, to be governed each by his own will under the law. Is this true? Let us grant it. What, then, is the duty of the superior race which has power over the negro? Does not the possession of this power, by every principle of justice and humanity, make it a trustee for the negro? What is meant when it is said that the negro is unfit for personal liberty? Is it not that he is unable to take care of himself, — that he

requires a care-taker, a guide, a support, as a child does? Are not those, therefore, who have power over him, who claim and take that power, bound to furnish the guardianship he needs, for *his* benefit, and, since his conduct and condition affect their interests, for their own also?

How have we of the white race performed this duty?

This question is answered by the Constitution of the United States, which permitted the slave-trade for twenty years, and slavery forever, slaves being regarded by both as articles of merchandise, existing wholly for the benefit of their owners. It is answered by the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott, in which the Chief Justice declares, that the public opinion of the civilized world at the time the Constitution was made, and which it was intended to express, and which is therefore binding on us, regarded negroes "as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior, that *they had no rights which a white man was bound to respect*, and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his" (the white man's) "benefit. He was bought and sold, and treated as an article of merchandise and traffic, whenever a profit could be made by it." Mr. Justice Daniel, in the same case, declares that a slave, under our law, "is strictly *property*, to be used in subserviency to the interests, the convenience, or the will of his owner."

The question is also answered by the laws of the Southern States, all of which proclaim that a slave is in all respects a chattel personal, and by the opinion of Judge Ruffin of North Carolina, quoted by our author (pp. 27, 28): "The question before the court has been assimilated at the bar to the other domestic relations, and arguments drawn from the well-established principles which confer and restrain the authority of the parent over the child, the tutor over the pupil, the master over the apprentice, have been pressed upon us. The court does not recognize their application. There is no likeness between the cases. They are in opposition to each other, and there is an impassable gulf between them. The difference is that which exists between freedom and slavery, and a greater cannot be imagined. In the one, the end in view is the happiness of the

youth, born to equal rights with that governor on whom the duty devolves of training the young to usefulness in a station which he is afterwards to assume among freemen. To such an end, and with such a subject, moral and intellectual instruction seem the natural means. Moderate force is superadded only to make the others effectual. If that fail, it is better to leave the party to his own headstrong passions and the ultimate correction of the law, than allow it to be immoderately inflicted by a private person. With slavery it is far otherwise. The end is *the profit of the master*, his security, and the public safety; the subject, one doomed in his own person and his posterity to *live without knowledge*, without the *capacity to make anything his own*, and *to toil that another may reap the fruits*." To the same effect is the decision of Judge Field of Virginia, in 1851, in the case of Souther *vs.* The Commonwealth, 7 Grattan, 673: "It is the policy of the law, in respect to the relation of master and slave, and for the sake of securing proper obedience on the part of the slave, to protect the master from prosecution, even if the whipping and punishment be *malicious, cruel, and excessive*."

These principles deny the obligation of the superior race to regard the happiness or improvement of the inferior, whilst they assert absolute dominion over it; they degrade the slave from his rank as a man, and convert him into a thing; they expose him without protection to the irresponsible control of his owner, and to the operations of two passions that have ever been the scourges of humanity, — the lust of money and the lust of power. He is denied every right of humanity, — liberty, personal security, mental improvement, moral elevation, property, wife, and child. He can acquire nothing by his labor, he can hold no relations to his fellow-men, he can make no contracts. So far as it can, the law reduces him from the position of a man to that of a brute. And why is this done? Because those who make the law have the power to do it. Though four millions strong, the negro has not force of mind and will or fitting opportunity to resist them. His weakness, his capacity for moral and intellectual improvement, for enjoying a higher destiny, for domestic happiness and affection, appeal in vain to the superior race, which is stronger than himself, and

because it is stronger devotes him and all his hopes and all his future to itself, as an instrument and a possession.

The gigantic selfishness of this system is less surprising than the bold and shameless avowal of it here, in republican America, and in the high noon of the nineteenth century. Servitude, or the dependence and consequent subordination of the weak to the strong, of the ignorant to the intelligent, of the poor to the rich, in some form, has existed in all ages, and must exist, so long as superior ability of mind and body creates disparity of condition and social inequality. The character of that servitude must necessarily vary with the progress of a people in civilization. The modern European laborer is the successor of the feudal serf, as the latter was of the Gothic slave before the Northern hordes overturned the Roman empire, and crystallized into nations. One characteristic of Christian civilization has been, that the law, representing advancing society, has more and more interfered to protect the weak and helpless from the selfish passions of the powerful, to extend the sphere both of personal and political liberty, to give man more and more to himself, and to yield government constantly to the influence of larger numbers of the people. The violation of the truth of nature, as well as of justice and humanity, by the degradation of man to the condition of a chattel, has been the work of nations either pagan or barbarous, except in the case of modern African slavery. The Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans held men as chattels, at every period of their history, from the rudest to the most refined. They made no distinction of race, but enslaved and made property of all alike, whenever they had the power. The slave-trade, domestic and foreign, flourished among them, and their laws were identical in spirit, frequently in positive provisions, with those of our Southern States. To this universal law and practice among ancient nations, the laws of Moses and the custom of the Jews were the only exception.

All law and government resolve themselves into custom, and are thus products and outward manifestations of the mental, moral, and material condition of a people. Laws change with that condition, and therefore change slowly. A new law is made to satisfy a new want caused by the gradual growth

or an alteration in the circumstances of a nation. Slow progress is, therefore, the general rule of society, sudden moral changes the exception, if indeed they ever occur. Even after a conquest, however complete, the conquered retain, of necessity, their laws, that is to say, their customs or habits of living, because these cannot be changed by the will of the conqueror. All institutions, therefore, represent the character of a people, as a crop shows the nature of the soil. As soon as we understand the condition of a people, we can understand their laws and government. To change these, we must change their nature. Reforms, therefore, which anticipate the future, which are before the age, cannot succeed. Men of genius, of extended views, of spiritual insight, prophets and inspired teachers, are always before their age. Such were Socrates, Plato, and Bacon, — such, in a far higher, the highest sense, was Christ. The world has not yet been able to catch up with them. Only a select few sit at their feet and understand their oracles.

This universal law of progress, of custom, as the necessary foundation of all institutions, explains history. It explains slavery. It shows its origin, its growth, the part it played, the good and the evil it did, how slaves came to be regarded as property by some, why they were ranked as men by others, how they came to be emancipated, and why they are still held as property by the barbarous tribes of Africa, by the Turks, by the Spaniards in the West Indies and the Portuguese in Brazil, and by our own Southern States.

Recent historical researches prove that the family was the monad, the germ, whence sprang the varied forms of society; that, as Mr. Smith says, "the political systems which now fill the world, with all their grandeur and complexity, once lay enfolded in the patriarch's tent. So that in the patriarchal chief of an Arabian tribe we still see the father of empires and republics." The head of the family, as the only government, had absolute power. As the members of a family increased, differences of mental and bodily force would create subordination; some would command and others obey; to some the inferior tasks of life would be assigned, and these would become *servants*. As the collateral branches of a family multiplied, these, drawn together by affinity of blood, united and

formed a tribe, under one chief. The protection of the tribe and its chief was essential to all, more especially to women. It was the interest of every one, therefore, to become a member of a family and of a tribe, whether he had or had not a claim to membership by reason of his blood. The price of protection was dependence, obedience, servitude. The power of the chief was necessarily despotic. It extended over the life and liberty of wife and child, as well as of the servant. In a rude age, it was exercised with rigor. Thence arose ancient slavery. Thence also polygamy and concubinage, in the warm climates and among the races of the East, where all three exist at the present day.

As population increased, conflicting interests would necessarily cause disputes, and these war, which seems a part of our nature in all conditions of society, savage or civilized. Among a barbarous people, war was barbarous. The humane usages of modern times have been the slow growth of civilization. The practice of the earliest times was to slay *all* enemies, probably because, when contending tribes were weak, this was the only security from renewed attack. To make captives of those who surrendered implied force enough to hold them as captives. This was a step forward in the progress of civilization. As the conqueror had a right, according to established custom, to the lives of the captives, he had also a right to their services. Service was the price of life, as to the poor and weak of the tribe it was of protection. An order of servants inferior to the latter was thus introduced into the tribe, because they were aliens, and had been enemies. These servants were distributed among the distinguished warriors of the tribe as part of the spoil, as laborers, as bondmen, as handmaidens. They were valuable as instruments of wealth and ministers of pleasure. Thence arose the idea of property. Property is something useful which can be appropriated by an individual. Captives in war were useful. Over them there was absolute power, which was unrestrained by any sympathies or feelings of the family or the tribe, and beyond these, at that time, men's sympathies did not reach. Captives therefore were naturally, at this rude period, regarded as property, and as a consequence the subjects of barter and sale. Thence

chattel slavery, thence the slave-trade of the East, vestiges of which still remain.

We must not, however, confound the slavery of these primitive ages with the great slave commerce of modern times, or with the gangs of slaves afterwards collected on Roman estates, and now on Southern plantations. If slavery partook of the rudeness of this dawn of humanity, it partook also of its simplicity, its equality, its kindliness. Slavery had then a mission to perform. It softened the ferocity of war. It was a boon to the captives, who thereby escaped death. These were introduced into the tribe, increased its power, and thus led to the formation of a nation. As they who had lately been enemies could scarcely be trusted as soldiers, they became laborers, and thus industry was varied and extended, and out of industry grows wealth, commerce, and the arts. Captors and captives were moreover often of the same race. There was no marked disparity between them of culture or condition, where all were ignorant and few were rich. Talents, virtues, beauty, therefore made their impression, inspired respect, confidence, admiration, and love. Marriages, and connections which were considered almost equivalent to marriages, were formed between master and servant, and these introduced all the varied relations of life, with their kindly humanizing influences.

The relation of master and slave, therefore, was altogether a human relation, even when slaves were regarded as property in the early ages. They were domestic servants, members of the family and the household; and if sold, sold as such. They were not owned in vast numbers, or bred for sale, or bought in droves from dealers, or worked by overseers, or made the instruments of a great commerce. The human element predominated over the mercenary.

The Homeric poems and the Old Testament are almost the only records that we possess of this antique life. Patriarchal bondage among the Hebrews is thus described: "And Abraham was old and well stricken in age; and the Lord had blessed Abraham in all things. And Abraham said unto the eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had, 'Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh, and I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven and the God of

earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell; but thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac.' . . . . And the servant took ten camels, of the camels of his master, and departed; for *all the goods of his master were in his hand;* and he arose, and went to Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor. And he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water, at the time of evening, even the time that women go out to draw water. And he said, 'O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water; and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also; let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master.'"

And so it came to pass, and this picture has remained graven on the world's memory ever since, because it is morally beautiful, because it is a picture of simple manners, of fidelity, mutual trust, and love. It bears no resemblance to the accounts we have of Athenian and Roman slaves, manacled, scourged, tortured, and nailed on crosses by their masters, of the porter chained to the door of Roman houses, or to Cato's advice, that slaves too old to work should be sold, together with old oxen and horses and worn-out tools of husbandry. Neither does it bear any resemblance to the teachings of the Dred Scott case, or to the decisions of Judge Ruffin and Judge Field quoted above, or to the descriptions of plantation life in the South given to us by Mrs. Kemble and Mr. Olmsted. Evidently the relation of master and servant was a human relation, not that of man to property. It was, as Mr. Smith says, "a relation of perfect affection and confidence, of complete identity of interest."

Of a similar character are Homer's pictures of the heroic age of Greece. The slaves were domestic servants, and the captives taken in war were not regarded as merchandise, but

members of the family. Penelope plies the spindle with her maidens; Nausicaa, a king's daughter, goes with her female servants to wash clothes in a brook; Ulysses, on his return, finds in his slave Eumæus a faithful steward and friend. The slave-auction, the slave-trader, the separation of families by the sale of children and of husband and wife, are nowhere described in these old books as among the customs of the age. There is, however, an important difference to be noted between the scenes painted by Homer and those in the Old Testament. In the latter there is no trace of cruelty or the oppressive exercise of authority. A spirit of justice and humanity, and a deep religious sentiment, pervade the narrative, as they do all of the sacred books. The Homeric poems are filled with violence and lust, both of men and gods. The gods are deified men, moved by human passions, and, under the influence of these, taking part in human affairs. Adultery was the cause of the Trojan war. The wrath of Achilles was roused by the refusal to give him a female captive, "blooming Briseis," whom he claimed as the spoil of war. Ulysses massacres the handmaidens of Penelope. Strength, valor, and subtlety are the qualities prized, martial glory is the highest glory, and the unrestrained gratification of sensual appetite and of angry passions is the characteristic of the hero. We look in vain for spiritual truth, for the perception of the infinite, for religious reverence, and for the maxims of justice and humanity with which the writings of the poets and prophets of the Old Testament are filled, and which have made it ever since an exhaustless mine of thought and wisdom, the teacher and guide of the foremost nations of the world. In pathos, in sublimity, in richness of imagery and simple grace, the Hebrew surpass the Grecian poets. These last are gradually receding into the dimness of the past, but the Books of Ruth and of Job, Ecclesiastes, the Psalms, the prophecies, and the grand and noble annals of Israel, will be preserved forever, as they have been for so many ages, in the minds and hearts of men.

"The word unto the prophets spoken
Is writ on tables yet unbroken.
The heedless world has never lost
One accent of the Holy Ghost."

Whence this difference? Not surely in the inferiority of the Grecian intellect, so brilliant and profound in philosophy, poetry, and art, — in all these the instructor of the world. The reason is, that the gods of Greece were no gods at all, and there was nothing in the attributes ascribed to them which could elevate the soul or soften the heart, nothing which could develop and nourish the sentiment of duty to man as man, and enlarge the range of sympathy beyond the limits of self. The God of Abraham was the true God, one, invisible, the Lord of heaven and earth, uncreated, the Creator of all things, inscrutable, the supreme Ruler, omnipotent in power, perfect in goodness and wisdom. One great intellect among the Greeks rose to this sublime conception, but the philosophy of Plato was not the popular faith, and he lived after Paganism had done its work. The God of Abraham was emphatically the God of the people; his name was ever on their lips, his power and commands ever present to their minds; he was *their* God, their strength, their stay, their shelter, their defence, amid surrounding idolaters their enemies and his. It is impossible that men should recognize the existence and the presence of such a mighty and inscrutable being, their master and judge, should feel that his eye is ever upon them, without a sense of reverence and awe, without a desire to worship and obey.

Now Israel was taught that man was made in the express image of his Creator. Not that he resembled the Deity in outward lineaments, but because, as the record says, though formed of the dust of the ground, when God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, man "became a *living soul*." A soul. Able, therefore, to perceive divine truth, and to know God as the finite can know the infinite. If to know him, then to reverence, to fear, to love him, for all these emotions necessarily arise from a knowledge of his attributes. If his creatures, then men are the objects of his care, his love, his justice, his mercy, and his punishment. To the wondrous being thus created God gave "dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living *thing* that moveth upon the earth." Over every *thing*. God alone was the Lord of *man*, and by God's law, the law of justice and love,

was he to be governed. "Fear God and keep his commandments," said the great preacher of Israel, "for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

From this inspiring faith may be deduced the sublimity, the spirituality, and the noble sense of justice and humanity, which pervade the poetry, the philosophy, and the laws of the Hebrews, and from the belief that they were God's chosen and peculiar people sprang their narrowness and exclusiveness. When they departed from this faith, they went into paganism and idolatry, into degradation and suffering; whilst they kept it, they were victorious and happy. Out of it arose the brighter light, the wider scope, the higher law, the softer and more tender sentiment of Christianity. As the nations have accepted or refused this later dispensation, as they have kept it "in spirit and in truth," or departed from it, they too have grown to the power and blessing of civilization, or, remaining in or lapsing into idolatry and debasement, have decayed in all the elements of prosperity and progress.

The Hebrew faith explains the Hebrew law in all its provisions, but especially as it related to slavery. It explains why it was that one of the Hebrew race was never in any real sense a slave, but in his position much like a modern apprentice, as his term of service was limited unless he chose to extend it, and he was protected from the tyranny of his master. "If thou *buy* a Hebrew servant, six years shall he serve, and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. . . . . For they are my servants, which I brought forth out of the land of Egypt; they shall not be sold as bondmen. . . . . Over your brethren, the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over another with rigor. . . . . And when thou sendest him out free from thee, thou shalt not let him go away empty; thou shalt furnish him liberally out of thy flock, and out of thy floor, and out of thy wine-press; of that wherewith the Lord thy God hath blessed thee thou shalt give unto him."

Neither Greek nor Roman hesitated, as our author says, to reduce his countrymen "to that permanent bondage which

alone can be properly called slavery. In the early times both of Athens and Rome, we find numbers of the poor reduced to slavery by the rich. And in the wars between Grecian states, whole communities when vanquished are swept into hopeless and irredeemable bondage by the people of their own race." *Their* gods could not protect them.

The Hebrew, however, was narrow and exclusive. He was of the chosen people. Idolaters were the enemies of his God. "A Hebrew was his brother, the foreigner was not his brother." In the same spirit with which Christians afterwards, when Christians became also narrow and exclusive, regarded heretics and infidels, did he regard the heathen. Thence another class of servants and another law.

"Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the stranger that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession."

What was the position of the Hebrew bondman of this class? Did he become a mere chattel? Did he lose his rank as a man, as a "living soul"? Were the paths of moral and intellectual improvement barred against him? Had he no rights which a Hebrew was bound to respect? Mr. Smith has answered these questions. We have not space to quote the details of his argument. He shows the humane spirit of the law, from its provisions in relation to the poor and to "strangers"; that restraints were imposed on the authority of the master, not found in the codes of Greece and Rome or in those of other pagan nations; that the slave might be a witness; that he was regarded as a member of the family of his master; that the power of the master was not greater than that of the husband and father over wife and child; that, if he was bought, so often was a wife, and he, like her, was bought as a human being, invested with human rights, and to hold human relations to his master and to society.

The crowning proof of this, however, is, that, among a people holding itself aloof from all others, and under a theocracy in

which religious ceremonials were numerous, strictly observed, and endowed with peculiar significance and solemnity, the foreign bondman was adopted into the nation by the distinguishing rite of circumcision, and his presence enjoined at the most august festivals of the church. The Sabbath was to him also a day of rest; he was a member of the congregation, and united with his master in worship of the God of Israel; he partook with him at the feast of unleavened bread, the feast of weeks, the feast of tabernacles, and, more important than any, at the high solemnity of the Passover. "This is the ordinance of the Passover. There shall no stranger eat thereof; but every man's servant that is bought for money, when thou hast circumcised him, then he shall eat thereof." The slave, therefore, was not a thing; he was a "living soul," to whom were opened by the *Law* the fountains of eternal truth.

We can only make a passing allusion to the remarks of our author, by which he proves that the Mosaic laws did not encourage even the qualified slavery which they permitted, but, on the contrary, discouraged and at length almost extirpated it, by providing checks and hinderances to the four chief causes of slavery, — conquest, kidnapping or piracy, penal servitude, and debt; and that the Hebrew nation was never marked by those characteristics which distinguish a slaveholding community, — slave-markets, runaways, insurrections, guards, dread, cruelty, the decay of industry, the impoverishment of the soil. These are the social features of our Southern States, as they were of pagan Greece and Rome. The nation of Moses was not a slave power.

Nevertheless, the Mosaic law does recognize, ordain, and regulate slavery; and not only slavery, but also polygamy, concubinage, the massacre of conquered enemies, the making captives of the inhabitants of cities taken by storm, the right of private revenge, and other customs shocking to the cultivated thought and sensitive moral feeling of civilization. Were these things, then, commanded by God? Are they divine, and therefore binding on us? The answer is easy. Yes, they may be called divine, if they naturally belong to a certain period of the growth of society. No, they are not binding on us, they are no justification for us, the condi-

tions of whose social state are different. The institutions we now possess will in time become unfit and pass away. But the principles on which they are founded, so far as they are true, will not pass away. They will survive to animate new forms; for institutions are fleeting, and truth is eternal.

> "The one remains, the many change and pass;
> Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly."

It is for us to use for worthy ends what we have, and constantly to aspire to something better. Moses did this. He found the Hebrews in the transition state between the tribe and the nation. Their institutions or customs were such as belong to that state. He improved them, he informed them with the spirit of divine justice and truth, he directed them to noble ends, and he thus opened the way to a higher law.

He could do nothing else. He was the liberator, the lawgiver of a semi-barbarous people, the founder of their future nation. Had he attempted to abolish their customs by law, he would have failed, because, as already stated, all law is custom, and all changes must be gradual, for customs and institutions grow out of the mental and moral condition of the people, and therefore cannot be altered wholly or suddenly by any external human power. Neither can they by divine power, without, as our author expresses it, taking men out of their own hands, which is not the rule of God's dealings with men, and certainly was not the rule of his dealings with the Jews. To be free, men must be free to disobey his will, as the Jews were to their cost. Slow progress is the law of humanity. Why it is so, why evil is able to maintain its ground, why ignorance and sin have power to resist knowledge and virtue, why the battle between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, has been fought so long, and is still fighting, are dark mysteries of our nature. We can only trust that, as part of the plan by which this world is governed, they form with the rest a symmetrical whole, working for ultimate good, founded on necessary laws, and not causing, even in the present, unmixed evil.

Moses, therefore, in an age of barbarism, could not convert a barbarous people into a civilized, enlightened, and humane community, without a miracle that would have destroyed

their moral responsibility, and made of them, not men, but machines. He could not abolish polygamy, concubinage and slavery and despotism, cruelty to enemies in war, the right of asylum and the "avenger of blood," and introduce marriage and free labor, the trial by jury, the writ of *habeas corpus*, a free press, and popular representation, without anticipating the work of many centuries, and the slow and painful process by which man reaches a higher destiny. It would have been as useless to put a steam-engine or a printer's press into the hands of the Jews, as any of these institutions, the result of ages of effort and gradual change. What he could do, consistently with the laws of man's nature, he did. He took the institutions and manners of the people as he found them, and infused into them the principles of justice and humanity, of reverence for God and love for man. All laws, all human relations, may be thus elevated, purified, and softened, and thus the way be opened for better laws and nobler relations.

Mr. Smith has shown, historically, "that the laws of Moses were not a new code, but a revision of the old customary law of the nation." In what spirit and for what purpose this revision was made, what changes were introduced by which barbarous usages were ameliorated and turned to good ends, our author has also forcibly and clearly explained. For the details of his argument we must refer our readers to the book itself.

We have thus, with the aid of Mr. Smith, endeavored to show that the slavery of the Old Testament was a very different thing from slavery in our Southern States. But we are not Jews, we are Christians; and the advocates of the institution claim that Christ by his silence impliedly, and his Apostles by their writings expressly, recognized and sanctioned even the ferocious and terrible system of slavery of pagan Rome, in the most profligate and corrupt period of its history.

It is not necessary to spend much time in refuting an assertion so monstrous, which, if true, or generally received as true, would roll back the wheels of time from civilization to barbarism, and undo all that Christianity has done since its founder died for man on the cross. The preceding argument, by which the ameliorations introduced by the Mosaic law are deduced as a necessary consequence from the faith of Israel in the one,

invisible God, apply with greater force to the Christian dispensation. The former is to the latter what the river is to the sea. The religion of the Jews was narrow and exclusive; the mission of Christ was to all. Moses was the lawgiver of the Hebrews; the son of David was the Son of man, — therefore the brother of all men. He was also the Son of God, who, therefore, is the Universal Father. "The Hebrews," says Mr. Smith, "had, like all other ancient nations, a national deity, whose name was Jehovah. The national deity of the Hebrews, unlike those of other nations, was God indeed. All his attributes were those of the true God, though but partially revealed, and his worship has consequently passed into the worship of the Universal Father, without break or incongruity, as the light of dawn brightens and broadens into the light of day."

Christ, therefore, did not come to destroy the law or the prophets. "I am not come to destroy," he says, "but to fulfil." "*Fear* God and keep his commandments," said the Preacher of Israel, "for this is the *whole* duty of man." "Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of *thy* people," was the injunction of Moses, "but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Christ took a higher and wider view both of worship and of love. "Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The neighbor in the Mosaic law was a Jew; the neighbor in the law of Christ was every man. Is it possible to love your neighbor as yourself, and, at the same time, convert him into an instrument for your own selfish gain? The law of Moses, because man was created by their Jehovah a "living soul," gave to the servant bought of the heathen the rank of a man, not of a thing, as the heathen did. Is it conceivable that Christ, who came to fulfil that law, to give to it a larger meaning, and to its spirit a wider application, intended, when he declared that God was the *Father* and *all* men his children, to make some of them property, as the Romans did, or to declare, with Chief Justice Taney, that *any* of them were without rights which a Christian was bound to respect?

Moses was a lawgiver, and governed the conduct of men

from without. Christ was a messenger of divine truth, and governed them from within, by their convictions. Moses ruled over the masses by means of barbarous institutions, which, as before explained, he could only modify, not change. Christ found barbarous institutions, and he undermined and finally destroyed them, by entering into the heart and conscience of the individual. The nation of Israel has long since passed away. The kingdom of Christ is a confederacy of the most powerful nations in the world. It has become so because it is founded, not upon institutions, but upon truth; for institutions change and pass, but truth remains. Institutions are mere outside forms. They are created by the informing spirit, as the shell of a lobster is shaped by the living and growing animal. When the spirit grows beyond the form, institutions are like the abandoned shell, like husks and chaff.

Had Christ, by the exertion of supernatural power, suddenly changed the institutions of the Roman Empire, it would have availed nothing, unless he had also changed the Romans themselves. He could not *thus* have changed them, without destroying their free agency, their moral responsibility, all the merit and benefit of voluntary moral action, — without also violating the law of progress, which, as already said, is the law of humanity. Moreover, had he thus suddenly changed the social and political institutions of Rome, what would he have given them instead of despotism, chattel slavery, the shows of gladiators, and the wild beasts of the amphitheatre? Would he have revived the Republic, — or, anticipating the centuries, produce the feudal monarchies of the Middle Ages, with vassalage and chivalry and the tournament, — or the English Constitution, or our own, — or some other form yet veiled by the curtain of the future?

Not in this way did he exercise miraculous power. To otherwise change suddenly the institutions of the Roman Empire was impossible. As a man, he was poor and obscure, and so were his followers. An attempt to excite a rebellion against the government, or a servile revolt, would have failed. Had it succeeded, the success would have been local and transient, unless founded on individual conviction of the

truth that liberates, as only the truth can. Therefore upon a truth — the truth of the universal fathership of God and the universal brotherhood of men — did Christ found his universal Church and his universal kingdom. Such is the power of the invisible idea. It enters into one mind; it spreads by the contagion of sympathy; it becomes the thought of many, of all. Thought governs action, and institutions are men's ways of acting according to their thought. Therefore Christ's kingdom was likened by him "to a grain of mustard-seed, which indeed is the least of all seeds, but, when it is grown, is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof"; and "unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." He declared that his kingdom was not of this world. It was a spiritual kingdom, which in the end commanded all, because it was spiritual. But the time for outward triumph had not come; and so he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," — these were, submission to established government and obedience to the law, — "and unto God the things that are God's," — these are, love to him and to thy neighbor. The spirit of this reply placed afterwards a Christian Emperor on the throne of the Cæsars, and, at a later period, a Christian pontiff on the throne of the Emperors.

"The servant is not greater than his lord; neither is he that is sent greater than he that sent him." We find, therefore, in the precepts of the Apostles, the principles of Christ carried out. They did not become agitators or demagogues, nor seek, prematurely, to overturn established government by revolution. They found the Empire a despotism, and Tiberius, the most sensual, heartless, and cruel of the Emperors, on the throne. They found Judæa a prey to tyrants as sensual and cruel, who were supported by the central despotism at Rome. They found chattel slavery firmly established as an "institution," though not a "*peculiar*" one, as it was in keeping with the violence, oppression, and corruption around it. "Nevertheless," to use the language of our author, "our Lord and his Apostles said not a word against the powers or institutions of that evil world. Their attitude towards them all was that

of deep spiritual hostility and of entire political submission. The dominion of a foreign conqueror, the presence of his soldiery, the extortions of his tax-gatherers, the injustice of his judges, the iniquitous privileges of the conquering Roman, the iniquitous degradation of the conquered Jew, — all these, as well as slavery, are accepted with unquestioning resignation. The things which are Cæsar's are rendered unto Cæsar, though Cæsar is a Tiberius or a Nero. To endure patiently the dominion of these monsters, it has been truly said, was the honor of Christianity and the dishonor of mankind."

The precepts of the Apostles, by which this submission to existing institutions is enjoined, have been cited recently in support of our Southern slavery, as they have been heretofore in support of political tyranny. But they cannot be used except in accordance with their meaning and purpose. When so used, they are of universal application. They inculcate submission to even a bad government, when resistance would be premature and hopeless, for the order of a bad government is better than the anarchy of none. They exhort servants to obey their masters with fidelity, for obedience and fidelity mitigate all servitude, and may be the means of spiritual growth and elevation. Rebellion, to be justifiable, must promise, not merely success, but something better, to be established by success, than the system rebelled against. Neither of these conditions existed, at the time of the Apostles, in the Roman Empire. Their language does not imply approval of the evil institutions of their age, but, on the contrary, deep spiritual hostility and spiritual warfare against them and all forms of oppression, — the only warfare by which oppression, when supported by worldly power, can be attacked and finally overthrown.

The advice given to slaves, that they should obey their masters, is good advice to all servants, everywhere and at all times. It applies equally to the negro on Southern plantations and to the "help" in Northern homes. It applies to all laborers, to all whose lot it is to serve and obey; and if observed, it would promote the happiness of Southern plantations, and of Northern farms, factories, and firesides. And why? Because obedience and fidelity are the duties of all

servants, high or low. Duties not to the master only, but to God also, who has appointed them to that station.

> "A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine."

In this spirit is the exhortation of St. Paul: "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as *to the Lord*, and not unto men. Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ." Did St. Paul regard those whom he thus addressed as "chattels personal," as beings rightfully doomed, according to Southern law, as announced by Judge Taney and Judge Ruffin, "to live without knowledge," and the end of whose existence is "the profit of the master"?

But if a servant has duties, so also has the master. "Masters," continues the Apostle, "give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye too have a Master in heaven," — "neither is there respect of persons with him." (Coloss. iii. and iv.; Eph. vi.) Now, what sort of equality is here meant? Not surely that which is inconsistent with the human relation of master to servant; but as surely an equality which is inconsistent with the relation of man to property, — one, too, that is inconsistent with any system of slavery or servitude which authorizes or permits injustice or oppression, and which regards exclusively the interest of the master. In these words is declared the true equality of men, as spiritual beings, as creatures of God, as members of the brotherhood of Christ. Far different is the law of Virginia, according to the decision of Judge Field, quoted above, which sanctions any degree of punishment by the master, even though it be "malicious, cruel, and excessive."

The words of St. Paul are a proof of his "deep spiritual hostility" to the slavery of Rome, which accompanied his "political submission" to that system. These simple words struck slavery in its vital point. They went at once to its fountain source. "Give unto your servants that which is

just and *equal*." Persuade all masters to do that, and slavery would vanish. Persuade all governments to enforce that command, and slavery would be destroyed. In this manner Roman slavery *was* destroyed; so was mediæval vassalage; so Russian serfdom; so negro slavery in the British, French, and Danish colonies; and so, we trust, will emancipation triumph in our Southern States.

But, it is said, St. Paul sent back a fugitive slave to his master, giving thus, by active interference, his sanction to the Roman law. It is true that St. Paul did send Onesimus, who, under his teaching, had become a Christian, to Philemon, his master, also a Christian, and thus submitted to that law. But with him he sent a letter, exhorting Philemon to receive him, "not *now* as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved."

The Southern people tell us, that, under their training, the African has become a Christian. When they receive their runaway negroes, who are sent back to them in obedience to the law, as fellow-Christians, "not as servants, but as brothers beloved," the mission of St. Paul and his Master to both will be accomplished.

ART. III. — *Report on the Art of War in Europe in* 1854, 1855, *and* 1856. By COLONEL R. DELAFIELD, U. S. A. and Major of the Corps of Engineers, *from his Notes and Observations made as a Member of a "Military Commission to the Theatre of War in Europe," under the Orders of the* HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary of War. Washington: George W. Bowman, Printer. 1861.

IT is not our purpose in this article to express any opinion upon the merits of this great compilation of the results of an accomplished soldier's observation. We propose to make some remarks upon the Ambulance System established in the armies of the United States, and we find in Colonel Delafield's Report important illustrations of our subject in his account of

the experience of the Allied armies in the Crimea, in regard to the Ambulance System in use during the Crimean war. The Report also contains descriptions and drawings of the most approved ambulances, stretchers, and other appurtenances of the train, adopted by the French, English, Russian, and other European armies at the time when it was prepared. We quote two paragraphs, from which a satisfactory notion may be gathered of the general scope of an Ambulance System.

"Many arrangements were made by the Allies during this campaign about Sebastopol for moving the wounded from the field of battle to the ambulances, stationed near the columns of attack, thence to the camp or field hospitals, and finally, as health permitted, to the general hospitals near Constantinople.

"The important elements in effecting this were, first, the earliest possible attention to the wounded on or nearest to the field of battle. Next, the most expeditious means of transport, with least number of animals, wagons, attendants, combining the greatest comfort to the wounded soldier; and then such means of transport as could be used on any battle-field, whether in the bottom of a ditch, or a steep descent of a ravine, over ploughed, stony, or other rough ground, still securing ease and greatest comfort to the wounded." — p. 68.

To give the earliest possible attention to the wounded on the field, to move them thence to the ambulances, and so to the field hospitals, and from them, as health permits, to the general hospitals near our military centres, and all with the greatest possible comfort to the sufferer, — these are duties of the American people to the American soldier.

It is close upon fifty years since the world last witnessed war upon a continental scale, and the land in which we live has not been the theatre of war for about the same period. When the Rebellion broke out, we were a people accustomed to peace, but not without some knowledge of war. Our military system was good, but all our military habits and traditions were those which attach to a small army. The necessity of calling to arms large bodies of men was felt at once, and at once acceded to. The work we had taken in hand proved too hard for our original levies, and we have sent forward great and frequent reinforcements. The newspapers have lately published a state-

ment of the number of *corps d'armée* in the field. There can, therefore, be no objection to saying that we have on foot twenty corps, composed of infantry and artillery, besides cavalry, and it is probably within bounds to say that these twenty corps number three hundred thousand men, while the number of men enlisted in the military service of the United States, since the war began, is estimated by some calculators at more than a million. It is true that these great masses of men have known long periods of inactivity. It is no less true that, at other periods, battle has followed battle with almost unexampled rapidity. In the year 1862, the Army of the Potomac alone was engaged in seventeen battles and two sieges, and this number does not include the affairs and skirmishes which were so frequent, especially before Yorktown and before Richmond, nor the lesser battles of the Seven Days. It is difficult to make so much as an approximation to the number of Northern soldiers wounded in a single year, or in a single army; still more difficult, if we extend the estimate to all our armies, and to the time since the war began. It is matter of only too general knowledge that our wounded have been counted, not by thousands, but by tens of thousands. In the battles of Gettysburg alone, General Meade officially reports that near fourteen thousand of our men were wounded. The names of other great battles, fought in the East and the West, with their fearful lists of wounded, are familiar to the memories of a sorrowing people. And these almost countless sufferers are not all who need the services of the ambulance train. In the cold of winter and the heat of summer, on plains which the abundant Southern rains convert to sloughs, in fever-stricken swamps, amid the rank vegetation that springs around poisonous bayous and lagoons, our soldiers have sickened in numbers that we are not likely to over-estimate, and they, as well as the wounded, require to be moved "to the camp or field hospitals, and finally, as health permits, to the general hospitals," in a manner "securing ease and greatest comfort" to them.

In such circumstances as these, it is evident that it is the duty of the government and its officials, civil, military, and medical, to do everything in their power to insure the faithful observance of the duties incident to the Ambulance System

as established in the armies of the United States. But this is not all. The government ought not to content itself with a mere amplification of the old system, or with one made by the gradual adoption of such improvements as suggest themselves to individuals from time to time. The people will not be satisfied with any system other than the best one attainable. If the present system be radically bad, it ought to be given up. If good upon the whole, but defective in parts, those defects ought to be remedied. On the other hand, if it be the best attainable, then it ought to be approved by competent authority, so as to commend it to the confidence of thousands of patriotic hearts, which are now distressed by honest doubts of its fitness for the ends it has in view.

It is not likely that any one will be disposed to deny that the American people can have a system as perfect as man can devise, if it make up its mind to have such a one. Its ingenuity and general aptness are acknowledged. In carrying on one of the greatest wars of modern times, we have proved ourselves capable of teaching the Old World many lessons. We must not content ourselves with displaying to Europe our capacity of destroying. While our long lines of men are advancing through country that swamp and mountain combine to make almost impassable, and while our mailed monitors by sea and our great guns by land are bearing and doing such things that the records read like tales of magic, we may well be proud to show that the God of destruction does not absorb the worship of our warring people. Let us show that, while our Northern blood still flows warmly in the veins of a brave and manly race, we have learned to turn a ready ear to the voice of humanity, calling to us to save and to heal. Let us assure the soldier in the field, and his anxious family at home, that everything that ingenuity and liberality can do is done to secure to him, when wounded or ill, the speediest and most efficient aid that it is in the power of his fellow-men to afford.

And while we recognize the justice of the claim of the soldier, there are circumstances which make it less than usually difficult, and therefore especially incumbent upon us, to attend to it, and see that it is granted. The vast war we are waging,

while it has brought so much poverty and privation to our enemies, has not pressed heavily upon us, in a material point of view. Certain interests have suffered in the loyal States, but, upon the whole, those States are extremely prosperous. The government has all the money it needs, and the abundance of money in the hands of private citizens is illustrated by the magnitude and frequency of their contributions to all the funds for patriotic uses. Moreover, we are in a situation peculiarly favorable to efficient attention to this matter, by reason of our nearness to the principal fields of battle. It is not with us as it was when we sent our troops to Mexico, nor as it was with England and France when they sent their troops to the Crimea. Washington, and the populous cities of the seaboard, are behind Meade, and, when the Federal commander delivers battle on the plains of Manassas, the sound of his cannon is heard on the pleasant hills that look down upon the Chain Bridge, and on the broad steps of the Capitol. Cincinnati is behind Grant, and with it all the comfort and abundance of the Western States. New Orleans and the fleet are behind Banks. The fact that we are prosperous and near our armies does not make more imperative the duty of supplying all their needs; but if we neglect to do so, it makes that neglect more shameful for us.

We have already alluded to the existence of a popular mistrust of the present ambulance system. Many of our readers must be aware, that for some months past a discussion of its merits has been going on in the public prints, which has, to a certain extent, assumed the form of controversy. We do not propose, in this article, to take part in that controversy. It is sufficient for our purpose to establish the fact that there exists, among persons whose opinions command respect, a grave difference of opinion as to the merits of the present system. This is amply proved by the publication, on the one hand, by the chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, of emphatic approval of it, and, on the other, by a gentleman of eminent worth, scientific attainments, and well-known zeal in all matters of philanthropy, of equally emphatic disapproval. This is not all. Our journals contain a statement of the actual existence of "a difference of opinion about the perfection and

usefulness of the Ambulance System of the United States Army," followed by the suggestion of a petition to Congress on the subject; and to this are appended the names of many men of the highest standing among us, and at the head of them all the name of the Governor of this Commonwealth. The drawing and signing of such a petition proves that men's minds are not satisfied upon the subject to which it relates.

It is generally admitted that the army of the Potomac is the best appointed army that the loyal States have sent into the field. In that army, the two-wheeled ambulance for one horse, and the four-wheeled ambulance for two horses, are, or lately were, in use. We believe that no man who has once ridden in the two-wheeled ambulance would willingly get into one again, even if he were well. As for the four-wheeled ambulance, it is within our personal knowledge that a soldier in our army, ill, but unwounded, lying at full length on the *fore and aft* seat or bed with which it is fitted, had to hold on with both hands to keep from falling to the floor. This was on roads in Maryland, not far from Washington. Every soldier knows that, in the neighborhood of large armies, corduroy roads are in constant use, and knows what it must be to ride over corduroy roads when ill or wounded, in a vehicle in which, when running on an earth road, both hands are needed to keep the passenger from falling. And after a battle, there are few among the tenants of ambulances who have the use of both hands left them.

Our ambulances, uncomfortable as they are, are otherwise insufficient for the purposes for which they are required. What Colonel Delafield writes of the ambulances used by the Allies in the Crimea is equally true of ours.

"None of these ambulances were found suitable for all cases on the field of battle and its vicinity. The requisites for an ambulance should be such as to adapt it to the battle-field, among the dead, wounded, and dying, — in ploughed fields, on hill-tops, mountain slopes, in siege batteries and trenches, and a variety of places inaccessible to wheel-carriages, of which woods, thick brush, and rocky ground are frequently the localities most obstinately defended, and where most soldiers are left for the care of the surgeons. These difficulties were felt in a great degree by all the armies allied against Russia in the siege of Sebasto-

pol, and the consequence was, that the English, French, and Sardinian armies adopted finally, in part or altogether, *pack mules, carrying litters or chairs.* The careful and sure-footed mule can wind its way over any road or trail, among the dead, dying, and wounded on any battle-field, as well as in the trench and siege battery. It required but suitable arrangements to support the wounded upon the mule's or horse's back to attain the desired object, and this the allied armies finally accomplished and put in practice." — p. 73.

"One hundred and sixteen chairs and litters were in use, and sufficed to transport all the wounded from the sanguinary battle-field of Inkerman in a very short time after the action terminated." — p. 74.

We have never known or heard of the use of such chairs and litters in any of our armies. If they have not been adopted, the propriety of adopting them seems a question worthy, at the least, of attentive consideration. We have the experience of the Allies to guide us, and in following it we should be acting on something more substantial than theory. Even though we admit that our ambulances are better, if they are at hand, it is unfortunately seldom that they are at hand. Every soldier of experience knows that in the majority of cases the roads to the front, at the time of an engagement, are too full to admit of the passage of ambulances till after painful delay. When our armies advance to battle, it almost always happens that they have to cross rivers, by bridges or fords, or to make their way through swamps and forests, by roads hastily and imperfectly made, or by no roads, through ploughed fields, across fences, over hills. The infantry, the arm that more than any other can take care of itself, goes first. Then comes the artillery, as soon as there is infantry enough in position to take care of it. Behind the infantry and artillery come the heavy ammunition-wagons; for, if the action be sharp, it does not take long to empty the cartridge-boxes and to use the extra rounds carried loose in the pockets of the men, or to empty the boxes on the limbers and caissons of the batteries. Hospital wagons, with medical and surgical supplies, must soon be at hand, and very often it happens that rations fall short, and wagons filled with food for the hungry soldiers must approach; and, all the time, such roads as there may be in the rear of the line of battle are apt to be crowded with reinforcements arriving, or with troops

of either arm changing position. The first duty is to win the battle, for that alone insures the most efficient attention to the wounded, and so the ambulances have to wait. But wherever men can go mules can go, and the length of a marching column would not be seriously increased by the addition of two or three pairs of mules to each regiment. There is another consideration in favor of their use, in preference to ambulances, when roads are crowded. Every wagon must have a space equal to the length of its axle from hub to hub. But just as men "undouble files," so may mules fall into single line. The number we have mentioned, with litters and chairs, would be enough to render most important service to any force engaged. Men with the severest wounds, elsewhere than in their legs and those parts which are called vital, can ordinarily, or at least very often, walk to the rear themselves, and a very few mules would be enough for the transportation of the rest. They would also be far safer than ambulances, as they would be so little of a target for the enemy. After a few discharges of cannon,

"The ranks are rolled in vapor,"

and it is hard to see the enemy. It is not attributing inhumanity to the Southern artillerists to say that, if they caught sight of any object in the cloud of smoke into which they were firing, they would be exceedingly likely to assume the presence there of our men, and to train their pieces upon it.

More than this, the evil of volunteered assistance to wounded comrades would be greatly diminished if mules were present in battle, with their litters and drivers. In loosely disciplined regiments this evil has prevailed to a degree that has most seriously diminished their effective force. Men who, under proper training, would make capital soldiers, are too little in dread of their officers and too much in dread of the enemy to stay in their places under a sharp fire, when they see a chance to get to the rear without open display of cowardice, and perhaps with a salvo to their consciences as doing a humane act. We have seen six men, when men were needed, attending one wounded man to the rear. All these volunteer Samaritans should have been in their places helping to win the battle, and their unworthy officers, who weakly let them go, would per-

haps have been men enough to keep them in their places, had they known that others were behind them ready and able to care for the wounded, — ready, like the ambulance-men of the first Napoleon, to rush straight into the fighting, and carry off the wounded from the feet of the combatants. These same Samaritans, experience has proved, rarely return to the battle from which they have been led by promptings of terror assuming the guise of humanity.

Though we entertain a pretty strong opinion that the wheeled ambulances in use in our armies are very imperfect machines, and an equally strong one that the use of mules with litters and chairs would be a most valuable addition to ambulances, even of the most perfect construction, we do not undertake to go any further than to say what we know, as a contribution to the general stock of information on the subject, and as a means, if it may be, of leading to some more satisfactory action on the subject than has yet been taken. And as we have spoken of the vehicles in use, so we shall speak of the men. The subject is far from being a simple one. The present system, as regards the men, may or may not be radically bad. It is certain that there are grave defects in it. But we confess that it would be a difficult task to suggest an altogether satisfactory substitute. Let us see, in a general way, what the system is, and how it works. In the army of the Potomac, and in the Department of the Gulf, the system of *detail* prevails. It is probable that the same is true of other armies. A certain number of men are taken from each regiment and attached to the ambulance train. They are officered by a captain and lieutenants, also detailed. This is the organization for a corps. The captain is attached to the staff of the major-general commanding the corps, and lives at his head-quarters. We use the present tense. This was, no very long time ago, the case in Virginia and Louisiana, and we have not heard of any substantial change.

This system must be either good or bad. It must work either well or ill. Instead of pronouncing an opinion on the subject, let us suggest to our readers to ask all such intelligent officers as they may chance to meet, what personal knowledge they have of the existence and working of the system, and what opinion they have formed of its efficiency. There

is one objection to the detailing system, of almost universal application. It is that, when officers are called on for details for detached service, they almost invariably detail their poorest men. People who have not seen service can hardly form an adequate idea of the reluctance with which officers part with good men. Many things combine to originate and strengthen this feeling. In the first place, there is the strong feeling of pride which every worthy officer feels in having his company full, and full of good men. Then, as his experience grows, he sees how greatly his daily comfort, and, when there is fighting, his chances of success and consequent distinction, are increased by his having good men under him. So, when an order comes for a detail for the quartermaster, or head-quarters, or the ambulances, his impulse is to pick out the man who is less neat than his fellows in camp, less prompt at roll-calls, less handy on drill, less quiet after taps, — the man who loiters or straggles on the march, — the man who needs constant watchfulness to keep him from going to the rear when the company is under fire. The ambulance train should include no men who do not at least equal the best of the fighting-men in gallantry; for they may have to go under hot fire without the support that comes from the "shoulder to shoulder" of the line, and the pressure of the file-closers behind, and without the excitement of bearing and using arms. It should be made up of men strong enough to carry their end of a stretcher with ease, and of men who are rather over than under the average in matter of humanity, as, from the nature of their employment, they must act in great measure without the immediate supervision of officers. We again suggest to our readers to ask the officers and soldiers of their acquaintance whether or no they have found the men of the ambulance corps in our armies a plucky, vigorous, humane set of men; and whether they think that a set of men obtained by special enlistment for ambulance service would be more or less efficient than detailed men. It would do no harm to extend the inquiry, and to ask in what estimation those officers are held who seek employment with the ambulances, in exchange for their legitimate business, and to what estimation the subsequent conduct of such officers usually entitles them. With such sources of in-

formation within easy reach, it is not worth while to collect and print the common stories of ambulance-drivers taking for their own use at night the stretchers on which their feeble passengers should have slept, or of their fright at the rumored approach of the enemy, and the necessity of the production of pistols by wounded officers to prevent the drivers from abandoning them by the roadside. We desire to get at the truth, and in no way can it be more readily and surely reached than by the general use of such inquiries as we have mentioned.

We incline to think it probable that, by special enlistments for the ambulance service, a class of men might be obtained more likely to perform their duties faithfully than those obtained from the rank and file by detail. Experience has proved, we think, that many men are willing to devote themselves to the relief of their fellow-men, and to do so in cases where a high degree of self-sacrifice is required, who would not be willing to shoulder a musket and enter the ranks; and many, it is likely, would be fit for the one duty who would be physically incapable of the other. We offer this as a suggestion merely. The gentlemen connected with the Sanitary Commission would, it is likely, be especially able to express an opinion upon the probabilities of success in adopting the system of special enlistments.

It may also be remarked, that, should such a system be adopted, it would not necessarily exclude the employment of individuals taken from the rank and file. Men of approved gallantry, certified by the surgeons to be of sufficient vigor for the duties of their new situation, but unfit for the constant exposure of picket duty in all sorts of weather, might be transferred to the ambulance corps, and do good service in it. Their duties, on a great majority of the days of the year, would be lighter than those of the soldier. He must face all weathers, by night and by day, and constantly sleep on the ground, with nothing over him but his blanket. The ambulance man would have many and many a good night's sleep, while his friend in the ranks stood on guard with the rain dripping from his soaked cap and coat. His food would be more regular, from his vicinity to the train, and it would seldom happen, even at the worst times, that he could not

find some shelter at night by crawling under an ambulance. But whatever the system, whether that of detail or special enlistment, the men of the ambulance corps should be stimulated by the hope of rewards, and restrained by the fear of punishment. No coward should be tolerated among them; no act of neglect or inhumanity should go unnoticed; no instance of distinguished gallantry should fail to meet its recompense. It will be a glad day for the American army when the government decides to grant decorations, the strongest incentive, the best reward, of the soldier. Until that time, so unfortunately long in coming, increase of rank and pay by promotion, which can come to comparatively few, is the only prize which our defenders can hope to gain.

We trust that the day is not far distant when the country will be satisfied that the best possible ambulance system has been adopted and put in force. The horrors inseparable from war are enough. We should make every effort so to order affairs that all unnecessary horrors shall be done away with. Great accessions to our armies are soon to be made. Those levies will probably not be used in active operations till the spring. There is plenty of time before that for doing whatever should be done for the ambulance system. The people are not satisfied with it. The army is still less satisfied with it. We urge that one of two things should be done. If the system be defective, it should be changed or improved. If it be the best attainable, it should be approved by the deliberate action of Congress, either by the direct action of that body or by the report of a commission made up of the best-informed and ablest of the military and medical officers not otherwise on duty.

Should such a commission be appointed, there is a matter, beside the general system, which would well deserve their attention, and that is, the question whether it would not be possible to enter into something like an agreement with our enemies to consider the ambulance-men as neutrals, and admit them to the field after a battle. It is true that many difficulties would attend such a scheme, but they may, perhaps, not be insuperable. The spirit manifested by the high civil officers of the Confederate government is discour-

aging to any hope of the kind, but the humanity of their prominent generals, of which we have many proofs, is in favor of it. When the advantage gained by one side is decisive, there seems to be reason to believe that the victors might admit to the field the train of their opponents, under proper restrictions, not only without loss to themselves, but with the positive gain of escaping so far from the necessity of caring for the severely wounded of the enemy. When the battle is drawn, either side may well object to the admission of any one connected with its opponents to the neutral ground which separates the pickets. Generals object, at such times, to sending or receiving flags. But, though circumstances might often make it impossible to enjoy the benefit of any such convention, yet, whenever it was otherwise, the gain would be unspeakable. It is possible that experiment might diminish the force of the objections to such liberty, and use might beget in each side a greater readiness to improve it. If the thing be feasible, the advantages incident to it would be incalculable. After the battle of the Antietam, men who were wounded before noon on Wednesday lay where they fell till the forenoon of Friday, when our advancing skirmishers found the enemy's positions abandoned.

With these statements and suggestions, we leave for the present this interesting subject.

Our duty as a people to the soldier is plain. The means of knowledge whether we are doing our duty lie within easy reach of all of us. By correspondence, through the press, by personal communication with officers and men, we are in closer relations with our armies than ever people was before. Let us learn the truth about this matter of the ambulance system, and then let us do the best we can for our defenders. Gratitude and justice combine to make the duty imperative.

ART. IV. — *Bibliotheca Sacra.* Vols. I. – XX. 1844 – 1863. [Vols. I. – VII. *And Theological Review.* Vols. VIII. – XIV. *And American Biblical Repository.* Vols. XV. – XX. *And Biblical Repository.*] Vols. I. – VIII. Conducted by B. B. EDWARDS and E. A. PARK, Professors at Andover. Vols. I. – VII. With the Special Co-operation of Dr. ROBINSON and Professor STUART. Vol. VIII. With the Special Co-operation of Dr. ROBINSON and Professors STUART and H. B. SMITH. Vols. IX. – XX. Conducted by Professor E. A. PARK and S. H. TAYLOR, A. M., of Andover. [Vol. IX. With the Special Co-operation of Dr. ROBINSON and Professors H. B. SMITH, J. HADLEY, GEORGE E. DAY, and D. H. ALLEN, and Rev. J. M. SHERWOOD. Vol. X. With the Special Co-operation of Dr. ROBINSON and Professors H. B. SMITH, G. E. DAY, and D. H. ALLEN. Vol. XI. Aided by Professors ROBINSON, STOWE, BARROWS, SMITH, ALLEN, DAY, PHELPS, SHEDD, BROWN, PUTNAM, and Drs. DAVIDSON of England and ALEXANDER of Scotland. Vols. XII. – XIV. Aided by Professors ROBINSON, STOWE, BARROWS, ALLEN, DAY, PHELPS, SHEDD, BROWN, PUTNAM, and Drs. DAVIDSON of England and ALEXANDER of Scotland.] Andover. 1844 – 46. Allen, Morrill, and Wardwell. 1847 – 49. William H. Wardwell. 1850 – 1863. Warren F. Draper.

WE have given these modifications of the title-page of successive volumes of the Bibliotheca Sacra, because they represent so much of its history. But it has a history anterior to its name and birth-year. It may claim a considerably higher antiquity than we can trace for it in its present form. It is the legitimate successor, or rather the continuation, of what we suppose to have been the earliest New England periodical devoted entirely to theological learning. Journals of religious literature, weekly and monthly, there were indeed previously, and some of these contained occasional erudite monographs on subjects of learned research, and on the leading questions at issue between different sects and opposing schools of criticism. In the Monthly Anthology, 1803 – 1811, hardly less theological than literary, there were many articles of this class,

as also in the General Repository and Review, 1812–1813; and in the Christian Disciple, 1814–1823, a journal which was at least as highly distinguished by the ability and scholarship of its contributors under its first and almost forgotten designation, as it has been under the familiar title of the Christian Examiner. Nor was its antagonist, the Panoplist, unworthy of its name; for polemic divinity has seldom sent into the field warriors more thoroughly armed for defence and assault than the champions of New England Orthodoxy during the struggle that issued in the elimination of the (so-called) Liberal party from its fellowship.

The earliest American journal devoted to scientific theology was issued at Princeton in 1825, and this, with some variation of title, has retained its identity and its vigorous life to the present moment, having been for the greater part of the time under the editorship of Professor Hodge. In 1831 Professor Robinson commenced, at Andover, the publication of the Biblical Repository, and in 1843 he issued in New York four successive numbers of the Bibliotheca Sacra. Meanwhile the Repository in 1838 had absorbed the American Quarterly Observer, assuming its continental prefix for its own previous title, and it continued a separate work till 1851, when it was incorporated with the Bibliotheca Sacra, then commencing the eighth year of its new series, its Andover life, and its indebtedness to the editorial skill and industry of Professor Park, who now closes his twentieth year of service.

In addressing ourselves to the review of these volumes, we must be permitted to express at the outset our admiring gratitude to Professor Park. An editor's task is no sinecure in our country, whatever it may be elsewhere. Of our good writers not one in ten has the skill or patience to prepare his articles for a blameless passage through the press. The very best and most instructive material is often furnished in so crude a form, or with so little reference to the minor graces taken note of only when they are ignored, as to need little less labor from the *rédacteur* than it would cost him to clothe the same thoughts or reasonings in language wholly his own. Clergymen, indeed, generally prepare better copy than any other class of men; but their habit of writing for the ear rather than the

eye is apt to render their style diffuse and repetitious, demanding condensation, if not correction. Then, too, so various and so frequently careless are the habits of even learned men as to references, quotations, and statements resting on the authority of others, that a careful editor feels it incumbent on him to verify whatever he publishes; and if he only indulge himself in a summer journey remote from books, and take a single article by a reputedly safe writer to work upon at his inn, it is next to certain that this article when printed will betray some oversight or glaring error. Now, as we have intimated, it is no slight service thus elaborately to prepare eighty numbers of a quarterly noted for its accuracy no less than for its ability. Especially must this have been a labor of self-renouncing benevolence to Professor Park, whose active and vivid intellect must needs have craved employment as a producer from its own resources, while it has been busy in helping other men's productions into the light.

Our readers must have been struck with the large amount of talent, learning, and excellence represented in the names of Professor Park's colleagues in the editorship of this work. His present co-editor needs no praise of ours while his grateful pupils are to be found in every walk of honorable life. As to Professor Edwards, no language of eulogium would seem excessive. He united qualities and endowments that are seldom found conjoined. He had the fancy of a poet, the fervor of a devotee, and at the same time a singular clearness and precision of thought and style. He held an eminent place equally among classical and Biblical scholars. He was always thorough, often profound, yet never obscure, — always weighty, yet never heavy, — always grave, yet never dull. He discussed controverted opinions and interpretations in the spirit of the Beatitudes, while he vivified trite and unquestioned themes by traits of the fresh and earnest activity of his own mind and heart.

Of the distinguished men whose "special co-operation" has lightened the task of these editors, we cannot speak at length. Yet we would ask our readers to look at the list in both its dimensions of depth and breadth. It comprises some of the profoundest scholars in their several departments that our age

has seen; — Robinson, who almost created the geography of Palestine, and whose opinion is a counterpoise to a score of the best authorities beside; Stuart, who, but for redundant masses of erudition beyond the manipulating power of any one man, would have had few equals as a Biblical critic; Smith, second to no American and on even ground with the foremost rank of the European students and writers in the field of ecclesiastical history; Shedd, occupying a similar position as to the dogmatics and metaphysics of theology; Hadley, with whom the Greek is but a portal to tongues which the major part of our learned men know only by name; Putnam, whose recent death fails to be regarded as a public calamity only because his rare ability and worth were exceeded by his modesty. Nor do we mean, in specifying these names, to intimate that their associates are less worthy of emphatic mention. We have but given fair types of the order of genius, talent, and attainment concerned in the preparation of successive numbers of this work. These writers, too, are not mere echoes of one another. They cover a great deal of ground, and represent numerous phases of opinion and methods of criticism. They belong to different colleges and seminaries, each with its own peculiar position in philosophy and theology, and its own outlook upon the field of thought. They are of various shades of belief, from the undisguised liberalism of Dr. Davidson to the severe orthodoxy which alone would pass current in the more conservative of our New England institutions; while we have occasional contributors from every section and sect of the religious world that could claim a place in a work devoted to the advancement of Biblical and theological learning.

Among the contributors whose names do not appear on the title-pages of the volumes, — we still beg to have it understood that we are not giving a list of the eminent writers, but that we only specify a few to indicate the kind of men who have chosen this journal for their organ of communication with the public, — it is enough to name Presidents Sears, Woolsey, and Goodwin, all of them holding no less prominent places in their respective departments of learning than they occupy as educationists; Professor Hackett, whose Commen-

tary on the Acts of the Apostles is one of the few works of the kind in the English language which approaches, in point of massive erudition, the master-works of the great German critics, differing from them only in possessing a soundness and accuracy which they too often lack; Rev. Dr. Withington, in whom we hardly know whether most to admire the generous range and marvellous wealth of his culture, or the versatile genius and kaleidoscopic fancy which prepare for his readers a fresh surprise in every paragraph; Rev. Dr. Thompson, whose position as an Egyptologist would alone suffice for his reputation, while yet it is but one of the many titles he has to literary and professional distinction; and Rev. Eli Smith, the missionary, without whose skilled co-operation Professor Robinson's success as an explorer would have been limited and doubtful, and who would have taken his acknowledged place in the front rank of Christian scholars, had he not chosen rather to be enrolled among those who "count all things as naught" in comparison with the redemption of human souls from guilt and misery.

The encyclopedic character of this work deserves also our especial notice. It has not confined itself, nor even inclined with marked partiality, to any one department of the field of theological learning, but has devoted its pages to each in its due measure, and to every separate topic in proportion to its intrinsic importance, its prominence in the discussions of the time, or the contributions made or needed toward its fuller comprehension. Nor has it been one-sided in its advocacy of any particular class of views, or of the opinions of any one school or sect. On mooted questions both sides have not infrequently had a hearing through their special advocates; and when this has not been the case, it has been the habit of the Bibliotheca always to give an opponent the full benefit of his own statements and arguments. Thus, in a recent article on Colenso's first volume, by Professor Bartlett of Chicago, we find more than justice done to the Bishop; for while there is not a full display of his oversights and misstatements, his definite objections to the authenticity and the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch are set forth in their full array, and with an explicitness and candor which we doubt not he would

cordially recognize. It is in this way that all the controversies that have enlisted the scholars of the present generation have been treated, so that these volumes constitute a journal of the progress of Biblical and critical science during the last twenty years, with distinct record of its marked antagonisms. Among the departments in which the Bibliotheca has abounded in articles of pre-eminent merit — some of them monographs the loss of which we should not know where to supply — are Biblical archæology, the geography of Palestine and the East, patristical biography and opinions, the critical history of the canonical Scriptures, and the various phases of dogmatic theology in the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches of America.

This work is worthy also of especially grateful regard for the wide scope which it has given to its qualifying epithet *sacra*. It proceeds upon the assumption that all knowledge is sacred, and that whatever interprets either God or man may be made availing as a source of religious wisdom. In truth, none are so ignorant of theology as those who take pride in studying nothing else; and none know so little of the Bible as those who deem it a waste of time to become conversant with other literature. Christianity, we believe, came from God, and was adapted to man's condition and needs; therefore the whole creation and providence of God throw light upon it, — the entire psychology and history of man illustrate its methods and verify its teachings. It is at the hands of *mere* theologians that our religion has received its deepest wounds. It is they who have made of Christian dogmatics a science of micrology, and of ecclesiastical forms a mere grovelling fetichism. Professor Park and his coadjutors have wisely introduced into the Bibliotheca a great deal of the kind of material which the theologian needs for the nourishment of his intellect, the discipline of his critical faculty, and the strengthening of his powers of argument or persuasion. In particular, the intelligent cognizance of Christianity and its records is essentially aided by the study of the Grecian and Roman classics. We do not here refer to them as to the most truthlike representation of the exterior life of the ancients; for in all that appertained to manners, customs, and social intercourse classical analogies

mislead oftener than they guide the Biblical student. But in the master-works of pagan antiquity we have an exhibition of the highest attainments of man independently of revelation, of the development of humanity when left to its own resources, and of the providential preparation in opinion, philosophy, and social order for the advent of the Redeemer and the diffusion of his Gospel; and in thus studying the birth-time and birth-world of our religion we often discern else hidden adaptations and harmonies, and are enabled to read its records with a truer intelligence and a deeper sympathy.

This view has been recognized in almost every number of the work before us. Its second article is the first instalment of an elaborate biography of Aristotle, in which Professor Park displays great acuteness in the collation and discussion of conflicting testimonies, and in the application of the canons of historical criticism. In the same volume we have an able and thoroughly philosophical treatise on "The Collocation of Words in the Greek and Latin Languages, examined in Relation to the Laws of Thought," by Rev. Mr. Adams, then an eminent classical teacher. About midway in the series we find a review of Riley's Translation of Plautus, by Professor Lane, which hardly has its parallel as a castigation of pretentious superficiality and incompetency. True to its antecedents, the volume just closed contains an article by Professor Tyler, entitled "Athens, or Æsthetic Culture and the Art of Expression," which is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of ancient culture, holds forth Grecian models so admiringly and lovingly, and is itself so charming an illustration of its own thesis, as to seem at once the embodiment and the echo of the Horatian precept, —

"Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

One great drawback from the worth of a review — we have often felt it keenly for excellent contributors whose papers we have been constrained to curtail or reject for their length alone — is, that the ordinary dimensions of an article do not suffice for the full and satisfying treatment of any large subject, while custom has generally forbidden in the English and American Quarterlies the continuation of articles from number to num-

ber. The editors of the Bibliotheca Sacra have wisely set aside this usage from the very first. The length of an article has never been a ground of exclusion; but in numerous instances an essay ample enough for a volume has appeared in instalments in several successive numbers. Thus it has been no uncommon thing for a large and important subject to have in these pages a treatment no less full and exhaustive than if the writer had had the press at his own free command.

We would refer also to the several very valuable series of articles, not always contributed by the same author or formed after the same model, yet arranged, either so as to present, when completed, a comprehensive view of a connected group of subjects, or so as to admit of being multiplied indefinitely. Of the latter sort is the series on the Theology of eminent divines; for it is impossible to estimate the number of Christian scholars, teachers, and writers who have had enough of salient and interesting individuality in their opinions and in their theological affinities and experiences to make them worthy of special commemoration. To the same category belongs a series on the Difficult Texts of the Bible, which might with profit be so extended as to include all those passages of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures which admit of a serious diversity of reading or of interpretation.

A series which we trust may be found terminable has been recently commenced, consisting of statements of the distinctive doctrines of all the leading denominations and religious bodies of our Western world, each written by some prominent member of the particular communion described, and generally by some person occupying a conspicuous official position, and fittingly regarded as a representative of his co-religionists. This series will doubtless subserve numerous important purposes. It is evident, at first glance, that such a paper must be a much more authentic exposition of the actual belief and teaching of a denomination than its written creeds. We are perpetually doing injustice to various sects, by ascribing to them whatever beliefs can be deduced from their formal articles of faith. We well know that such forms, once adopted, remain, by a certain *vis inertiæ*, long after they have ceased to interpret the thought of those who employ them, and that their

words become gradually warped in significance, so as to correspond to opinions and ideas which their founders would have spurned and loathed. It is manifestly impossible for the leaders of opinion to put in operation the complicated instrumentality by which alone the symbols, which form the constitutional law and the federal compact of the widely scattered Christian communities belonging to any particular church, can be changed. Therefore, the free and significant words of its living members, not the dead and obsolete words of its founders or fathers, are the true exponent of its present theological position.

A series of papers like that now under our notice is of worth not merely for the important knowledge it conveys. It serves the still more valuable purpose of introducing different sects to one another's more kindly regard and appreciation. Every Christian denomination is liable to be charged, not only with its acknowledged peculiarities of doctrine, but also with the idiosyncrasies of its eminent defenders. He who represents his own sect in behalf of his brethren, and before the Christian world, is held equally by the obligation of fairness and honesty in stating the opinions to which the entire body is pledged, and by that of abstinence from all offensive extremes. The tendency will always be to tone down the particular dogmatic expression toward the common type, to attach paramount importance to the points of agreement with collective Christendom, and thus to approximate that unity of faith which will indeed never be reached so long as minds vary and language is ambiguous, but which may be so far realized as to embrace all sincere Christians in mutual good-will and charity. There is so strong a centrifugal tendency among different churches, that we can hardly prize to excess any centripetal force or movement that may be put in operation. But the effect of such a mutual introduction of the sects is not confined to their estimate of one another. A statement of doctrine, made under a profound sense of his responsibleness, by one who fitly represents the body to which he belongs, is of great avail with his co-religionists in repressing their vagrancy of speculation, in leading them to review their eccentricities of opinion, and in recalling them to the common standard of faith in the Scriptures, from

which their departures are less likely to be wild and schismatic, than are their deductions from the obscure and often undefinable symbols of their church.

We have been strongly impressed with the worth of these considerations in reading, in the Bibliotheca for last October, an admirable compend of the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, by Bishop Burgess of Maine. We trust that we are not violating our theological neutrality when we say that the extremists of the Episcopal Church have done little toward placing their body in an amiable aspect before the outside world. For ourselves, very strongly attracted toward that Church at an early period, we have felt only a growing distaste for it with the towering pretensions and the exclusive bearing assumed of late years by many of its neophytes. Bishop Burgess has renewed the old charm, recalled the cherished memories of its broad charity, its expansive catholicity, its reverence for ancient forms without formalism, its loyalty to its own traditions, conjoined with the most cordial recognition of the religious rights and claims of those not of its communion. In his conception, his Church is not an exclusive body, but the most comprehensive of all the churches. So it is in the writings of many of the earlier English divines. So it is in the representation of the lamented Whately, whose "Kingdom of Christ" — while it lays open to ridicule the baseless assumptions which, if admitted, are fatal to the English Church, and can only pave the passage from Canterbury to Rome — establishes the Anglican hierarchy and ecclesiastical order on grounds which "unchurch" none who believe in Christ and his Gospel.

While the Bibliotheca has devoted most of its pages to articles on subjects rather than on books, it has been by no means deficient as a literary critic and chronicler. Book-notices have, almost from the beginning, formed an important and instructive portion of the work; and they have not been confined to theological or religious publications, but have embraced a somewhat extended range of substantial and valuable literature. These notices have always borne the marks of conscientious care and of a catholic taste. At the same time, the literary intelligence, especially from Continental Europe, gen-

erally condensed for each quarter, has often been such as we know not where else to find, and has had no less interest and worth for the classical or general scholar than for the theologian or divine. Indeed, this department could have been supplied not even by a large conversance with foreign journals, but only by intimate relations and correspondence with men of learning at numerous centres of intelligence.

In order to form a just estimate of the amount of study, research, and labor represented in the volumes under review, we should consider the intense and prolific activity which the last twenty years have witnessed in the departments of knowledge relating to theology and the Scriptures. In no antecedent period since the Protestant Reformation has the human mind in quest of religious truth traversed so broad an arc, — whether on the meridian upward, or whether in a parabolic curve, on which it will lose zenith-distance, yet will gain velocity for its future ascending path, coming ages must determine. All movement is not progress, but all earnest movement is the presage of progress. A time of strong agitation with regard to fundamental truth may pass by with no appreciable results, but not without leaving a rich deposit of materials, from which larger generalizations, a truer *gnosis*, a higher philosophy, will grow. Such a time has been the lifetime of the generation now upon the stage. Twenty years ago, the old authorities in matters appertaining to the Bible and its interpretation still retained their prestige with most of our scholars. There was, indeed, free thinking and loose thinking; but a good degree of conservatism was essential to one's fair standing as a Christian. It was generally conceded that assaults on the Church from its interior were dastardly, and out of keeping with the laws of civilized warfare. The forms of unbelief, too, were old, though in fresh guise. The weapons picked up from ancient battle-fields had been straightened and furbished for new conflicts. Pantheism was essentially the same as in the days of Lucretius. The opponents of historical Christianity availed themselves freely of Voltaire's now almost forgotten witticisms, and coined others after their similitude. The methods of construction which Eichhorn and critics of his class had devised for the sacred books were, in-

deed, laid aside by the naturalistic school, as involving greater miracles than are contained in any theory of inspiration; but no more philosophical mode of accounting for the genesis of those records had been offered in its stead.

It was only in 1835 that Strauss published his "Life of Jesus," which, though it has already become, in great measure, obsolete, has had a stronger influence for evil and for good than any work of the present century. It has led the way in the application of the canons of historical criticism to the New Testament, — a criticism of which Neander and Baur may be taken as representing the two opposite types, the former admitting the miraculous element, and yet claiming to find in the Gospels only the imprint which a being endowed as was Christ must needs have made in history and literature, while the latter proposed to himself the far more difficult problem of accounting for the origin of the Gospels on the hypothesis of their presenting only magnified and distorted images of an extraordinary man. In his last direction, theorists have taken divergent routes, demanding close watchfulness and keen discrimination in the scholar who would give account of their movements. At the same time, the traditional beliefs as to the authorship of the Pentateuch, the integrity of various books of the Hebrew canon, the inspiration of the prophets, and the Divine element in Judaism, have been shaken at every point, and have given birth to a very wide range of critical and controversial literature.

Within this same period, also, natural science (or rather natural *history*, for it has not yet outgrown this name) has claimed the right of eminent domain over the entire realm of religious thought. Previously, geology had suggested grave questions as to the Scriptural account of the Creation and the Deluge, while physiologists had demanded either the repudiation or the broad interpretation of portions of the Pentateuch that seem to imply the common parentage of the human race; but no comprehensive theory of nature had assumed to embrace the entire cosmos, its human denizens, and its Creator. Of late there has been a strong and growing tendency to employ the phenomena of matter in determining the laws of

mind, of the spiritual universe, of the Infinite Being, — a sort of differential calculus by which propositions demonstrated as to infinitesimal atoms and germs are affirmed of the immeasurable soul of man and its Author and Father. The Comtian philosophy is, in fact, a view of nature and being through the reversed telescope, — an application of the laws and limitations of the tadpole to the Creator, — a materialism as crass and grovelling as that of the most degraded fetich-worshipper. With this influence Christianity is now brought into close conflict, and that not by professed infidels alone, but even by office-bearers in the Christian Church, who, like Baden Powell, elude the charge of Atheism only by Pantheistic word-jugglery.

When we say that the Bibliotheca has never slumbered on its watch-tower during the pendency of any important discussion, but has been loyal equally to freedom and to truth at epochs when to betray either the one or the other seemed almost inevitable, we certainly have given it, not only high praise, but a title to more than transient interest and favor. There are few periodicals whose volumes we should wish to keep for future reference ; while this is a work for the library, containing the authentic record of phases of opinion, which indeed are essentially short-lived, yet will possess a permanent historical interest and importance.*

Apart from controversy, there has been, since this work commenced, a vast increase of positive knowledge. The recension of the sacred text has been pursued with a thoroughness of method, and a certainty as to results, distancing Griesbach as far as he distanced his predecessors on the same career. There have been, also, steps taken in the science of interpretation, which cannot be retraced ; and commentators have arisen who have given a new *essor* to an exegesis both rational and reverent, and who are making the Bible seem more than ever the living word of God, and not the record of things past

* It may be well here to advert to the fact, that there was issued, in 1857, an Index to the first thirteen volumes, or we should rather term it four Indexes, namely, an analytic table exhibiting the contents of each number in its order, a list of Scriptural texts illustrated, an alphabetical index of subjects, and another of writers. Undoubtedly this labor will soon be renewed.

and buried. As to the external history of the sacred canon, aside from the fundamental points at issue between the opposite schools, yet in great part because of the joining of these issues, there has been accumulated, collated, and co-ordinated a mass of materials, pre-existent indeed, yet many of them before unused or unwisely used. As to collateral sources of illustration for the Biblical interpreter, even were we to pass in silence all that has been derived from excavations, monuments, inscriptions, and hieroglyphics, the mere results of travel and intelligent observation have become surprisingly rich and significant, especially when the travellers have been, like Professor Hackett and Rev. W. M. Thomson the missionary, men who know so thoroughly what to ask and seek; for the inquirer's revenue is determined more by his skill in asking questions, than by his opportunities for answering them. Now in all these departments the Bibliotheca has contained, not only the *résumé* of what has been accomplished elsewhere, but a large proportion of first-hand contributions. Especially in the extensive range of research open to the missionary and to the tourist who loves the Holy Land, have the original papers been frequent, copious, comprehensive in their scope, and full of illumining suggestions for the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. The contributions from different missionaries, covering the ground of their own personal knowledge and experience, would alone suffice to give to this department of the work the prestige of undoubted authenticity, and a high and rare measure of interest.

We are inclined to believe that the interests of theological science and Biblical learning can in our day be served in few ways more effectually, than by publications of the class to which the Bibliotheca Sacra belongs. We must, indeed, always welcome the advent into any department of sacred knowledge of one who can devote himself wholly to its labors; and from men of this class we have a right to expect revised texts, continuous commentaries, or systematic treatises. Yet it must have occurred to every person familiar with the theological literature of Germany, that the most eminent German divines and critics have in numerous instances distinguished themselves at least as much by their contributions to periodicals such as

they have often edited, or by brief monographs printed independently, as by more weighty or voluminous productions; and that, on the other hand, these writers in their more elaborate works are constantly referring with honor to, and quoting from, precisely such articles. This method is adapted both to the writers and to the subjects. In our country, at least, with hardly an exception, the most learned theologians and Biblical scholars are busy men, often hard-working parish ministers or painstaking teachers, — not infrequently remote from large libraries, and dependent mainly on their own books. A man thus situated cannot hope to prepare an edition of the New Testament, a critical commentary on the four Gospels, or a body of divinity, which shall contain so much of the products of his own peculiar genius, special study, or independent research, as to place it far in advance of the similar works already in existence. But he may, if first thoroughly grounded in theology and hermeneutics, so concentrate his powers, inquiries, and labors upon some one among the countless subjects open before him, as to present it in new aspects, to enrich it with a wealth of erudition never expended upon it before, and especially to illustrate it by those somewhat remote, yet none the less instructive relations and analogies, which do not suggest themselves to the more systematic writer, however profound. Indeed, it may often be the case that a man's habits of mind, mode of life, or line of study may make him the most suitable of all men to cast light on some one limited subject, while he could only "darken counsel" on other subjects even in the very same department.

A case in point is afforded by Smith's treatise on the Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul. This, if we leave out of our account that portion of the introductory and supplementary matter which has no especial relevancy to the subject in hand, is about long enough for a double article in the Bibliotheca Sacra. The author evinces no adaptation for critical studies in general, and his essay on the Sources of St. Luke's Writings is but a feeble reproduction of what had been often written before. But on St. Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck he has expended a vast amount of study, classical, philological, mechanical, geographical; he has made surveys and explorations in

person, has interrogated navigators in the Mediterranean, has heaped together illustrative and confirmatory facts and quotations from an immense range of reading, all with this end in view, and has, as it seems to us, left nothing more to be inquired on the subject. Now a commentator on the New Testament, or on the Acts of the Apostles alone, could not afford the time, and probably would be destitute of other requisite fitnesses and means, for such works as this. But its results have been freely used by Conybeare and Howson, by Hackett, and by others who have written since the book appeared, so as to attach to the narrative a reality and vividness such as it has not had till now. One chief use — we would say with emphasis — of a work like that under review, is to afford a medium of publication for these products of concentrated study on a single passage of Scripture, or point of controversy, or topic of critical or historical interest. A large part of the best talent and ripest learning of Christendom is every year condensed in such writings. A press ready to welcome them will often be a condition precedent to their preparation; and in the absence of such a press, and with the difficulty which besets independent publication in the mind of one of slender experience in type, many valuable papers of this sort would remain in manuscript to feed the paper-mills of the next generation.

It must be borne in mind, too, that several of the departments that come within the scope of the theologian demand treatment in detail, rather than in systematic order. Theology itself is too vast to be circumscribed by any man-made syllabus or nomenclature. Its system lies unfolded in the Infinite Mind alone; its order is the order of the universe. But there are numberless individual topics connected with the nature of God and of man and their mutual relations in the past and future, many of which can be more fairly treated when discussed by themselves than when considered merely in their relation to some general "scheme." The Scriptures also, and those of either Testament, present too much ground to be covered (except very superficially), by any one historiographer or commentator, unless his professed aim be to make a thorough and careful compilation of pre-existing materials. This last is what our best general commentators have done to a greater

extent than is imagined, except by one whose fortune it has often been to trace some felicitous explanation from one of the Fratres Poloni down through Bengel, Wetstein, Rosenmüller, "done into English" and launched anew by Scott, Doddridge, or Kenrick, and finally reappearing in a popular American commentary. A large part of this work will be best wrought by being wrought in such instalments as one would never think of printing except in a periodical journal. This remark applies to the critical history of the several books of the Old and the New Testament, and to the various and numerous questions relating to the history of either canon. It applies with still more pertinence to exegesis. St. Paul's writings alone might be the study of a lifetime, and there are many single texts which deserve dissertations rather than notes. In the series of articles on Difficult Texts of Scripture to which we have already referred, we can see the advantage of the converging of all the lights of intellect and study on a single passage, the one writer who has taken a hard text in charge having often done more to relieve it of difficulty, obscurity, and misapprehension than was done by the generations of erudite commentators that preceded him. In fine, in critical scholarship, classical no less than Scriptural, the actual achievements, successes, triumphs, have consisted in the clearing up of single doubtful readings, or the elucidation of single sentences, verses, or paragraphs; while the more ponderous work has been hand-work rather than brain-work, — the mere decanting of old wine into new bottles, and that often without filtering.

We know that it is a very rare thing for one literary journal to review another. Perhaps it ought so to be; for, were such a procedure authorized by custom, it would be very apt to lead to mutual operations on the credit of the literary community corresponding to "kite-flying" in the money-market. But our intention is, by this entirely exceptional method, to express our strong sense of the obligations of American scholarship, in its leading departments, to the Bibliotheca Sacra. Such a work proffers the highest claims on liberal support, — we will not say *patronage*, for that is too mean a word to be used about anything that deserves support. Simply because

it is elevated in its whole character, — because it addresses only the advanced and cultivated mind of the country, — because it is not the organ of a sect or a party, but of whatever we have in the land of devout scholarship, of consecrated learning, — it has a smaller subscription-list than it might easily secure by a lower grade of excellence.

We are aware that we have used very strong and emphatic terms of commendation in speaking of this journal, — much stronger than we should have used had we contented ourselves with a cursory examination of it, or had we trusted to the vividness of the impressions made upon us by each successive number. In point of fact, it has few of the usual characteristics of a periodical, except that it keeps itself abreast of the times in literature and learning. Its articles are not adapted to some transient mood of the public mind, — appropriate when printed, yet such as would cease to be of value if delayed for a single quarter. Its papers are, indeed, suited to the demand of the religious world at the time of publication; but their subjects are, from their very nature, of enduring interest and moment; and the successive phases of theological opinion with reference to them represent only successive stages of research, development, and knowledge, the earlier claiming the cognizance of all students and thinkers who would pass on to the later. Such essays, therefore, if ever worth the writing or the reading, are not likely to become obsolete. Subscribers to the Bibliotheca Sacra are, then, not only placing a new number every quarter upon their tables, but are adding with every year a reference-book of value to their libraries; and we dare not say how very far, with the scholar of slender pecuniary ability, the entire series, up to this day, might compensate for the lack of ponderous and costly works whose absence from his shelves would else be his perpetual grief.

ART. V. — 1. *Papers from the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge.* New York. 1863.

No. 1. *The Constitution. Addresses of* PROFESSOR MORSE, MR. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, *and* MR. S. J. TILDEN, *at the Organization.*

No. 4. *The Letter of a Republican*, EDWARD N. CROSBY, ESQ., *of Poughkeepsie, to* PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE, *Feb.* 25, 1863, *and* PROFESSOR MORSE'S *Reply, March* 2, 1863.

No. 8. *Bible View of Slavery.* [A Letter by JOHN H. HOPKINS, Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont.]

No. 12. *An Argument on the Ethical Position of Slavery in the Social System, and its Relation to the Politics of the Day.* By SAMUEL F. B. MORSE. August, 1863.

2. *Speech of* HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD, *delivered at the Great Union Meeting in Independence Square, Philadelphia, December* 13*th*, 1860. Philadelphia. 1863.

IN a free country, war is a test alike of national character and of individual virtue. Patriotism and love of country are feeble motives, unless their roots strike down into the soil of moral sentiments, and draw nourishment from the everlasting sources of justice and truth. Whatever more than a geographical district the name of a country represents, is the measure of patriotism and the bond of nationality. When, therefore, a nation goes to war from motives of selfishness, bad passion, or ambition, it weakens its claim upon the individuals composing it for service or honor. It lowers the tone of patriotism, it diminishes its own essential power. But when a nation goes to war from a high motive, in defence of the right, in maintenance of a just cause, then it establishes a new claim on the reverence of its children, and has a right to expect from them the heartiest devotion, and the most persistent support. Then it is that the motives which influence individuals are tested and disclosed, and that their intellectual conceptions of patriotic duty, no less than the manner of their performance of it, are exhibited. Thus war develops the immoral, no less than the moral, elements in a society, and the worth of that society depends on the relative power which

each of these elements secures to itself in the control and conduct of public affairs. The soldier who gives, not only his life, but his heart to his country; the contractor who cheats the government and abuses the soldiers with his shoddy; the chaplain shot in the front of the fight as he leans to comfort the dying; the bishop supporting the enemies of his native land, and wresting Scripture to the defence of slavery; the politician forgetting party, and remembering only the claims of his country and its government; the partisan Governor hampering the Administration in whose hands alone rests the power by which the nation's cause can be maintained, and calling rioters, murderers, and burners of orphan asylums his "friends," even while they stand in arms to violate all law and civil order, — such are among the contrasts which the test of war displays.

And if, in time of war, a government pursue a policy, in part at least conformed to pure justice, while not less conformed to the political traditions of the nation and to the political doctrines embodied in its fundamental charter, then it is that men who, from perversity of nature, from bad education or evil association, from disappointed ambition, or from any other cause, take rank among its political opponents, are likely to overstep the bounds which separate legitimate from factious opposition, and, in the heat and passion of their partisan endeavors, are carried on to profess and defend doctrines, not only hostile to the national policy, but contrary to the principles of right upon which that policy is founded. Considerations of morality are neglected, or, still worse, notions absolutely immoral in essence or in tendency are exalted as axioms by which political action ought to be determined. The consciences and the intellects of the men who hold such views become equally debased, and the arguments they put forth in support of their opinions are discreditable alike to their understandings and their hearts.

It would be difficult to find a more striking instance of this immorality in politics, or a clearer exhibition of the fatuity which is likely to accompany it, than is afforded by the pamphlets of which the titles stand at the head of this article.

The New York Society for the Diffusion of (so-called) Politi-

cal Knowledge is composed, so far, at least, as may be judged from the list of its officers and from the names of some of its prominent members, of a set of men of respectable position in society, some of whom possess fair talents and moderate reputation. The President of the Society, Professor Morse, is the only man of real distinction among them, and his fame rests altogether on his artistic and scientific achievements. It would have been well for his own honor, and that of his country, had he never entered the field of political discussion. But there is one characteristic about the Society which throws light upon the spirit of its members, and the purposes for which they joined together. It is a medley of men hitherto of very different principles and of opposite parties; men who have had little political sympathy, and who now have not much in common but a spirit of bitter opposition to the Administration, a conceit of superior political wisdom, and the gall of disappointed political aspirations.

The Society was formed at a period when the Administration needed the support of all patriotic citizens, and when the people required to be united in hearty maintenance of the measures adopted for the success of the national cause. We were in the very strain and tug of war, — war which could be waged to a successful issue only through the authorities in power. The proclamation of Emancipation had been issued but six weeks before. The policy inaugurated by it was plainly the only policy that could then be followed, unless a revolution should drive Mr. Lincoln from power, and unseat the Congress at Washington. The adoption of this policy was no longer an open question. The cause of the rebellion, the long cause of our internal weakness, had been struck at; the cause of liberty and human rights had been advanced; the policy of America in regard to slavery had at length been made to conform in great measure to the principles upon which her institutions professedly rested; and these men were found ready to take that moment for declaring their bitter opposition to the government, and their hatred of liberty, — ready to take that moment for endeavoring to weaken the confidence of the people in the Administration that had just then such supreme claim to their confidence, and finally to divert the efforts of the people from

the vigorous prosecution of the war by which alone peace, union, and liberty could be secured.

Then it was that these men came together for purposes the real meaning of which is not expressed in the direct terms, and is not concealed by the fine professions, of the second article of the Constitution of the Society.

"The objects of the Society," says that article, "shall be to disseminate a knowledge of the principles of American constitutional liberty; to inculcate correct views of the Constitution of the United States, of the powers and rights of the Federal Government, and of the powers and rights reserved to the States and the people; and generally to promote a sound political education of the public mind; to the end that usurpations may be prevented, that arbitrary and unconstitutional measures may be checked, that the Constitution may be preserved, that the Union may be restored, and that the blessings of free institutions and public order may be kept by ourselves, and be transmitted to our posterity."

Each clause of the foregoing article is a covert charge against the existing government. And the plain object of those who wrote and adopted it was the weakening of the power of Mr. Lincoln's administration. At the meeting, on the 13th of February, at which the constitution, of which this article forms a part, was adopted, Professor Morse, the President of the Society, made a speech. It was a curious performance. "Fanaticism," he declared, "rules the hour." Venturing on prophecy, he asserted, with an amusing defiance of reason and disregard of the logic of speech: "History, ever repeating itself, as time completes its cycles, has not yet closed its sad volume of disastrous hallucinations. It is preparing its pages and reddening its pen to record the story of the foulest tragedy of earth, — the most frightful that is *yet* to deform the annals *of the past*. Can patriotic men, persuaded of such an issue, be silent, be idle?" "It is our own purpose," he goes on to say, "if possible, to exorcise that reckless, unprincipled spirit which is so rife in the ranks of fanaticism." "The heresies of the state can be and must be reached in a constitutional way by the intellects of the country."

President Morse, one of "the intellects of the country," seems to have been uncommonly successful in reaching the

heresies of the state. In this very speech he reached the heresy of State Rights, and sneered at "the Declaration of Independence, with its mixture of truths, qualified truths, and fallacious maxims."

It is not surprising that, after such an opening, the Society having fairly started on its career of enlightenment of the public mind in regard to political duties, and in its attempt to exorcise the reckless spirit of fanaticism, one of its earliest publications was a letter of Professor Morse, in which he declares, with a pleasing mixture of metaphor, that "on Bible truth, therefore, I am ready to plant every position I take," and then proceeds to rave against the government, the Abolitionists, and the Republicans with harmless zeal, to attack the policy of emancipation, and to defend slavery by supporting Mr. Stephens's famous *corner-stone* doctrine. We must give some extracts from this remarkable performance, to show the character of the language used and of the thought expressed by the President of this Society. Here is his description of Abolitionists, in which the peculiar felicities of his rhetoric and grammar, and the not less peculiar felicities of his moral condition, are charmingly displayed.

"Look at that dark conclave of conspirators, freedom-shriekers, Bible-spurners, fierce, implacable, headstrong, denunciatory Constitution-and-Union-haters, noisy, factious, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against all who venture a difference of opinion from them; murderous, passionate advocates of imprisonments and hangings, bloodthirsty, and, if there is any other epithet of atrocity found in the vocabulary of wickedness, do they not every one fitly designate some phase of radical abolitionism?" — *Letter to a Republican*, p. 6.

Such language might appear to be that of a fanatic, were not President Morse engaged in putting down fanaticism. And it is not to be wondered at that, having such uncommon epithets to apply to men whose main fault in his eyes is their zeal against slavery, he should himself be found vehemently upholding and defending that "sum of all villanies." But it should be remembered that he speaks as the authorized expounder of the views of a society supported by prominent individuals in the so-called Democratic party, that his words are thus invested with a factitious force, and that they have

been industriously circulated throughout the Northern and Border States. The following passage is a characteristic specimen of intellectual demoralization : —

"Who has constituted the two races physically different? There can be but one answer, it is God. To attempt, therefore, a removal of this corner-stone, which Infinite Wisdom has laid in the fabric of human society, is of so presumptuous a character, that few should be rash enough to undertake it. The *physical inequality of the races*, then, is this corner-stone, and not slavery. Slavery, which is a *government*, must be, in some form, the necessary resultant of this fact; and if you can remove the corner-stone, — to wit, the *physical inequality of the races*, — you may thus destroy slavery; but, since the 'Ethiopian cannot change his skin,' nor can any earthly power do it for him, so long as the two races exist together in the same community, you may change the master, or the relative position of the races, but one or the other will still be dominant. Slavery in America can only be abolished by *separating the races*. Is it worth while to attempt to remove a corner-stone which God has laid?

. . . . . .

"Slavery is not the cause of the sectional war, but a blind and mad resistance to a physical condition which God has ordained, and which man is in vain attempting to subvert." — p. 8.

On this logic comment is needless.

But worse publications than this Letter were to follow. Having adopted such principles, the Society must go all lengths; the public must be taught that slavery was the sum of all blessings; the reckless spirit of fanatical humanity, of rash Christianity, must be checked at all hazards; the new creed of political pro-slavery salvation must be preached, and a bishop was called in to head the new crusade against the antislavery infidels. No. 8 of the Papers from the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge is entitled "Bible View of Slavery." It is signed "John H. Hopkins, Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont." This tract was written in 1861, as a letter to certain gentlemen in New York. It was originally published at that time; but its fitness for the purposes of the Diffusion Society was so great, that now, two years later, it was adopted for republication and wide distribution. It is an attempt to justify slavery as sanctioned by the word of God, and as, consequently, an institution that must be es-

teemed divinely ordained for the government of a large part of the human race. It is not our purpose to attack the argument by which these conclusions are reached, otherwise than by exhibiting a portion of it in the Bishop's own words. There are some truths which may be regarded as established. It is not necessary to enter upon their defence. If a bishop declares that the Bible sanctions slavery, it is so much the worse for the bishop, not for the Bible. The Bible is, indeed, often greatly misused; its claims to authority are strangely misunderstood, its real authority abused; — but that Christianity should be invoked as a defence and protection of persecution, of tyranny, or of slavery, is simply evidence that those thus invoking it have never understood what it is, and have never conceived the meaning of that new commandment by which its founder declared that all men should know his disciples.

There is a striking passage in Mill's essay on Liberty, in which those men are described whose "creed remains, as it were, outside the mind, encrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant." To this class the author of the "Bible View of Slavery" belongs. The patronage of a bad cause is not necessarily a proof of a corrupt heart, but it is certainly evidence of a feeble or a confused intellect. "The kingdom of heaven," said John Foster, "is no more a place for fools than it is for villains." The force of Bishop Hopkins's intellect may be measured by that of his argument against the Bible and in favor of slavery. It will not be matter of doubt to any one who will take the trouble to read the following extracts.

Here is his account of the ordaining of the black race to slavery, — the stale argument becomes humorous in his hands.

"The first appearance of slavery in the Bible is the wonderful prediction of the patriarch Noah: 'Cursed be Canaan, a *servant of servants* shall he be to his brethren. Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan *shall be his servant.* God shall enlarge Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan *shall be his servant.*' (Gen. ix. 25.)

"The heartless irreverence which Ham, the father of Canaan, displayed toward his eminent parent, whose piety had just saved him from the deluge, presented the immediate *occasion* for this remarkable prophecy; but the actual *fulfilment* was reserved for his posterity, after they had lost the knowledge of God, and become utterly polluted by the abominations of heathen idolatry. The Almighty, foreseeing this total degradation of the race, ordained them to servitude or slavery under the descendants of Shem and Japhet, doubtless because *he judged it to be their fittest condition.* And all history proves how accurately the prediction has been accomplished, even to the present day." — p. 2.

But is the learned Bishop right in thus assuming that "the first appearance of slavery in the Bible is the wonderful prediction of the patriarch Noah"? In De Bow's Review, for August, 1860, — a review well known as the organ of the extreme Southern principles and opinions, — there is an article in which the author, Dr. Cartwright of New Orleans, maintains that the creature which beguiled Eve was not a serpent, nor an orang-outang, as Dr. Adam Clarke was led to believe, but a negro, the black gardener of the Garden of Eden. If this were so, ought we not, with this writer, to regard the curse pronounced upon the serpent as unquestionably the first appearance and original establishment of slavery?

The plan of Bishop Hopkins's argument from the Old Testament is to show that slavery existed among the Jews, was regulated by their laws, and then to assume that consequently "the institution of slavery" (we use his own words) "was laid down by the Lord God of Israel for his chosen people." Coming to the New Testament, he publishes the fact that the Redeemer did not allude to slavery at all, and that he came to fulfil the old law, — that law which the Bishop would assert, in St. Paul's phrase, but with a strictly literal sense, to be the law of bondage.

Then he continues with the following passage, in which logic is not more violated than humane and natural feeling: —

"It is said by some, however, that the great principle of the Gospel, love to God and love to man, necessarily involved the condemnation of slavery. Yet how should it have any such result, when we remember that this was no new principle, but, on the contrary, was laid down

by the Deity to his own chosen people, and was quoted from the Old Testament by the Saviour himself? And why should slavery be thought inconsistent with it? In the relation of master and slave, we are assured by our Southern brethren that there is incomparably more mutual love than can ever be found between the employer and the hireling. And I can readily believe it, for the very reason that it is a relation for life, and the parties, when rightly disposed, must therefore feel a far stronger and deeper interest in each other." — p. 4.

Continuing his argument from the New Testament for a page or two, the Bishop brings it to a close with the following words: —

"The evidence of the New Testament is thus complete, plainly proving that the institution of slavery was not abolished by the Gospel. Compare now the course of the ultra Abolitionist with that of Christ and his inspired Apostle. The Divine Redeemer openly rebukes the sanctimonious Pharisees, 'who made void the law of God by their traditions.' . . . .

"Yet he lived in the midst of slavery, maintained over the old heathen races, in accordance with the Mosaic law, and uttered not one word against it! What proof can be stronger than this, that he did not regard it as a sin or a moral evil? And what contrast can be more manifest than this example of Christ on the one hand, and the loud and bitter denunciations of our antislavery preachers and politicians, *calling themselves Christians,* on the other? For they not only set themselves against the Word of God in this matter, condemning slavery as the 'monster sin,' the 'sum of all villanies,' but, strange to say, they do it in the very name of that Saviour whose whole line of conduct was the very opposite of their own!" — p. 5.

The Bishop has read the rebuke of those "who make void the law of God by their traditions"; has he not also read the denunciation of those who "pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, — judgment, mercy, and faith"?

Having proved to his satisfaction the Divine nature of slavery, from the evidence afforded by Scripture, Dr. Hopkins passes on "to notice the various objections which have been raised in the popular mind to the institution of Southern slavery." The cause which requires elaborate sophistry, which needs suppression and distortion of the truth in its defence, is a cause that can win no favor among honest men. It would

be difficult to find a passage of any writer, claiming respect from position, office, and opportunities, more confused in thought and fuller of fallacy than the following, in which the Bishop discourses of the Declaration of Independence and the equality of men.

"First on this list [of objections to Southern slavery] stand the propositions of the far-famed Declaration of Independence, 'that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' These statements are here called 'self-evident truths.' But, with due respect to the celebrated names which are appended to this document, I have never been able to comprehend that they are 'truths' at all. In what respect are men 'created equal,' when every thoughtful person must be sensible that they are brought into the world with all imaginable difference in body, in mind, and in every characteristic of their social position? Notwithstanding mankind have all descended from one common parent, yet we see them divided into distinct races, so strongly marked that infidel philosophers insist on the impossibility of their having the same ancestry. Where is the equality in *body* between the child born with the hereditary taint of scrofula or consumption, and the infant filled with health and vigor? Where is the equality *in mind* between one who is endowed with talent and genius, and another whose intellect borders on idiocy? Where is the equality in *social position* between the son of the Esquimaux or Hottentot and the heir of the American statesman or British peer?

"Neither am I able to admit that all men are endowed with the *unalienable* right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, because it is manifest that, since 'sin entered into the world, and death by sin,' they are all *alienated*, forfeited, and lost, through the consequences of transgression. Life is *alienated*, not only by the sentence of the law, but by innumerable forms of violence and accident. Liberty is *alienated*, not only by imprisonment, but by the irresistible restraints of social bondage to the will, the temper, the prejudices, the customs, or the interests of others; so that there is hardly an individual to be found, even in the most favored community, who has really the liberty of word and action so confidently asserted as the *unalienable* right of all men. And as regards the 'pursuit of happiness,' alas! what multitudes *alienate* their right to it beyond recovery, not only in the cells of the penitentiary, but in the reckless indulgence of their appetites and passions, in the disgust arising from ill-chosen conjugal relations, in their associations with the profligate and the vile, in the pain and

suffering of sickness and poverty as the results of vice, in the ruin of the gambler, the delirium of the drunkard, the despair of the suicide, and in every other form of moral contamination!

"If it be said, however, that the equality and unalienable rights of all men, so strongly asserted by this famous Declaration, are only to be taken in a *political* sense, I am willing to concede that this may be the proper interpretation of its intended meaning, but I cannot see how it removes the difficulty. The statement is, that 'all men are *created equal*,' and that 'the CREATOR has endowed them with these *unalienable* rights.' Certainly, if the authors of this celebrated document designed to speak only of *political* rights and *political* equality, they should not have thus referred them to the act of creation, because it is perfectly obvious, that, since the beginning of human government, men have been created with all imaginable inequality, under slavery, under despotism, under aristocracy, under limited monarchy, under every imaginable form of political strife and political oppression. In no respect whatever, that I can discover, has the Almighty sent our race into the world with these imaginary rights and this fanciful equality. . . . . Where, then, I ask, did the authors of the Declaration of Independence find their warrant for such a statement? It was probably judicious enough to call their propositions 'self-evident truths,' because it seems manifest that no man can prove them." — pp. 7, 8.

That a Christian, that an American, should be found at this day to write in such a manner of a doctrine which lies not only at the foundation of the American system, but is essential in Christianity itself, — the doctrine of the brotherhood of men as the equal children of a common Father, and of their unalienable rights as His children, — is an extraordinary token of the denationalizing and demoralizing effects of subserviency to, and advocacy of, slavery.

"This brings me," says Bishop Hopkins, a little further on, "to the last remarks which I have to present on this famous Declaration. And I respectfully ask my readers to consider them maturely.

"First, then, it seems manifest, that, when the signers of this document assumed that '*all men* were born equal,' they did not take the negro race into account at all. It is unquestionable that the author, Mr. Jefferson, was a slaveholder at the time, and continued so to his life's end. It is certain that the great majority of the other signers of the Declaration were slaveholders likewise. No one can be ignorant of the fact, that slavery had been introduuced into all the Colonies long before, and con-

tinued to exist long after, in every State save one. Surely, then, it cannot be presumed that these able and sagacious men intended to stultify themselves by declaring that the negro race had rights, which nevertheless they were not ready to give them. And yet it is evident that we must either impute this crying injustice to our Revolutionary patriots, or suppose that the case of the slaves was not contemplated." — p. 10.

Did the Bishop know the history of opinion in regard to this matter, he would know that this "crying injustice" *is* to be imputed to our Revolutionary patriots. And there is not a man in America who does not know that this "crying injustice" has been the bitter source of national discord, and is now being expiated by the blood and tears of the whole people. Mr. Jefferson himself admitted, — and his words on this subject may be regarded as expressing the common sentiment of his ablest contemporaries, — Mr. Jefferson himself admitted the gravity of the contradiction between the announcement of the Declaration of Independence in regard to human rights, and the practice of the men who accepted it as the statement of their political creed.

"What a stupendous, what an incomprehensible machine is man," wrote he to M. Démeunier in 1786, "who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose! But we must await with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, — when their groans shall have involved heaven itself in darkness, — doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or, at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality." — *Jefferson's Writings*, Vol. IX. p. 279.

In Luther Martin's well-known Address to the Legislature of Maryland, perhaps the ablest remonstrance against the adoption of the Constitution that was made by any of its opponents, there is a noble passage, in which he condenses the arguments that were used against the adoption by the Convention of the

report of a committee "by which the general government was to be prohibited from preventing the importation of slaves for a limited time, and the restrictive clause relative to navigation acts was to be omitted."

"This Report," he says, "was adopted by a majority of the Convention, but not without considerable opposition. It was said that we had just assumed a place among independent nations, in consequence of our opposition to the attempts of Great Britain to enslave us; that this opposition was grounded upon the preservation of those rights to which God and nature had entitled us, not in particular, but in common with the rest of all mankind; that we had appealed to the Supreme Being for his assistance, as the God of freedom, who could not but approve our efforts to preserve the rights which he had thus imparted to his creatures; that now, when we scarcely had risen from our knees, from supplicating his aid and protection in forming our government over a free people, — a government formed pretendedly on the principles of liberty, and for its preservation, — in that government to have a provision, not only putting it out of its power to restrain and prevent the slave-trade, but even encouraging that most infamous traffic by giving the States power and influence in the Union in proportion as they cruelly and wantonly sport with the rights of their fellow-creatures, ought to be considered as a solemn mockery of, and insult to, that God whose protection we had then implored; and could not fail to hold us up in detestation, and render us contemptible to every true friend of liberty in the world. It was said, it ought to be considered that national crimes can only be, and frequently are, punished in this world by national punishments; and that the continuance of the slave-trade, and thus giving it a national sanction and encouragement, ought to be considered as justly exposing us to the displeasure and vengeance of Him who is equally Lord of all, and who views with equal eye the poor African slave and his American master." — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. I. pp. 373, 374.

From sentiments such as these, expressed with such generous warmth, one turns with a painful shock to the pages of Bishop Hopkins. He closes his attempt to weaken the authority of the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence with a series of extraordinary assertions.

"I have no more to add," he says, "with respect to this most popular dogma of human equality, and shall therefore dismiss it, as fallacious in itself, and only mischievous in its tendency. As it is the stronghold of the ultra Abolitionist, I have devoted a large space to its examination,

and trust that the conclusion is sufficiently plain. Happily, it forms no part of our Constitution or our laws. It never was intended to apply to the question of negro slavery. And it never can be so applied without a total perversion of its historical meaning, and an absolute contrariety to all the facts of humanity, and the clear instruction of the Word of God." — p. 11.

Extraordinary as this passage is, it is surpassed by the next sentences.

"The next objection to the slavery of the Southern States is its presumed *cruelty*, because the refractory slave is punished with corporal correction. But our Northern law allows the same in the case of children and apprentices. Such was the established system in the army and the navy, until very lately. The whipping-post was a fixed institution in England and Massachusetts, and its discipline was administered even to free citizens during the last century. Stripes, not exceeding forty, were appointed to offenders in Israel by Divine authority. The Saviour himself used a scourge of small cords when he drove the money-changers from the temple. Are our modern philanthropists more merciful than Christ, and wiser than the Almighty?" — p. 11.

On this passage no comment is possible, as none is needed. But what is to be thought of a writer who can compare the driving from the temple of those who defiled its courts with the flogging of innocent slaves, the victims of their masters' passions, — who can compare the righteous indignation of the Saviour of men with the murderous barbarities of slavery?

We have not done with the Bishop yet. We must exhibit him still further. The lessons to be drawn from his letter are not exhausted. "You would have all other men slaves," says Milton in answer to Salmasius, "because you find in yourself no generous, ingenuous inclinations; you say nothing, you breathe nothing, but what's mean and servile." Take the following passage as a specimen, not merely of the servile tone of this Bishop, but of the frivolous and quibbling cavils with which he supplies the place of argument: —

"The difference, then, between the power of the Northern parent and the Southern slaveholder is reduced to this, namely, that the master has a *property in the labor of his slave for life*, instead of having it only to the age of twenty-one, because the law regards the negro as being always a child in understanding, requiring a superior mind to

govern and direct him. But, on the other hand, the slave has just as really a *property for life in his master's support and protection*, and this property is secured to him by the same law in sickness and in health, in the helplessness of old age as well as in the days of youthful vigor, including, besides, a comfortable maintenance for his wife and family. Can any rational judgment devise a fairer equivalent?" — p. 13.

"You deserve not the name of man," — we bring again Milton to witness for us, — "that are so cruel and unjust toward those of your own kind; that endeavor as much as in you lies so to bear down and vilify the whole race of mankind, that were made after the image of God, as to assert and maintain that those cruel and unmerciful taskmasters . . . . . are provided and appointed by Nature herself, that mild and gentle mother of us all, to be the governors of those whom they enslave. By which pestilent doctrine of yours, having rendered them more fierce and untractable, you not only enable them to make havoc of, and trample under foot, their miserable subjects, but endeavor to arm them for that very purpose with the law of Nature, and the very constitutions of government, than which nothing can be more impious and ridiculous."

Such was the task undertaken by Bishop Hopkins. Such are the doctrines that he maintains, and that are adopted and sanctioned by the Society for the Diffusion of Political Information. The members of this Society propose — we use their own words — "to promote a sound political education of the public mind." But in distributing this document they venture out of the field of politics. Party spirit affords no justification for bad logic and worse doctrine. A plea for slavery like this by Bishop Hopkins is not primarily a political tract, but is an attack upon the very foundation of morals. If immoral teachings will promote a sound political education, then this tract may justly be circulated for that end; but not till then.

It is not strange that the same weapons used by the adversaries of liberty and of the government in one part of the country should be used by them in another. The New York Society having found Bishop Hopkins's letter of service to the bad cause, the same letter was eagerly seized upon by the Pennsylvania opposition for use as a campaign document during

the recent canvass in that State. In April last several persons in Philadelphia, bearing names which have been respectable, addressed a note to Bishop Hopkins, stating that they had perused his views on the Scriptual aspect of slavery with much satisfaction and profit. "We believe," said they, with what reads like irony, — "we believe that false teachings on this subject have had a great deal to do with bringing on the unhappy strife between two sections of our common country, and that a lamentable degree of ignorance prevails in regard to it"; — and they conclude by asking the Bishop "to favor them with his views on the Scriptural aspect of slavery, and to permit them to make them [his views] public." To this note the Bishop replied, very naturally, that, having seen no reason for changing his opinions, he placed his views as originally published at their service. "I have not found," he says, "in the numerous answers which it [his pamphlet] has drawn forth, any reason for changing my opinion. On the contrary, these answers have only strengthened my conviction as to the sanction which the Scriptures give to the principle of negro slavery, so long as it is administered by the precepts laid down by the Apostles. Such was the universal doctrine of Christian ministers, Christian lawyers, and Christian statesmen, one hundred years ago, with a few exceptions which only prove the rule."

The Bishop's plea for slavery was widely circulated under the auspices of the Democratic State Central Committee in Pennsylvania. It brought scandal not only on himself, but to such degree upon the Christian denomination to which he belonged, that the Bishop and the Episcopal clergy of the Diocese of Pennsylvania united in a Protest, to free themselves from all suspicion of entertaining similar views. They said: "This attempt, not only to apologize for slavery in the abstract, but to advocate it, not only as it exists in the Cotton States, and in States which sell men and women in the open market as their staple product, is, in their judgment, unworthy of any servant of Jesus Christ. As an effort to sustain on Bible principles the States in rebellion against the government in the wicked attempt to establish by force of arms a tyranny under the name of a republic, whose 'corner-stone' shall be the perpetual bondage of the African, it challenges their indignant

reprobation." This remarkable document deserves the more respect and attention from the fact that, in condemning the doctrines of Bishop Hopkins, it, by inference, declared that the men who gave those doctrines the sanction of their names, and who were using them as arguments in a political contest, were blameworthy in no less degree than the Bishop himself. The issue in Pennsylvania was fairly made between slavery and antislavery. Judge Woodward, the Democratic candidate for Governor, planted himself squarely on extreme proslavery ground. Both his own party and the Union party of the State reprinted and distributed a speech delivered at a meeting held in Independence Square, Philadelphia, on the 13th of December, 1860, in which he had indirectly supported the doctrine of secession, apologized for Southern traitors, and had openly defended slavery. He said: —

"And thus it happens that the providence of that good Being who has watched over us from the beginning, and saved us from external foes, has so ordered our internal relations as to make negro slavery an incalculable blessing to us, and to the people of Great Britain. . . . . Do you not see and feel how good it was for us to hand over our slaves to our friends of the South, — how good it was for us that they have employed them in raising a staple for our manufacturers, — how wise it was to so adjust the compromises of the Constitution that we could live in union with them and reap the signal advantages to which I have adverted? We consigned them to no heathen thrall, but to Christian men, professing the same faith with us, speaking the same language, reading the Golden Rule in no one-sided and distorted shape, but as it is recorded, — a rule to slaves as well as masters." — pp. 9, 10.

Toward the conclusion of this speech Judge Woodward declared, that

"We must arouse ourselves and reassert the rights of the slaveholder, and add such guaranties to our Constitution as will protect his property from the spoliation of religious bigotry and persecution, or else we must give up our Constituton and Union. *Events are placing the alternative plainly before us, — Constitutional union, and liberty according to American law; or else, extinction of slave property, negro freedom, dissolution of the Union, and anarchy and confusion.*" — p. 11.

Such doctrines as these sounded strangely under the shadow of Independence Hall, and neither Judge Woodward nor his

ally the Bishop could persuade the people to desert their ancient faith, and to accept the new political proslavery creed. On the 13th of November, 1863, the people declared, by a large majority, that a man professing such doctrines should not be Governor of Pennsylvania.

The Protest of the Pennsylvanian Bishop and clergy had, however, meanwhile drawn out a rejoinder from Bishop Hopkins. In this reply, in the midst of much irrelevant matter, he reaffirms his position, and announces that he shall publish within a few months a full demonstration of the truth wherein he stands. This demonstration will not be of much importance.

We have dwelt thus at length on this disgraceful production, and on this episode in the politics of Pennsylvania, because they afford an illustration of political and moral conditions likely soon to become obsolete. But it will be important hereafter justly to understand them, not only in order to appreciate the disastrous effect upon Northern political sentiment and action of the alliance between the slave interest and the so-called Democratic party, but also in order to comprehend the last aspects of the long contest at the North between the spirit of Liberty and that of Slavery.*

The Society which could circulate Bishop Hopkins's Plea for Slavery to promote sound political education, were ready for any treachery against the principles of our national life. In August last it issued a new defence of slavery, written by its President, Professor Morse. His essay is what he terms an Ethical Disquisition, and its main object is to show, not only that slavery is a social relation divinely ordained, but that to pronounce it a sin is a "sacrilegious dogma," and that to attempt to remove it is sacrilege itself. The literary style and the method of this performance are very suitable to its doctrine. It is, if possible, a more worthless and shallow pro-

* As this article passes through the press, a new illustration appears of the regard in which Bishop Hopkins's services to the proslavery party are held. On the 10th of December the House of Representatives at Washington "proceeded to the election of a Chaplain. Right Rev. Bishop Hopkins, author of the Bible View of Slavery, received fifty-five votes. Rev. W. H. Channing, of the Unitarian Church, received eighty-six votes. Mr. Channing was then declared elected."

duction than Bishop Hopkins's proslavery tract. Here is Professor Morse's view of the social system ordained by God.

"What, then, is the Social System which God has ordained?

"It consists of four distinct, clearly defined, but co-operative relations, thus laid down in the New Testament:

"First. CIVIL GOVERNMENT, in which the relation of *Ruler* and *Ruled* is ordained.

"Second. The MATRIMONIAL; in which the relation of *Husband* and *Wife* is ordained.

"Third. The PARENTAL; in which the relation of *Parent* and *Child* is ordained. And

"Fourth. The SERVILE; in which the relation of *Master* and *Slave* is ordained.

"Now, here we have drawn out by the pen of inspiration a perfect social system, the Divine plan adapted to man as a fallen being, in his disciplinary state; that is to say, to man as he is. Let us examine its structure.

"In these four relations we discover several significant traits. They are seen to be *co-operative*, they each perform an essential part in the discipline of man, and act conjointly, each in its own sphere, to produce the same great result which the mission of the Saviour was intended to produce, to wit, the establishment of *Obedience* in the soul of man. There is a unity of purpose in this arrangement which reveals the mind and hand of the same Divine Author." — p. 8.

"Have those," he continues, "who pronounce slavery to be sin, actually considered the fearful responsibility they incur by the utterance of such a reckless, and, we will say, such a sacrilegious dogma? Will the advocates of this dogma tell us on what principle they endeavor to sustain the validity of civil government, the matrimonial relation, and the parental relation, as ordinances of God, in each of which the essential idea of slavery, *obedience to a superior*, is inherent, and then single out the fourth relation, — the servile relation, — which, by Divine command, is as distinctly and unqualifiedly regulated and made as much a component part of the social system as the others, and not only deny it to be an ordinance of God, but declare it to be sinful?" — p. 8.

"How can we account for this monomania in regard to slavery, which has seized upon so many otherwise sane minds? It must be that most, if not all, of those so fierce in denouncing slavery, are deceived by an imaginary monster, dressed up by their imaginations with every attribute that is hideous and revolting, and which can excite disgust and horror; to them, slavery, tyranny, and oppression are synonymous, and

in their speeches, sermons, and prayers they are convertible terms, and are thus indiscriminately used. They have made a man of straw, and, with all the visionary enthusiasm of a Quixote, are fiercely bent on a valiant encounter with this phantom, the creation of their own heated fancy. Is it possible to reason with men thus exalted? Will they calmly, as well as boldly, look this phantom full in the face? If they will, they cannot but perceive that those traits which have excited their horror, seen through the mist with which a proud infidel philosophy has enveloped them, are altogether *extrinsic and accidental*, it is not the slavery of the Bible, nor of the Southern States, but a creature of their own imagination, clothed in a frightful livery, which has, studiously and persistently for years, been made up for it, from the *abuses* of the system." — p. 9.

Yes! the traits which have excited horror are altogether extrinsic and accidental, are not traits of the slavery of the Southern States! The sales by public auction of men and women, the overworking and whipping and branding of men and women, the breeding of children for profit, the subjection of the slave to the passions of his master, are altogether extrinsic and accidental, are not characteristic of Southern slavery. Mr. Olmsted has made a man of straw. Mrs. Kemble has drawn from her imagination. Jefferson in denouncing slavery was fired with the visionary enthusiasm of a Quixote. General Ullmann saw through a mist of proud, infidel philosophy, when he wrote from New Orleans, June 6, 1863, to Governor Andrew: "Every man [freed negro] presenting himself to be recruited strips to the skin. My surgeons report to me that not one in fifteen is free from marks of severe lashing. More than one half are rejected because of disability from lashing with whips, and the biting of dogs on calves and thighs. It is frightful. Hundreds have welts on their backs as large as one of your largest fingers." But all this is extrinsic and accidental! If facts give the lie to Professor Morse, let him settle it with them. But there is nothing, says Sainte-Beuve, so brutal as a fact.

But it is not enough for Professor Morse to declare the mildness and beauty of Southern slavery. He must show also that it is salutary and benevolent. He says: —

"The servile relation is a *government* adapted to just such a race

[a weak and degraded race]; and God, in his wisdom and far-sighted benevolence, has ordained that despised and vilified *relation* as the means of bringing that race home to himself. This is the Bible theory, and the experience of the day sustains it in both aspects of the question. When the relation of master and slave is left to its natural workings, under the regulations divinely established, and unobstructed by outside fanatic busybodyism, the result, on the enslaved and on society at large, is salutary and benevolent. When resisted, as it is by the Abolitionism of the day, we have only to look around us to see the horrible fruits, in every frightful and disorganizing and bloody shape." — p. 17.

"It is not slavery," he cries, "it is Abolitionism, that is our national sin, and a sin flagrant enough, too, to call down the judgments under which we suffer." (p. 17.) With a logic worthy of the resolutions of a Democratic convention, he declares: "No one who examines, even in the most cursory manner, the aspect of public affairs, but must perceive that it is this *war upon slavery*, and not *slavery*, which is the apple of discord in church and state." (p. 18.)

Alas for the President of the Diffusionists! we fear it is *only* those "who examine affairs in the most cursory manner" who will assent to his conclusion. There is much more of this same sort in this ethical and immoral argument, but we will make but one more quotation from it, — the awful prophecy with which the essay concludes.

"When you see, as you inevitably will, the fruit of your folly, in your war on providential arrangements, and of your obstinate, blind resistance of God's plan for elevating these degraded beings, then will come the bitter memories of the counsels of statesmen and Christians rejected, of warnings despised, 'the name of God and his doctrine blasphemed,' vain regrets for the best blood of the country poured forth like water, and for the millions of treasure worse than wasted in fraternal strife. Awaking from the delusive dream of a hollow freedom, the figment of infidelity, you will find those chains which a false philanthropy had, in imagination, seen fettering the negro, in sad reality fastened upon your own limbs; the boasted liberty and equality which Abolition fanaticism had forced upon the slave turned into disastrous license and hopeless debasement; the country divided, ruined, — the scorn, the sport, and the prey of foreign powers; your own freedom a glittering shadow of the past, and your necks in the dust under the iron heel of military rule. This is the dark programme for a day of fasting and repentance, when

Abolitionism has done its work, and God shall write the doom of the country in letters of blood, for the warning of the world: THIS IS THE NATION THAT PROUDLY DARED TO DEFY MY WISDOM, AND CALL MY ORDINANCES SIN!"

Anything that we could add would but weaken the force of this tremendous conclusion. A prophet like Professor Morse cannot be very miserable. There is scarcely a position more flattering to the self-conceit of a weak man, than that of a prophesier laughed at by the community, but supported in his self-assumed character by the applause of a small coterie of individuals feeble as himself. He consoles himself for the general neglect by an appeal to the future. If the progress of events contradict his predictions, he is ready with new prophecies of woe. But it is an unsafe thing to invoke the future in support of wrong, and to claim God as on the side of inhumanity.

Already the Society for the Diffusion of Political Information is exanimate, though not extinct, and its pleas for slavery and State rights are ready to be labelled and put away among the curiosities of the past, mere shameful memorials of political and moral error. Its character and brief course remind one of Burke's famous figure of the grasshoppers. "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, it is not to be imagined that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

It will very soon be unprofitable for any political party, however unscrupulous, to undertake the patronage of slavery. The current of freedom is setting southward with such force as to sweep away all the puny obstacles with which craft or selfishness may endeavor to stem its course. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from Maryland to Missouri and Louisiana, through all the Border States, and through those districts exempted from the application of the proclamation of emancipation, a determination prevails, and is every day gathering new

and irresistible strength, that slavery shall cease. The lessons of the war have not been lost upon those who have experienced its sufferings and sorrows. They see that the Union cannot be restored as long as slavery exists; that union and freedom are inseparable, and that one is not to be had without the other. And this spirit is not confined to the Border States. As our armies advance, and the former Slave States are gradually once more brought into subjection to the power of the nation, the same spirit will manifest itself among their people. Already the chief obstacle to a speedy and firm reconstruction of the Union is shattered. Liberty is the bond of a new and indissoluble union, the foundation of a true nationality.

For, whatever theories of reconstruction be proposed, whatever perplexities of administration may accompany the new order of things, whatever difficulties may attend the return of the seceded States to the privileges and the peace of the Union, — the great question that underlies all others, and by the solution of which other questions are rendered easy to solve, is already settled. No State comes back with slavery to the Union. The nation, acting by the President, has emancipated the slaves; liberty has been promised to them, and "the promise, having been made, must be kept." But more than this, the nation, thinking, speaking, acting for itself, has resolved that henceforth all men within its borders shall be free and equal in the possession of their inalienable rights; and these rights it will maintain at any cost against those who deny or impugn them.

When peace shall thus be restored, and settled upon that foundation of justice which will render it secure and immutable, the sophistries and the immoralities of the defenders of slavery will sink into the oblivion they deserve. Then we may hope for a nobler code of political morals, for truer conceptions of the nature of the American Constitution, and for heartier and more faithful devotion to the principles from which our institutions derive their worth, their power, and their endurance.

ART. VI. — *Life and Letters of* JOHN WINTHROP, *Governor of the Massachusetts-Bay Company at their Emigration to New England*, 1630. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. 8vo. pp. xii. and 452.

IT is not often that the life of a distinguished man can be written, more than two centuries after his death, from inedited papers which have remained in the family archives for six or seven generations, untouched and wellnigh forgotten. But this piece of good fortune has fallen to the author of the volume now before us, the latest and best biographer of our Governor Winthrop. The first thought of writing his ancestor's life, as we learn from the introductory chapter, occurred to him shortly after his return from a visit to the ancient family seat at Groton, in Suffolk, England. While he was there, he made some inquiries respecting the family, in order to ascertain how far their personal history was known in a place where his ancestors had been for many years lords of the manor. In answer to his questions he was told, among other strange things, that the Winthrops were regicides, who had fled from their native country to escape the punishment of their crime. Inspired in part by the absurdity of this tradition to render an act of filial justice to his progenitors, and in the belief that the time had come for the publication of a more minute and satisfactory account of the life and character of John Winthrop than any which had hitherto appeared, he at once set about the preparation of such a memoir. Considerable progress was made in the execution of this design; and some of the chapters in the volume now published are printed in the precise form in which they were written, fifteen or sixteen years ago. The work was then laid aside, under the pressure of other duties and responsibilities; and it was not resumed until the author's return from a second visit to England in 1860. About this time an immense mass of family papers came into Mr. Winthrop's possession on the death of a kinsman residing at New London, in Connecticut, where they had remained undisturbed through several generations. To the examination of these papers he devoted himself with the zeal of an antiquary,

stimulated as he proceeded by the gratifying discovery that they throw a flood of light on the private life and character of his eminent ancestor.

The result of his labor appears in the very interesting volume before us, in which Mr. Winthrop has, wherever it was possible, allowed the Governor to tell his own story in his own words, thus giving to the memoir much of the charm of an autobiography. At the same time, he has connected the letters and other documents with which his volume is abundantly enriched by a very clear and admirably written narrative, and has further illustrated them by short explanatory notes, wherever such elucidation is required. Beside the letters and other papers now printed for the first time, our author has also inserted in his narrative such of the letters in the Appendix to Mr. Savage's edition of "The History of New England" as are available for his present purpose. In the new letters the original spelling has been retained, while in those first published by Mr. Savage it is modernized, so that every reader will be able at a glance to determine whether any paper is new or has already appeared in print.

In the volume now before us Mr. Winthrop has brought his selection from the Governor's correspondence down to the period of his embarkation for America: for the illustration of the latter part of his ancestor's life, there remain among the family papers some original letters and other documents which will probably be given to the public hereafter in a second volume. Meanwhile this volume exhibits, in the most ample and satisfactory manner, the circumstances under which Winthrop's character was formed and developed, and "displays, in greater detail, perhaps, than can be found anywhere else, not merely his outward life, but his inmost thoughts and motives and principles." Availing ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded, we design in the present article to give some account of the early life of Governor Winthrop, to show how far his previous training had qualified him to be the chief in the settlement of a new country, and to trace to their source in a well-developed Christian character the admirable qualities which he afterward exhibited as Governor of the Massachusetts-Bay Colony.

The name of Winthrop may be found in county records and

other documents as far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century; but it is not until a much later period that we have any positive information concerning that branch of the family from which John Winthrop was derived. From an early period in their history they appear to have resided in the county of Suffolk, on the eastern coast of England, and to have been possessed of some landed property. It was probably, however, with the view of improving his fortune, that Adam Winthrop, the grandfather of John Winthrop, went up to London at the age of seventeen, and bound himself as an apprentice to a clothier or clothworker in that city. Here he rose to wealth and influence, being chosen in 1551 Master of the Clothworkers' Company, one of the most famous of the London guilds. After the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., he received a grant of the manor of Groton in the county of Suffolk, formerly belonging to the monastery of Bury St. Edmond's. In this obscure little village, which has since acquired so much interest for every student of our colonial history, he probably spent a part of every year during the latter portion of his life; and here he was buried on his death, in 1562, at the age of seventy-four. His portrait, which has been engraved for the volume before us, represents a person of strongly marked features, with a serious and somewhat stern expression, indicating, as it should seem, a resolute will and a fearless temper.

His youngest son, also named Adam, was a scarcely less noticeable person, and was born in London on the 10th of August, 1548. Few particulars of his early life have come down to our time; but it is certain that his education was not neglected, and, as both of his parents died before he was seventeen, it is not unlikely that his moral and intellectual training was watched over by his elder sister, Lady Mildmay, who was evidently a woman of marked ability. Of his later life we have some very curious and interesting glimpses in "The Life and Letters of John Winthrop," especially in the Appendix, which consists of extracts from a diary kept by him for many years, and now first printed, with some extracts from the family almanacs. His profession was that of a lawyer, but he never rose to distinction at the bar, and his practice could not have been very extensive, if we may judge

by the small amount of his "gaynes in law" during the year 1594, — only seven or eight pounds, as appears from his own record. After this period he resided for the greater part of the time at Groton, and devoted himself mainly to agricultural pursuits. For many years he held the office of Auditor at Trinity College, Cambridge, and during the whole or a part of the same period he was also Auditor of St. John's College. His diary shows him to have been a man of strong religious principles, punctual in the discharge of his various duties, and of much general information; and he had, moreover, "some humble pretensions as a poet." His verses, indeed, which have been preserved among the family papers or in the British Museum, possess little merit, and are chiefly of interest for the light which they throw on his personal character. He was twice married; and by his second wife, the daughter of Henry Browne of Edwardston, clothier, he had five children, four daughters and one son, John Winthrop, afterward Governor of Massachusetts. He died at Groton in 1623, at the age of seventy-five.

His third child, and only son, was born at Edwardston on the 12th of January, 1587, Old Style, or the 22d of January, 1588, according to our present method of computing time. Of the first fifteen or sixteen years of young Winthrop's life we know almost nothing; and, from the failure of previous inquirers to find his name on the books of either of the great Universities, it has been commonly supposed that he did not enter college. But among the new facts for which we are indebted to the researches of his descendant is a memorandum showing that he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 8th of December, 1602; and there is also evidence that he continued at the University for about a year and a half. While he was at Cambridge he was attacked by a slow fever, from which he suffered severely, and which produced a marked effect on his character. "Being deprived of my youthful joys," he says in a record of his Christian experience drawn up many years afterward, "I betook myself to God, whom I did believe to be very good and merciful, and would welcome any that would come to him, especially such a young soul, and so well qualified as I took myself to be; so as I took pleasure

in drawing near to him." The early termination of his college life, however, was probably owing, not to ill-health, but to his marriage, which took place at Great Stambridge on the 16th of April, 1605, when he was but little more than seventeen. The lady whom he had thus early chosen as his wife was Mary, the daughter and sole heir of John Forth, Esq., of Great Stambridge, in the county of Essex. She was about four years older than her husband; but, as her family possessed both wealth and influence, the disparity of years was easily overlooked. By his marriage he acquired "a large portion of outward estate"; and to the associations to which it introduced him he attributes still greater benefits. "About eighteen years of age," he says, in the record of his religious life already cited, "being a man in stature and understanding, as my parents conceived me, I married into a family under Mr. Culverwell's ministry in Essex; and, living there sometimes, I first found the ministry of the word come home to my heart with power (for in all before I found only light); and after that I found the like in the ministry of many others, so as there began to be some change, which I perceived in myself, and others took notice of." His chief satisfaction was now found in the contemplation of heavenly things, and in the assiduous performance of the various duties of a Christian life. Such, indeed, was his insatiable thirst after the word of God, as he tells us, that he "could not miss a good sermon, though many miles off, especially of such as did search deep into the conscience."

Not long after his marriage, according to the family tradition preserved by Cotton Mather, he was made a justice of the peace; and in October, 1609, he held his first court at Groton Hall, "doubtless in consequence of his having attained his majority in the early part of that year," says his biographer. Of the next six or eight years of his life we have few details, except such as relate to his spiritual growth and experience. His wife, who died in June, 1615, bore him six children, three sons and three daughters, the eldest of whom, John Winthrop, Jr., became Governor of Connecticut, and is aptly described by Mr. Savage, in a note to "The History of New England," as "the heir of all his father's talents, prudence, and virtues,

with a superior share of human learning." None of Winthrop's letters to his first wife have been preserved; and there is only one short note to her "sweet husband" among the family papers. It is of little importance, and throws no light on a character of which every reader would be glad to know more.

Six months after the death of his wife, Winthrop married again. His second wife was Thomasine, the daughter of William Clopton, Esq., of Castleins, near Groton, a representative of one of the oldest and most respectable families in England. She appears to have been a person of much worth of character, of deep religious convictions, and of a tender and affectionate nature; and her husband may well have looked forward to many years of domestic happiness. But his second experience of married life was suddenly terminated by her death, in a little more than a year after their marriage. A curious and instructive account of her sickness, drawn up by her husband at the time, has been preserved among the family papers, and is printed for the first time in the "Life and Letters." In it, as Winthrop's biographer remarks, "the hopes and fears, the prayers and watchings, the wandering thoughts and delirious fancies, 'the temptations of the enemy,' the parting words, the passing bell, the last sighs and tears, are all recounted with a pathos and a vividness which almost make us witnesses of the scene and partakers of the sorrow." The whole narrative affords new and striking evidence of the strength and tenderness of Winthrop's nature; but it is too long for quotation in full, and it would be impossible by any extracts to give a just idea of its singular beauty. The closing passage, however, in which the writer briefly delineates his wife's character, may be separated from the rest of the account, and is without doubt a just tribute to her memory.

"She was a woman wise, modest, lovinge, & patient of iniuries; but hir innocent & harmeles life was of most observation. She was truly religious, & industrious therein; plaine hearted, & free from guile, & very humble minded; never so adicted to any outward thinges (to my iudgm^{t}) but that she could bringe hir affections to stoope to Gods will in them. She was sparinge in outward shewe of zeale, etc. but hir constant love to good christians, & the best things, wth hir reverent & carefull attendance of Gods ordinances, bothe publiqe & private, wth hir

care for avoydinge of evill hirselfe, & reprovinge it in others, did plainly shewe that truthe, & the love of God, did lye at the heart. Hir lovinge & tender regard of my children was suche as might well become a naturall mother: ffor hir carriage towards myselfe, it was so amiable & observant as I am not able to expresse; it had this onely inconvenience, that it made me delight too muche in hir to enjoye hir longe."

Covering nearly the whole of this portion of his life, and extending over many pages of the "Life and Letters," we have a minute and deeply interesting account of his religious experience, now printed for the first time. Unlike the "Christian Experience" already referred to, which was not written until several years after his arrival at Boston, this record is in the form of a journal, and gives an exact description of the writer's feelings at the very period when each part was written. It begins on the 2d of February, 1606, — only ten days before the birth of his eldest son, — and comes down, with but few interruptions, to April, 1620; and there are some entries of a later date. Many passages are characterized by that eloquence and fervor which we find in the best religious writings of the seventeenth century; and throughout it breathes the spirit of sincere and earnest piety. Sometimes, indeed, the writer describes himself, in the language of that age, as utterly base and fallen; but not seldom we have glowing pictures of the peace and joy experienced only through communion with God. As a history of his inner life during the period in which character is forming and principles are becoming fixed, it possesses an especial value; and no one can read it without recognizing its importance as an autobiographical fragment. In reading it, we are more than ever before impressed by Winthrop's peculiar qualifications for the important duty afterward assigned to him; and even in the most cursory examination, it will be seen how largely his subsequent life was affected by his early religious struggles and aspirations. In one passage, probably written not long after the death of his second wife, he describes the consolations which he derived from prayer and religious reading after that sad event, so that "I founde in one fortnight such an abundant recompense of my losse, as I might saye wth the prophet, O Lord! thou hast caused my ioye to surmount my griefe an

100 foulde." In another passage, written at a little later period, he speaks of his frequent conflicts with the world and the flesh, and triumphantly adds: "Come life, come deathe; come healthe, come sicknesse; come good reporte or evill reporte; come ioye, come sorrowe; come wealthe, come povertie; come what may, I will never yield me a prisoner to these enemies, I will never be reconciled unto them, I will never seeke their wealthe nor prosperitie all the dayes of my life; for I knowe that if I enter friendship wth them, they will cause me to eate of their sacrifices, & so wthdrawe my hearte from my God to runne roaminge after them & to committ Idolatrye wth them." And in another and still more noticeable passage, he records that, "havinge been longe wearied wth discontent for want of suche imployment as I could find comfort & peace in, I founde at last that the conscionable & constant teachinge of my familye was a speciall businesse, wherein I might please God, & greatly further their & mine own salvation, w^{ch} might be as sufficient incouragement to my studye & labour therein as if I were to teache a publick Congregation; for as to the pleasing of God it was all one, & I perceived that my exercise therein did stirre up in me many considerations & much life of affection, w^{ch} otherwise I should not so often meet wth; so as I purpose, by Gods assistance, to take it as a chiefe parte of my callinge, & to intende it accordingly." On one occasion, while "lookinge over some lettres of kindnesse that had passed between my first wife & me, & beinge thereby affected wth the remembrance of that entire & sweet love that had been sometymes between us," he is led to meditate on the love between Christ and his own soul; and on several other occasions we find him writing in a similar strain. The simplest acts of his daily life, as well as the painful experiences of sickness and sorrow, turned his thoughts toward the unseen world. Still it was only through a various experience of fear and hope, of depression and triumphant confidence, of trembling doubt and assured faith, that he ultimately attained inward peace. As he somewhere writes in this journal, "Sometymes my faithe hathe been so deadhearted in the promises as no meanes could quicken me up to apprehende the mercies of God, although but in the ordinarye sence of

my sines. At an other tyme againe God hathe lett in upon my heart suche a floud of mercie as in the quickest sight of sinne that ever I had I could not have been brought to make question of pardon." But at all times, when he was struggling with painful doubts as well as when he was rejoicing in hope, we see how deep was his sense of religious obligations, and how earnestly he was striving to bring his outward life into harmony with his own settled convictions of duty. It is seldom that we have so minute a record of any man's spiritual conflicts; and there are probably few persons whose inmost thoughts and aspirations could be thus exposed to the cold eye of criticism without sinking them somewhat in the general estimation. In the case of Winthrop the result will be different; and these revelations, evidently meant for no eye but his own, will add new honor to his memory by the light which they throw on his life and character.

Meanwhile, in the early part of 1618, Winthrop again married,—his third wife being Margaret, daughter of Sir John Tyndal, Knight, of Great Maplested, in the county of Essex. Of this lady much more is known than of either of his other wives; and many of her husband's letters to her, as well as some of her answers, have been preserved. Some of them have been already printed in the Appendix to Mr. Savage's edition of "The History of New England," and others are now given to the public for the first time. They are among the best specimens of epistolary composition in our language, and present a charming picture of domestic peace and joy. Few marriages can have produced greater happiness to both parties than was experienced by Winthrop and his wife during the next twenty-five or thirty years; but the new alliance was not contracted without serious opposition on the part of the bride's family and friends. Two letters addressed to her by her future husband before their marriage have recently come to light, in the first of which he urges his suit with great warmth, and combats the objections apparently urged against him on the ground of the smallness of his fortune. In the course of the letter, which is very long, and largely occupied with references to the Scriptures, he writes somewhat quaintly with regard to her acceptance of him in spite of the opposition of her friends.

"But nowe doe I knowe that thou lovest me, & heerby we may bothe be fully assured that this thinge comethe of the Lorde: Therefore it is my desire to confirme thy heart in this resolutiō; not that I feare any change (farre be suche a thought from me) but for that I wishe thee a large additiō of comfort to thy constancie, w^{ch} may molifie & heale up the scarres of such wounds as may yet remaine of thy late conflicte. And now I will take lib^{tie} to deale freely wth thee since there is no need of persuasiō, nor any feare of suspitiō of flaterye; & let me tell thee that as thou hast doone worthyly & Christianly, so thou hast doone no otherwise than became thee being one professinge to feare God & beleeve in him: for (what so ever I am or may be, yet) beinge, in thy accompt, a servant of God & one that thou mightest well hope to be furthered to heaven by (Amen I say), & beinge offred unto thee by God, & thy selfe beinge as warrantably called to embrace the opportunitye as a woman might be, I see not how thou couldst have had peace to thine owne heart if thou hadst refused it; but thou mightest iustly have feared least, for wthdrawinge thy heart from God & leaninge to thine owne reason, he should have given thee over to some suche matche as should have proved a plauge to thy soule all thy dayes."

And he closes by bidding her to be patient and hopeful.

"Whatsoever shall be wantinge of that w^{ch} thy love deserves, my kindest affection shall endeavour to supplie, whilst I live, & what I leave unsatisfied (as I never hope to be out of thy debt) I will sett over to Him who is able, & will recompence thee to the full: & for the present, I wish thee to followe the prophets exhortatiō Psal: 27. 14. Waite on the Lord, be of good courage, & he shall strengthen thyne heart; Waite I say on the Lorde."

In the second letter he offers some suggestions as to her bridal apparel, which, one would think, could scarcely have been acceptable to her, and which probably would not be very pleasing to most ladies at the present day. But, as his biographer justly observes, "the Scriptural allusions and applications which are introduced so abundantly into this letter are still more remarkable." They are even more frequent here than in any of his other letters, and they show at once the writer's familiarity with the Bible, and the smallness of the distinction then made as to the canonical value of its different books, since most of its references are to the "Song of Solomon." This singular production appears to have been a favorite with Winthrop, and he often quotes from it, but nowhere else so copiously as in this letter.

After his marriage Winthrop passed a considerable part of each year in London in the practice of his profession as a lawyer, and in closely watching the course of public affairs. During these frequent periods of absence he seems to have lost no opportunity of communicating with his family; and his numerous letters to his wife and his eldest son, though often brief and hurried, reveal great strength and depth of affection. They seldom mention political transactions, and add few facts to what was already known of his personal history; but they will be read with interest for their unconscious delineation of his character as a husband and father, and in one or two instances we gather from them a satisfactory solution of some obscure statement in letters heretofore published. Thus, in a letter of uncertain date, first printed by Mr. Savage, he informs his wife: "My office is gone, and my chamber, and I shall be a saver in them both. So, as I hope, we shall now enjoy each other again, as we desire. The Lord teach us to improve our time and society to more use for our mutual comfort, and the good of our family, etc., than before." To what office reference was here made has been a matter of doubt; but from one of the letters now brought to light we learn that in the latter part of the year 1626 a vacancy occurred in one of the attorneyships of the Court of Wards, for which he was advised by his friends to make immediate application. He was then at Groton, but he seems to have hastened at once to London to take the necessary steps for procuring the desired appointment. In this he was successful; and it is now known that he held the office until a short time before he left England. The family papers show that he had a large business as a lawyer, and, from the number of cases named in them, it is certain that he must have derived a considerable income from this source. His practice, however, was not confined to the courts, and there is good reason to believe that he was sometimes employed to draft bills for enactment by Parliament.

A few extracts from his familiar correspondence during this period will exhibit its general character better than any minute criticism, and at the same time show how entirely his religion had become a part of his daily life. Our first extract is a letter to his wife, written about three years after their marriage.

"To my most lovinge & deare wife Mrs Margt Winthrop at Groton in Suffolk.

"My dearly beloved Wife, — the blessinge of or heavenly father be upon thee & all ors: & he who hath preserved & prospered us hitherto, wthout or meritts of his free goodnesse, continue us in his favour, & the comfort of each others Love, unto or last & most happie change. I trust by the blessinge of God to be restored safe to thee on Saturdaye next: for my heart is at home, & specially wth thee my best beloved, yet the businesse I came for is come to no passe, & there is cause to feare lest it will not be effected this week: therefore be not over confident of my returne untill tuesdaye next weeke: but I hope I shall write to thee againe if I be likely to staye. Or freinds heere are all in healthe: I am much streightened in tyme, & therefore cañot satisfye my selfe in writinge as I desire, gather the rest out of thyne owne faithfull assurance of my Love: so wth the sweetest kisses, & pure imbracinges of my kindest affection I rest

"Thine "John Winthrop.

"Remember my dutye to parents & loveinge salutations to suche good freinds as thou knowest I desire, etc.

"London. May 9: 1621."

Three years afterward we find him writing to her in the same affectionate tone, and with the same longing to be again united with his family.

"My most sweet heart, — I received thy kinde Lettre, wch was truely wellcome to me, as a fruit of that love wch I have (& shall ever) esteemed above silver & golde, & cannot but reioyce more in so kind a testimonie of it, then in the richest present thou couldst have sent me. Now blessed be the Lo: our good God, who giveth us still matter of comfort in each other & in those wch belonge to us: onely I am greived for our 2 little Lambes, the Lord keepe them & deliver them in his good tyme. If heer be any thinge wch may be good for them I will not forgett them. I prayse God we are all heer in health, & salute thee heartyly, wishinge thee heer ofte if it could be. Newes heer is none certaine. I purpose (if God will) to be at Graces on Saterday at night, & so to be at home on mundaye. In the meane tyme I cease not to cōmende thee & all or familye to the gratious blessinge & protection of or heavenly father, & so wth my dutye to my mother, blessinge to or children, & salutations to all etc, I kisse my sweet wife & remaine allwayes

"thy faithfull husband "John Winthrop.

"Wells bringes downe a trusse.

"London Octob: 30 1624."

In all his letters to his wife there breathes the same tender and affectionate spirit; and from her letters to him we see that his frequent absences from home were equally regretted by both husband and wife. There is scarcely a letter in which he does not express his anxiety to be with his family; while Mrs. Winthrop frequently tells him that she has sent by the carrier "a cupple of capons," some "cyder," or other present from the produce of their farm. The great charm of these letters comes, indeed, quite as much from their affectionate tone as from the perfect simplicity and frankness with which they are written. There is no attempt at fine writing, but each says what will most interest the other to learn. Winthrop himself was evidently fond of writing, and many of his letters are of considerable length: his wife, on the other hand, is generally brief, and doubtless preferred the faithful performance of her household duties to any other occupation. In the letters of both we find abundant evidence of that deep sense of religious obligations of which we have already spoken.

Beside the letters from Winthrop and his wife, there are in the volume several from other members of the family, and a few from persons with whom they were connected only by business or friendship. Some of these letters are of much intrinsic interest; but, as they afford little illustration of the special characteristics which we design to bring into view in this article, it will be more in accordance with our purpose to extract one of Winthrop's letters to his son, while the former was at home, and the latter in London.

"To my lovinge sonne John Winthrop at the three fawnes in the Olde Baylye, London.

"Sonne John, — I prayse God we came home well on thursdaye at night & this daye I was at the Choyce of o^{r} knights at Ipswich; what o^{r} successe was you may knowe by my lettre to either of yo^{r} unckles, as likewise for other affaires. I purpose now to send you up the rest of the writings, w^{ch} Mr. ffeatherston may make use of, as he shall think fitt: I would be lothe to come up before the terme except there be necessitye: yet I thincke to be there about a weeke before, because my horse must be at Houndsloe heathe the 23 of Aprill, & likewise to take order about my removall, w^{ch} I am now (in a maner) resolved of, if God shall dispose for us accordingly: for my charge heere grows verye heavye, &

I am wearye of these io^rnies to & fro, so as I will either remove or putt off my office. I would have you enquire about for a house at Tower hill or some suche open place, or if I cant be provided so neere, I will make tryall of Thistleworthe; I would be neere churche & some good schoole. If you can finde how to sende to yo^r brother Hen: let me knowe that I may provide shoes &c: for him, & for other things I will leave them to y^or care. We are all in good healthe (I prayse God). Deane hathe had the smale poxe, but laye not by it, & Sam̄: was verye sick & in great danger, but God hathe delivered him. Yo^r grandmother & mother salute & blesse you: the Lorde blesse, guide, & prosper you in all yo^r wayes, that you may feare him & cleave to him, & so consecrate yo^r life & youthe to his service, as yo^r life may be of use for his glorye & the good of others. farewell.

"Yo^r lovinge father "Jo: WINTHROP.

"Remember me verye kindly to Capt. Best & his wife, to Capt. Downinge & the rest of that familye (when you see them.) Com̄ende me to M^r. ffeatherston & desire him to prepare his assurance by a weeke before the terme, if he thinke good, & if yo^r host shall require it; otherwise at the beginninge of the terme.

"Looke out amonge the bookesellers in Duck lane, & if you can finde an English bible in 4^to for 7 or 8^s: buye it & sende it downe; & remember the stockfishe.

"FEB: 25. 1627."

This letter has a special interest, as showing that, only two years before his embarkation, Winthrop had little or no thought of coming to New England, though his mind had long been troubled by the sad condition of affairs at home, and that his frequent journeys to London and back again had become insufferably irksome to him. The intention of giving up his residence at Groton, however, was relinquished; and in an undated letter from Mrs. Winthrop to her husband we have an amusing statement of her objections to removing to Thistleworth, or Isleworth, as it is now called. Probably the postponement of the removal until spring, which she recommends with so much good sense, caused its ultimate abandonment; and not long afterward Winthrop began to consider the expediency of seeking a more distant home. In the letter just referred to, Mrs. Winthrop writes: —

"For the matter of which you right about, of takeinge a house at

Thiselworth, I like well in some respect, in regard of the good Minister and good people and teachinge for our children. But I must aledge one thinge, that I feare in your cominge to and fro, lest if you should be ventrus upon the water, if your passage be by water w^{ch} I know not, it may be dangerous for you in the winter time, the wether beinge colde and the waters perilous. And so I shoulde be in continuall feare of you lest you should take any hurt. I did confir with my mother about it and she thinkes you had better take a house in the City, and so come home to your own table and familye; and I am of the same minde, but I shall allwayes submit to what you shal thinke fit. Upon the best consideration I can take, I have resolved to stay heare this winter, in regard that my littel one is very yonge and the wayes very bad to remove such things as wee shall stande in nede of, and we shal leave things very unsetled, and to keepe two famylies will be very chargable to us, And so I thinke it will be our best corce to remove in the springe, and in the meane time commend it to God. It is allredy reported about the countrye that we shal remove and so it will be the lesse strange to them, because they loke for it all ready, and you are to be so much from home."

About the time of Winthrop's proposed removal from Groton, his eldest son, then a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three, was also thinking about a new home, and was seriously considering the propriety of joining Endicott's company in their proposed emigration to New England. The execution of this design seems to have been postponed by the advice of his father, who, in a letter dated April 7, 1628, writes: "For your journey intended, seeing you have a resolution to go to sea, I know not where you should go with such religious company, and under such hope of blessing; only I am loath you should think of settling there as yet, but to be going and coming awhile and afterward to do as God shall offer occasion." After relinquishing this design young Winthrop made a voyage to the Mediterranean, visiting Constantinople, where he passed three months, and returning overland through Italy and Holland. His absence from England lasted more than fourteen months, and it is a striking illustration of the difficulty of postal communication in that age, that during this long period he did not receive a single letter from home, and that he did not hear of his grandmother's death until his arrival in London, four months after that event. So industri-

ous a penman as the elder Winthrop, and one so devoted to his family, could scarcely have failed to write to his son whenever opportunity offered; and the failure of the latter to receive the letters which were doubtless sent has probably deprived us of considerable information respecting an interesting portion of the elder Winthrop's personal history.

The death of his grandmother and of his uncle Fones, which occurred almost simultaneously, one at Groton, and the other in London, were not the only events in the family history during the absence of young Winthrop. About the end of November, 1628, while his father was in attendance on the courts in London, he was taken seriously ill; and such was Mrs. Winthrop's anxiety about her husband's condition, that she set out at once, with no other attendant than a maid-servant, to make the journey from Groton to London, at that time an undertaking of no small difficulty. "I am heere amonge such lovinge friends," he wrote to her, "as will suffer me to want nothinge, especially the Lord beinge pleased to be wth me allso in the favo^{r} & light of his countenance; yet were it not winter, I could want thee; but (my sweet wife) have a little more patience & God will restore me to thee soone: I must persuade and chardge thee not to thinke of cōminge up, for, if it should befall thee other wise than well, it would be worse to me than all this, & much more." Nevertheless she was not to be thus dissuaded; and we cannot doubt that her tender care did much to hasten her husband's recovery. After a short time she returned home, leaving him so much better, that at the beginning of the next term of the court he was able to resume his law business. In a striking passage in his little autograph record of his religious experiences during this "dangerous hote malignant feaver," he ascribes various benefits to his sickness, such as his total relinquishment of the use of tobacco, his experience of the love of his friends and acquaintances, and, above all, the assurance of his salvation. It was only a few months after his own recovery that he was called to lament the deaths of his mother and of his brother-in-law, Thomas Fones, to whom he was warmly attached. Less than two months afterward he was deprived of his attorneyship in the Court of Wards, probably on account of his identification

with the Puritans. The letters which he wrote to his wife under these circumstances are well described by his biographer as "full of the loftiest strain of religious faith and devotional fervor"; but several of the best of them have already been printed by Mr. Savage; and we must content ourselves with giving only one, written after the loss of his office, and showing, we think, that as early as June, 1629, he had begun to consider the question of leaving England for a new home. It is as follows: —

"My good Wife, — Blessed be the Lord o^{r} God for his great mercye still continued to us & o^{rs}. O that we could consider aright of his kindnesse, that we might knowe o^{r} happinesse in being the children of such a father, & so tenderly beloved of the All sufficient, but we must needs complaine. Oh this flesh, this fraile sinfull flesh, that obscures the beauty & brightnesse of so great glorye & goodnesse! I thanke thee for thy most kinde & sweet Lettre, the stampe of that amiable affection of a most lovinge wife: I assure thee, thy labour of love (tho' it be very great) shall not be lost, so far as the prayers & endeavours of a faithfull husbande can tende to requitall. But I must limitt the length of my desires to the shortnesse of my leysure, otherwise I should not knowe when to ende. I trust, in the Lorde, the tyme of o^{r} wished meetinge wilbe shortly, but my occasions are such as thou must have pacience till the ende of next weeke, thoughe I shall strive to shorten it, if possible I maye: and after that, I hope, we shall never parte so longe againe, till we parte for a better meetinge in heaven. But where we shall spende the rest of o^{r} short tyme I knowe not: the Lorde, I trust, will direct us in mercye; my comfort is that thou art willinge to be my companion in what place or conditiō soevere, in weale or in woe. Be it what it may, if God be wth us, we need not feare; his favour, & the kingdome of heaven wilbe alike & happinesse enough to us & o^{rs} in all places. [*torn*] is in London, but I have seen him but twice, I knowe not what he doth nor what he intendeth, I mourne for his sinnes & the miserye that he will soone bringe upon himselfe & his wife. Our freinds here are all in health (God be praysed) & desire to be cōmended to thee, so wth my love & blessinge to o^{r} children, salutatiō to all o^{r} freinds, my brother & sister Gostlin &c, I cōmende thee to the good Lorde & kisse my sweet wife & rest

"Thy faithfull husband "Jo: Winthrop.

June 22. 1629.

"Send me no horses except I send for them."

It is certain, however, that four or five weeks after the date of this letter the subject of emigrating to New England was distinctly before his mind; and in the latter part of July he rode into Lincolnshire with his brother-in-law, Emanuel Downing, apparently by the invitation of Isaac Johnson, to consult with him in reference to this great enterprise. Immediately after the return of John Winthrop, Jr., the plan was communicated to him by his father in a letter which has unfortunately been lost. But the son's answer has long been known to the students of our early history, and is a document which does him much honor. "And for myself," he writes, "I have seen so much of the vanity of the world, that I esteem no more of the diversities of countries, than as so many inns, whereof the traveller that hath lodged in the best, or in the worst, findeth no difference, when he cometh to his journey's end; and I shall call that my country, where I may most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends. Therefore herein I submit myself to God's will and yours, and, with your leave, do dedicate myself (laying by all desire of other employments whatsoever) to the service of God and the Company herein, with the whole endeavors, both of body and mind." In Winthrop's letter was enclosed a paper of "Conclusions," which has not been identified, but the substance of which has doubtless been preserved in at least three different forms; — first, in the "General Considerations for the Plantation of New England, with an Answer to several Objections," printed in Hutchinson's "Collection of Original Papers"; next, in a paper in the handwriting of Forth Winthrop, first published in the volume now before us, and entitled "Reasons to be considered for iustifieinge the undertakeres of the intended Plantation in New England, & for incouraginge such whose hartes God shall move to ioyne wth them in it," with a second part entitled "Diverse obiections w^{ch} have been made against this Plantation, wth their answears & Resolutions"; and lastly, in a paper recently discovered in the State-Paper Office, in London, with the indorsement, "White of Dorchester his instructions for the plantation of New England." Whether Winthrop himself was the author of this important document has been considered doubtful, but his present biog-

rapher is decidedly of the opinion that it was originally prepared by him, and afterward submitted to some of his principal associates, from whom the copies in Hutchinson's Collection and in the State-Paper Office were doubtless obtained. In this opinion we entirely concur; and it is certainly not easy to see how the argument by which it is supported can be answered. Among the Winthrop papers his biographer has found "an original draught of the earlier portion of the paper, with marginal alterations and suggestions, in the handwriting of the elder Winthrop, indorsed, 'For New England, May, 1629,'" and "another portion of the paper in Winthrop's handwriting, distinctly indorsed, 'Objections Answered, *the first draught*,' together with still other autograph manuscripts of his, which were evidently preparations for the same composition." In view of these discoveries, the question of authorship must be regarded as settled beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt on the subject.

Beside this document, two shorter papers of a similar character have also been found in Winthrop's own handwriting, and are now printed for the first time. The first of them is entitled "Some Gen[l] Conclusions shewinge that persons of good use heere (yea in publike service) may be transplanted for the furtherance of this plantation in N: E:" and briefly sets forth that the work is lawful, that it must succeed by the efforts of persons suited to such an undertaking, and that to them it presents stronger claims than "the betteringe of the Churche" at home. The other paper is entitled "Particular Considerations in the case of J: W:" and is well worth citing in this connection. We give it at length.

"*Particular Considerations in the case of J: W:*

"1: It is come to that issue as (in all probabilitye) the wellfare of the Plantation dependes upon his goeinge, for divers of the Chiefe Undertakers (upon whom the reste depende) will not goe without him.

"2: He acknowledges a satisfactorye callinge, outwarde from those of the Plantation, inwardly by the inclination of his own hearte to the worke, & bothe approved by godly & iuditious Devines (whereof some have the first interest in him), & there is in this the like mediate call from the Kinge, which was to his former imployment.

"3: Though his means be sufficient for a comfortablo subsistence in

a private condition heere, yet the one halfe of them being disposed to his 3: elder sonnes, who are now of age, he cannot live in the same place & callinge with that which remains; his charge being still as great as before, when his means were double: & so if he should refuse this opportunitye, that talent which God hath bestowed upon him for publike service, were like to be buried.

"4: His wife & suche of his children, as are come to years of discreation, are voluntarylye disposed to the same Course.

"5: Most of his friends (upon the former considerations) doe consent to his change."

When these papers were drawn up, it is probable that Winthrop had fully made up his mind to emigrate to New England; and only a few days after the date of his son's letter relative to the "Conclusions," the father's signature was affixed to the memorable Agreement at Cambridge. By this important paper each of the signers, who were twelve in number, bound himself, "in the word of a Christian, and in the presence of God, who is the searcher of all hearts," to be ready to embark for New England, with such of his family as were to accompany him, by the 1st of the following March, "Provided always, that, before the last of September next, the whole Government, together with the patent for the said Plantation, be first, by an order of Court, legally transferred and established to remain with us and others which shall inhabit upon the said Plantation."

One month before this Agreement was entered into, certain propositions had been submitted at a General Court of the Massachusetts-Bay Company by its Governor, Matthew Cradock, with the express design of transferring the government of the plantation to New England, instead of continuing it "in subordination to the Company" in London; and it was doubtless with the view of influencing the final decision of the question that the Agreement was drawn up and signed. At the next General Court of the Company, held two days after the date of this important paper, the Deputy-Governor informed the Court "that the especial cause of their meeting was to give answer to divers gentlemen, intending to go into New England, whether or no the chief government of the Plantation, together with the patent, should be settled in New England, or

here." After some discussion of the subject, two committees were appointed to draw up arguments for and against the proposed transfer, with instructions to report to the full Court on the following morning. This was done, and after an animated debate the Company voted "by erection of hands," "that the government and patent should be settled in New England," and an order was thereupon drawn up for carrying out this vote, perhaps the most important resolution ever adopted by any corporate body. Less than two months afterward, the Court, as the records set forth, "having received extraordinary great commendations of Mr. John Winthrop, both for his integrity and sufficiency, as being one every way well fitted and accomplished for the place of Governor," chose him the first Governor under the new system. Mr. John Humfrey, another signer of the Agreement at Cambridge, was at the same time chosen Deputy-Governor; and eighteen Assistants were also selected, of whom the most prominent were Sir Richard Saltonstall, Isaac Johnson, Thomas Dudley, John Endicott, and William Coddington.

On the very day of the election, Winthrop announced the result to his wife in a letter which is too characteristic of the writer not to be inserted here.

"To my verye lovinge Wife, M^rs^ Winthrop the elder at Groton, Suff^k^

"My deare Wife, — I am verye sorye that I am forced to feed thee w^th^ lettres, when my presence is thy due, & so much desired: but my trust is, that he who hath so disposed of it, will supply thee w^th^ patience, & better comforte in the want of him whom thou so much desirest: The Lord is able to doe this, & thou mayst expect it, for he hath promised it. Seeinge he calls me into his worke, he will have care of thee & all o^rs^ & o^r^ affaires in my absence: therefore I must sende thee to him, for all thou lackest: goe boldly (sweet wife) to the throne of Grace; if anythinge trouble thee, acquainte the Lord w^th^ it; tell him, he hath taken thy husband from thee, pray him to be a husband to thee, a father to thy children, a master to thy householde, thou shall finde him faithfull: thou art not guilty of my departure, thou hast not driven me awaye by any unkindnesse, or want of dutye, therefore thou mayst challenge protection & blessinge of him.

"I prayse the Lorde I am in health & cheerfull in my course, wherein I find God gratiously present, so as we expect, he wilbe pleased to direct & prosper us. We have great advantage because we have many prayers.

"Bee not discouraged (deare heart) though I sett thee no tyme of my returne; I hope it shall not be longe, & I will make no more staye then I needs must.

"So it is that it hath pleased the Lorde to call me to a further trust in this businesse of the Plantation, then either I expected or finde myselfe fitt for, (beinge chosen by the Company to be their Governor). The onely thinge that I have comforte of in it is, that heerby I have assurance that my charge is of the Lorde & that he hath called me to this worke: O that he would give me an heart now to answeare his goodnesse to me, & the expectation of his people! I never had more need of prayers, helpe me (deare wife) & lett us sett o^{r} hearts to seeke the Lorde, & cleave to him sincearly.

"My brother & sisters salute you all: my sonne remembers his dutye to thee, & salutations to all the rest. Comende me kindly to all o^{r} freinds at Groton hall, & to M^{r} Leigh & his wife, my neighbo^{r} Cole & his wife, o^{r} freinds at Castleins & all that love us. So the Lorde blesse thee & all o^{r} children & companye. So I kisse my sweet wife & rest

"thy faithfull husband "Jo: Winthrop.

"Octob: 20, 1629.

"I would faine knowe if thou shalt be like to goe wth me, for thou shalt never have so good opportunity. Let John enq^{r} out 2: or 3: Carpenters: & knowe how many of o^{r} neighbo^{rs} will goe, that we may provide shipps for them."

Immediately after the election Winthrop entered on the discharge of his new duties; and during the autumn and winter he was busily occupied in making the necessary preparations for embarking with a large company as soon as the spring opened. Yet he found time to write many letters to his wife, who remained at Groton while he was in London, all of them breathing the tenderest affection for her, and the most entire trust in God. Several of them have already been printed by Mr. Savage, and we had marked for citation three or four of those which are now first printed; but our extracts have already been so copious, that we have room for only one more. It is, however, one of the most interesting and characteristic of the letters written at this time.

"To my verye loving Wife Mrs. Winthrop the elder at Groton, Suffolk.

"London March 10: 1629.

"Mine owne, mine onely, my best beloved, — Methinkes it is verye longe since I sawe or heard from my beloved, & I misse all-

readye the sweet comfort of thy most desired presence: but the rich mercye & goodnesse of my God makes supplye of all wants: Blessed be his great & holy name. Ah my good wife, we now finde what blessinge is stored up in the favour of the Lorde; he only sweetens all conditions to us, he takes our cares & feares from us, he supports us in our dangers, he disposeth all our affaires for us, he will guide us by his counsell in our pilgrimage, & after will bringe us to glorye.

"John is returned from S: Hampton, where he lefte our boyes well & merrye: & this morninge we are ridinge thither, & from thence I shall take my last farewell of thee till we meet in new E: or till midsomer that it please God our shipps returne. My deare wife be of good courage, it shall goe well with thee & us, the hairs of thy head are numbred, he who gave his onely beloved to dye for thee, will give his Angells charge over thee: therefore rayse up thy thoughts, & be merrye in the Lorde, labour to live by thy Faith; if thou meet with troubles or difficultyes, be not dismayed; God doth use to bringe his children into the streights of the redd sea &c, that he may shew his power & mercye in makinge a waye for them: All his courses towards us, are but to make us knowe him & love him; the more thy heart drawes towards him in this, the freer shall thy condition be from the evill of Affliction.

"Our friends heer are all in health (blessed be God) & desire to be heartyly comended to thee. I am exceedingly beholdinge to my good brother & sister D, I can fasten no recompence upon them for all the chardge my selfe & my company have putt them to. I have received much kindnesse also from my Lady Mildmay & from others, whereof some have been meer strangers to me, the Lord reward them: It doth much incourage us to see, how the eyes & hearts of all good people are upon us, breathinge many sweet prayers & blessings after us. Comende my hearty love to all our friends, I cannot now name them, but thou knowest whom I meane. Nowe I beseech the Lord & father of mercye to blesse thee & all thy companye, my daughter W: Ma: Mat: Sam: Deane, & the little one unknowne, Tho: Am:* & the rest: Tell Am: I am very much beholdinge to her brother, desire her to give him thanks for me: tell my n: Culproke I am beholdinge to his sonne in lawe for oysters he sent me, but could not see him to give him thankes. My deare wife farewell, once againe let us kisse & imbrace, so in teares of great Affection I rest

"Thine ever "Jo: Winthrop."

* "The persons indicated by *Tho:* and *Am:* were undoubtedly his servants Thomas and Amy. The others, previously alluded to, were Henry's wife, his own daughter Mary, Martha Fones (afterwards the wife of his son John), and his sons Samuel and Deane."

On the very day on which this letter was written, Winthrop went down to Southampton to embark for his new home, leaving his wife, his eldest son, and the younger members of the family, to follow in the spring or summer of the next year. But the little fleet had not yet arrived; and so late as the 29th of March, the day with which "The History of New England" opens, most of the vessels were not ready for sea. Nevertheless, on that day Winthrop set sail from the Cowes, as it was then called, in the "Arbella," a ship of three hundred and fifty tons, accompanied by three other ships, the "Talbot," the "Ambrose," and the "Jewell." Their progress, however, was much hindered by storms and adverse winds; and it was not until the 10th of April that they passed the Lizard, and the emigrants took their last lingering look of their old home.

We have thus briefly traced, under the guidance of his accomplished descendant, the personal history of the new Governor, from his birth in an obscure hamlet, now visited by the traveller only from respect to the memory of its illustrious son, through a not very eventful life, down to the period when he bade a final adieu to Old England to become the first man in New England; and have endeavored to show by what influences his character was formed, and under what circumstances his youth and early manhood were passed. If from this point we look back over the first forty years of his life, we shall find abundant reason to rejoice that the chief duty of governing the infant colony was intrusted to such a man. In every relation which he had hitherto been called to sustain, he had preserved an unblemished reputation; and to his growing experience he had added a continually widening influence. A faithful husband, a kind father, an upright magistrate, and a sincere and humble Christian, he had at all times shown himself equal to the demands which the occasion made on him. The courage and the magnanimity, the moderation and the firmness, the forgetfulness of his own interests in his anxiety for the public welfare, and the readiness to forgive personal injuries, by which his course as Governor of the Massachusetts Colony were marked, were only the natural fruits of his previous training and culture. In the full vigor of manhood,

with a mature judgment, a character formed under the best influences, and a various experience, he was placed at the head of an enterprise which required the exercise of all his powers for its successful prosecution. If his physical organization had been less vigorous, or his judgment less ripe, if the religious element had not entered so largely into his character, or if he had had less acquaintance with human nature, the new colony would scarcely have been so early or so firmly established.

From the day on which the "Arbella" left the shores of England, his life becomes a part of the public history of this country, and its details have been often written. In "The History of New England" he has raised a durable monument to his own memory; and in the learned pages of Bancroft and Palfrey, and in the writings of other historians of lesser fame, he holds a conspicuous and honorable place. But on the examination of this part of his career we do not now purpose to enter. Within the last twelve months, new and important light has been shed on the subject by the publication, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of a volume containing several hundred inedited letters, addressed either to John Winthrop or to John Winthrop, Jr., by Cradock, Hugh Peters, Winslow, Endicott, Roger Williams, and others; and one or two more volumes of a similar character may be looked for from the same source. We have also the promise of another volume of the "Life and Letters," which will include considerable new material, and bring the narrative down to his death, — a period of nearly twenty years. Until these materials are available for use, it is scarcely advisable to attempt a new examination of Governor Winthrop's public life; and we therefore reserve what we wish to say on this subject, and a general estimate of his character, for some future opportunity. If the papers and letters hereafter to be published are only half as important and instructive as those now brought to light, our readers will have no occasion to regret the delay.

ART. VII. — 1. *The United States Sanitary Commission. A Sketch of its Purposes and its Work. Compiled from Documents and Private Papers.* Published by Permission. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1863. 16mo. pp. xiii. and 299.

2. *The Sanitary Commission Bulletin.* pp. 32. New York, 1st and 15th of each Month.

3. *The Sanitary Reporter.* pp. 8. Louisville, Ky., 1st and 15th of each month.

4. *Sanitary Commission Documents*, from No. 1 to No. 73.

5. *Medical Papers of the Sanitary Commission*, from A to S.

WE propose in the following article to describe from intimate personal knowledge, and from original documentary sources, the origin, struggles, and principles of the United States Sanitary Commission.

Fort Sumter fell on the 15th of April, 1861. The President's proclamation calling out seventy-five thousand troops for the suppression of an armed rebellion followed, on the 16th. The whole country was aroused, and while the men rushed to arms, the women sprang with equal earnestness to the task of preparing against the time of wounds and sickness in the gathering army. Churches and schools, parlors and bed-chambers, were alive with the patriotic industry of those whose fingers could not rest while a stitch could be set or a bandage torn for the comfort or relief of the soldiers who might soon encounter the enemy in the field. The noblest surgeons and physicians were lecturing in basements and vestries on the best methods of making lint and bandages, and cutting hospital garments. Little circles and associations, with patriotic intent, were springing up everywhere, and all of them were in need of information and guidance.

At a meeting of fifty or sixty ladies very informally called at the New York Infirmary for Women, April 25th, 1861, the providential suggestion of attempting to organize the whole benevolence of the women of the country into a Central Association was ripened into a plan, and a committee was appointed to carry it into immediate effect.

This committee drew up an Address "to the Women of New York, and especially to those already engaged in preparing against the time of wounds and sickness in the army," which was published in all the principal newspapers of the city of New York, calling a public meeting in the Cooper Institute on the morning of April 29th, 1861.

The Address stated the object of the meeting to be the concentration and systemizing of the spontaneous and earnest efforts of the women of the land for the supply of extra medical aid to our army. It urged that "numerous societies, working without concert, organization, or head; without any direct understanding with the official authorities; without any positive instructions as to the immediate or future wants of the army, — were liable to waste their enthusiasm in disproportionate efforts; to overlook some claims and overdo others; while they gave unnecessary trouble in official quarters by the variety and irregularity of their proffers of help, or their inquiries for guidance."

It was urged, that the form which woman's benevolence had taken, and would continue to take, "was, first, the contribution of labor, skill, and money in the preparation of lint, bandages, and other stores, in aid of the wants of the Medical Staff; second, the offer of personal service as nurses"; and that, in regard to both these points, exact official information as to what was wanted in the way of stores, and what would be accepted in the way of nurses, was essential to economy of effort and feeling; and that this information ought to be obtained by a Central Association, and diffused through the country. "To consider this matter deliberately, and to take such common action as may then appear wise, we earnestly invite the women of New York, and the pastors of the churches, with such medical advisers as may be specially invited, to assemble for counsel and action at the Cooper Institute, on Monday morning next, at eleven o'clock." So concludes the Address, which is signed by ninety-one of the best known and most respected ladies of New York.

The meeting was accordingly held, and presented probably the largest council of women ever assembled in this country. It was presided over by D. D. Field, Esq. Rev. Dr. Bellows

explained the objects of the meeting, and was followed in an eloquent speech by Vice-President Hamlin, then understood to be awaiting in New York the possible necessity of transferring the official power of the government to that city, should Washington, with the President and Cabinet, be cut off by the threatening interposition of rebel forces. Dr. Crawford, since Brigadier-General Crawford, who had been at Fort Sumter, followed him. Dr. Wood, of the Bellevue Hospital, offered the services of his associates in the training of nurses. Dr. Valentine Mott and Dr. A. H. Stevens, veteran leaders in the medical profession, both urged the merits of the enterprise. The late Rev. Dr. Bethune eloquently spoke some of the last words he was permitted publicly to utter, at this meeting. Dr. Satterlee, U. S. A., whose name is the synonyme for integrity, and who has expended millions in the national Purveying Department, without ever being suspected of turning, directly or indirectly, a penny to his own account, expressed his earnest good-will to the undertaking. Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, Dr. Church, and others, also raised their voices in the promotion of the effort.

A Committee on Organization was appointed by the chair, who brought in "Articles of Organization," which had already been very carefully prepared, and which, under the name of the "Woman's Central Association of Relief," united the women of New York in a society, whose objects were thus stated: —

"ART. III. The objects of this Association shall be to collect and distribute information, obtained from official sources, concerning the actual and probable wants of the army; to establish a recognized union with the Medical Staff of the Federal and State troops, and to act as auxiliary to their efforts; to unite with the New York Medical Association, for the supply of lint, bandages, &c., in sustaining a central depot of stores; to solicit and accept the aid of all local associations, here or elsewhere, choosing to act through this society; and especially to open a bureau for the examination and registration of candidates for medical instruction as nurses, and to take measures for securing a supply of well-trained nurses against any possible demand of the war."

The venerable and distinguished Dr. Valentine Mott was

appointed President of the Association ; Rev. Dr. Bellows, Vice-President ; G. F. Allen, Esq., Secretary ; and Howard Potter, of Brown, Brothers, & Co., Treasurer.

The Association went into immediate operation, and invited local societies to look to it for guidance. It asked for supplies, collected money, and diligently registered and trained nurses.

The first business, however, of the Executive Committee was to collect reliable information, from the ranking Medical Officer of the United States Army then in New York, in regard to the necessities of the troops. The Chairman of this Committee accordingly sought the Medical Purveyor, armed with the following written questions, which are here given from the original draft. They show that, at the earliest period of this movement, principles were kept in view which have never since been lost sight of, and which have only grown in importance and sway in the mind of the Commission.

Questions put to the Chief Medical Purveyor of the United States Army.

1st Class of Questions.

1. What are the precise functions of the Medical Staff of the army in time of war? and how can medical and volunteer aid be best offered in its service, without interfering with proper discipline and routine?

2. What are the stores and supplies which the government orders and allows the sick or wounded? and is there any deficiency in this army supply which it is desirable to eke out by volunteer aid?

3. What are the most urgent wants of the army in the way of medical stores, which are not within the reach of the Medical Staff?

4. Please furnish a complete list of all wants which the sick and wounded are likely to experience, which are not supplied by the Army Staff.

5. Is it desirable or feasible to have any official understanding with the Medical Bureau at Washington, with General Scott, the Secretary of War, and the President, in regard to the relations of the Military and Medical Staffs and the volunteer associations?

2d Class of Questions.

(Designed to get at the amount of aid which will be required, and the nature of it.)

1. How many men are likely to be in the field during this war? Are not 200,000 certain to be in the field for six months or a year, and 100,000 for three years?

2. What is the recognized percentage of illness in all our armies, independent of climate and position? How does military differ from civil life, or armies from other assemblages of people, in respect of exposure to sickness? Is there a marked difference between regulars and volunteers in respect of sickness?

3. How are armies affected by change of climate and local situation? and what is likely to be the extent and effect of the change to which our army will be subjected?

4. What are the specific diseases to which our army will be exposed?

5. What is the usual proportion in armies of sickness to casualties, wounds, &c., and all other kinds of injury?

6. What was the experience of the Mexican war? How many men were engaged in it? What portion died? What portion were killed? What proportion were ill? How many Northern troops were in the war? How did they stand the climate? What was the case in the Florida war, in all these respects?

7. Have recent wars, at home or abroad, changed the views of army surgeons in regard to military hygiene?

8. Is not the sickness against which we ought to prepare mainly independent of the question of positive battles? Can the probable amount of it not be calculated, its nature anticipated, and means for its alleviation and cure be at once provided? Is not an army of observation liable to more sickness than one in active service?

9. Should not means of prevention be resorted to? and should not these means be sought in an inquiry what part of the anticipated illness is due to necessary, and what part to accidental causes, — what part may be obviated, and what can only be remedied?

10. Are not all such considerations reducible to these?

a. The physical quality of the men sent;

b. The nature of their food and cooking;

c. The quality of their clothing, outfit, and camp habits.

Their climate; their necessary exposure; their liability to malarious, contagious, or camp diseases, cannot be changed. But cannot the percentage of illness and loss be reduced to its minimum, as well as the general efficiency of the army be raised to its maximum, —

1st. By more rigid medical examination of recruits, and all men placed in new regiments? Is not the laxity great at present? Next, by sending back all those who have gone, who, on a re-examination at Washington, are seen to be physically incompetent to the trial before them, supplying their places by fresh men, carefully selected?

2d. Is not the cooking of the regular and volunteer corps capable of a vast practical improvement?

a. What are the present usual regulations or customs in this matter? How is food prepared? and by whom?

Might not cooks of adequate skill, previously tested, or even carefully prepared here, be sent, one with each company, by orders from head-quarters? And would not this diminish, by several per cent, the sickness of the men?

b. Are the surgeons and officers sufficiently attentive to precautionary hygiene? Do they inspect the food, the dress, the sleeping arrangements, the marching preparations, in respect of shoes, head-covering, and other matters? And might not new orders in this direction from the Secretary of War have a great efficacy?

Is there a sufficient and competent medical force usually sent with the regiments? and how are medical volunteers likely to understand military hygiene?

Finally, would not proper cooks sent with the army be better than nurses sent after it, and an adequate attention given to inspection of recruits and hygiene be even more efficient and useful than any amount of remedy?

11. Will any quantity of excellent advice to recruits and volunteers, or any amount of receipt-books and cooking-apparatus, be of practical use, unless made compulsory by actual

enforcement from head-quarters or the Secretary of War? And how can their attention be best secured?

To these numerous questions the Medical Purveyor returned the kindest and most patient verbal answers. It was, however, perfectly obvious, that, while, as a warm patriot and a gallant man, he rejoiced in the enthusiastic uprising of the women of the land, as a member of the Medical Staff and a Medical Purveyor of the United States Army, he regarded their solicitude as very much exaggerated, and their proffer of aid as mostly superfluous. He assured their committee that the government was ready and willing to supply everything the soldiers needed or could need; that the Medical Department was fully aroused to its duties, and perfectly competent to them; and that it would be an uncalled-for confession of delinquency and poverty to admit that the army needed, or would need, anything that the government and the Medical Department were not able and willing to furnish. Not, however, completely to slacken the milk of human kindness in the women's breasts, it was thought expedient to indulge them with the opportunity of supplying a short list of articles,* until the public anxiety should calm down by discovering the admirable and thorough organization and efficiency of the Medical Department. The writer remembers, as if it were yesterday, the glow of national pride with which he heard the honest old soldier unfold the resources of the government, the zeal and humanity of the Medical Department, the admirable adequacy of its efforts in the Mexican war; and recalls the settled convictions with which he left the presence of this experienced medical officer, that the haste of the humane had outrun their knowledge and their judgment, and that it was his own duty at once to allay wasteful activity by publishing fully the results of his satisfactory conference with the representative of the Medical Bureau in New York! There is not the least reason to question that the Medical Purveyor's judgment was as sound as the wholly untried future on which our

* "Dressing-gowns; night-shirts; flannel under-clothing in general; drawers (made loose); socks; slippers; flannel bandages for the abdomen, one yard long, eight inches wide."

country was then entering allowed any man's to be; that he exhibited only a true *esprit de corps* in the ground he took, which was as honest as it was faithful. It is recorded here, only because it was the first instance of a feeling with which afterwards the Sanitary Commission had continually to strive, — an honest and proper feeling in the Medical Department, which, however, just as honest and just as proper a feeling in the public has been obliged to withstand, qualify, and correct.

Notwithstanding the cold water thus dashed in the face of the Woman's Central Association, in the first warmth of its being, and the distrust awakened in the minds of its very founders as to the necessity of its existence, matters had gone too far to be immediately dropped. The seventh article of the Constitution had made it incumbent on the Executive Committee "to establish direct relations with the central authorities of the Medical Staff"; and, accordingly, after inviting the Board of Physicians and Surgeons of the hospitals of New York, which had been recently organized for similar loyal purposes, and the "New York Medical Association for furnishing Hospital Supplies," to join the "Woman's Central," in a delegation to Washington, a committee, consisting of Dr. W. H. Van Buren, Dr. Elisha Harris, Dr. Jacob Harsen, and Rev. Dr. Bellows, repaired to the national capital to confer with the medical authorities and the War Department in regard to the whole subject of volunteer aid to the army. A few days' study, on the ground, of the condition of the troops arriving at Washington, the character and military training of the officers and surgeons accompanying them, and an observation of the immense pressure on the War Department and on the Medical Bureau, satisfied the committee that our army was expanding with a rapidity which made the existing machinery in any department labor and strain, as would a small engine, built only to work a river steamboat, if transferred to an ocean vessel. They found every bureau overwhelmed with work, and embarrassed by the prodigious though natural ignorance of the swarms of young and inexperienced officers, who neither knew what was wanted, nor how to supply the wants when they discovered them. Regiments arriving at Washington, after thirty-six hours passed in cattle-cars with insufficient

food and without sleep, were kept standing in the street from twelve to eighteen hours longer, because their colonel or quartermaster did not know how to make a requisition for food or quarters. Surgeons did not ask for medicines in terms that the Medical Bureau could recognize, or if they did, it took, at the very least, a fortnight to get the requisition filled. The Purveyor's store-rooms, to the Committee's view, presented an ominous vacancy, and the total aspect of the Medical Bureau was that of dignified routine and a Rip Van Winkle sleepiness, which alarmed them indescribably for the medical prospects of the army. There was nothing peculiar, remarkable, or specially blameworthy in this state of things. The Medical Bureau had been for years one of the best-ordered bureaus in the government. Its business since the Mexican war had been very slight, and was well done. In that war its duties had not exceeded its abilities and resources. It did not expect to prove otherwise than wholly equal to any emergencies likely to arise now. A mighty war, not at all recognized in its growing proportions, had broken out. Those most engaged in meeting the immediate pressure, had least opportunity to study the future necessities it would create. Officials, whether in the civil, military, or medical service, seemed, in proportion to the length of their services and their education in technical routine, to be least aware of the new bottles which would be required to hold the new wine, — least expectant of the vast strain that was to be put on the government machinery, and of the necessity of immediately strengthening and enlarging it, manning it with new and more vigorous officials, and working it on a broader and more generous plan. And yet there were reasons for great care in this urgently called for reform. The Cabinet officers, new in their places, could not dispense with the experience and routine knowledge of the old heads of bureaus; nor could they, without alarm and anxiety, see even the inadequate machinery of the government tampered with by zeal and patriotism. They had to stand for order and method amid the convulsions and freshets of the time; and there can be no doubt that the reluctance with which all changes have since been effected at Washington — the official *vis*

inertiæ — has been of the utmost benefit, considering the strength and ignorance, the impatient zeal, and often precipitate patriotism, which have so constantly sought to revolutionize bureaus and departments.

The Committee had the great advantage of the judgment of one of its members, who had for five years been not only a member of the Medical Staff, U. S. A., but who had served for two years in the Medical Bureau itself. To a thorough acquaintance with the routine of the department he added sixteen years' experience in civil practice, where he had attained an enviable, not to say an unrivalled position; — to zeal he added knowledge; to humanity, judgment; to aspiration, patience. The weight of his professional character, both in the Medical Staff and in the profession at large, proved not only of invaluable service at the inauguration of the Sanitary Commission, but has been, in all medical questions ever since, the guiding and decisive influence. It is not too much to say, that without him the Sanitary Commission would have lacked its medical balance-wheel, if not its medical mainspring.*

The longer the Committee conferred with the Medical Bureau, the more it watched the operations of the War Department, the closer its observation of the men arriving and of the camps about Washington, the more deeply and anxiously convinced it became, that neither the government, the War Department, the Bureau, the army, nor the people, fully understood the Herculean nature of the business we had entered upon, or were half prepared to meet the necessities which, in a few weeks or months, would be pressing crushingly upon them. Discovering the extreme difficulty of obtaining accurate information, even from the government itself, perplexed and embarrassed by the suddenness and extent of the war on its hands, the futility of any attempts to carry out the plans of the benevolent associations whose delegates they were, without a much larger kind of machinery and a much more extensive system than had been contemplated in any of their organizations, the idea of a "Sanitary Commission," with an office and resident staff at Washington, presented itself to the Com-

* Professor W. H. Van Buren, M. D.

mittee as the only solution of the difficulties with which the benevolent intentions of their constituents and the supply of the actual necessities of the army were threatened, by the imperfect preparations and inadequate means of the government, under the extreme and growing pressure of the wants of hundreds of thousands of men in the field. The more the Committee considered the inevitable necessities of a volunteer army, without experience of the perils of camp-life, the more urgent appeared the necessity for such a guardian, outside organization, which should undertake in advance the labor which both England and France had been compelled to assume after a most terrible experience, — the labor of calling the attention of the national army, by a system of inquiry and advice, to the peril of neglecting the conditions of health, and to the immense advantages of the strictest regard to sanitary and hygienic principles. Officers of the regular army, and even the rank and file, accustomed to live in military quarters, and carefully instructed in the literature of their profession, or trained to its usages, were to be supposed to be fully acquainted, theoretically and practically, with this subject. But what could be expected from the great body of volunteers, officers and men? Must there not inevitably ensue most disastrous consequences, if this body, constituting eleven twelfths of the whole force, were not by some extraordinary means instructed, in some other than the slow and expensive school of experience, in the necessities of camp-police, of ventilation, of personal cleanliness, and of whatever else belongs to the new conditions of camp-life?

Urged on by the warnings of terrible mortality in the Italian and Crimean wars, the Committee who visited Washington, at first solely with reference to opening a good understanding with the government, and especially with the Medical Department, in respect to the supply of hospital clothing, became still more interested in obtaining the appointment by the government of a *Preventive* service, — the ordering of a Sanitary Commission, to be charged with the duty of obtaining all requisite knowledge of the subject, and of diffusing among the troops such information, warnings, and advice as their inexperience of camp-life made indispensable.

On broaching this idea to the government, it was very soon made plain that it would not appoint a Sanitary Commission such as England and France had appointed, — a commission with *real powers*. What was really needed was a regularly constituted official body, with ample powers to recommend and to enforce such regulations for the health of the troops as their extraordinary exposures required. And it need hardly be said, that, in military bodies, the only really inoffensive form of advice is the authoritative form; for then personal feelings are sunk in official rights and duties. But the government, too busy, too inexperienced itself in the matter on hand, made the mistake of accepting only the proffered services of a volunteer Sanitary Commission, instead of appointing a thoroughly governmental and truly official body of commissioners, and intrusting to them, with suitable powers, the sanitary oversight of the volunteer troops. This mistake has, no doubt, cost hundreds of lives, and will cost thousands more. It was a natural and an honest mistake on the part of the government, who had little time to give to the subject, and gave any only under the most persistent pressure of those interested in the matter.

Finding, however, that this was the settled policy of the Government, the friends of the plan were driven to try the next best thing, although greatly removed from it in efficacy; and that was to obtain the ordering of a Sanitary Commission *without* rights or powers, — a simply advisory body, who were to have the privilege of visiting camps, hospitals, and barracks, and of insinuating sanitary advice, and obtaining such wholesome influence as a semi-official but really powerless body could acquire by the self-recommending merit of its inspectors. And this privilege, after much straining, was at last conceded by the government, on condition that the Medical Department of the army would consent to it.

The consent of the Medical Bureau, with whom the Committee had already, while considering the subject of Hospital Supplies, established pleasant and amicable relations, was duly solicited to the appointment of a Sanitary Commission, without *powers* and emoluments, although with *duties* enough to satisfy the most active. Happily, or unhappily, — in the event it

seems difficult to say which, — the Medical Bureau was then under the control of the excellent and respected Dr. R. C. Wood, Acting Surgeon-General of the United States Army. Dr. Lawson, so long Surgeon-General, was yet alive, but beyond the power of active service, slowly dying at Norfolk, Va. Dr. Wood entered kindly and heartily into the wishes of the Committee, became a convert to its views, asked the Secretary of War for the appointment of a Sanitary Commission, to be put in confidential relations with the Bureau, and to aid it with counsel and advice, and in such other ways as might prove convenient. The Commission was to be on the most confidential footing with the Medical Bureau; not on a stiff, official footing, — for that must spoil all, where no official rights or powers existed on its part, — but in cordial, confidential relations, by means of which the sanitary knowledge and medical science and sympathy of the country could be poured into the Bureau through the Commission, which proposed to unite, with its own limited number and attainments, the chief scientific and medical wisdom of the whole country, in the form of Associates. The honest plan was to aid the Medical Bureau, without noise, without rivalry, and without stint, in sustaining the enormous weight of responsibility and care thrown upon its shoulders by the sudden successive expansions of the army from twenty thousand to what soon became half a million and more of men. Dr. Wood, a man proud of his staff and of honorable pride himself, was not too proud to acknowledge the advantages and the necessity of this outside aid. He felt that it was no impugnment of his own dignity, or that of his staff, to accept and to ask for it. The good faith of the arrangement was guaranteed by the selection of several distinguished regular army officers as members of the Commission, and by the appointment of the Acting Surgeon-General himself as one of them. He still continues a member of this Board, in friendly relations with every member of it. Had Dr. Wood remained at the head of the Medical Department, the Sanitary Commission could never have come into the least collision with the Bureau. They would have been one body and one soul, — the Bureau carrying out, with its ample powers and facilities, whatever was seen to be well planned and judicious and in

furtherance of the grand objects belonging equally to the Medical Department and to the Commission. There was no pretence at that time (a few weeks had taught them so much) that the Medical Bureau had, or could have, a proper supervision of the sanitary wants and perils of the volunteer force. To meet, promptly, even the purely medical wants of such an army, was beyond its utmost power. How, then, could it hope to discharge the duties appertaining to sanitary inspection? and what physician, of generous, comprehensive, and humane character, in Dr. Wood's position, could have failed to see, as he saw, the duty of welcoming such aid, without suspicion, provided it came from a body of tolerable competency and public responsibleness?

When, after long, patient, and heart-rending delay, the papers authorizing the Commission were fully agreed upon, engrossed, and waited only the final signature of the Secretary of War to become an order of the Department, Dr. Lawson's death occurred, and the accession of his regular successor, by seniority in the staff, immediately followed by what seemed to be a matter of course. Dr. Wood, who had for many years had the duties of this office without its honors, and who, it was understood, was, in the very highest quarters, urged as the proper person to become Surgeon-General, nobly declined being considered a candidate, in allegiance to what he considered to be a proper deference to military usage and the good order and fellowship of the staff itself. Whereupon, Dr. Finley came into office, and immediately expressed himself as opposed to the whole arrangement made by his predecessor for the appointment of the Sanitary Commission; declared that he would have nothing to do with it; that, if it went into operation, the responsibility must rest with Dr. Wood; that it was a mischievous and perilous conception to allow any such outside body to come into being; — but, in consideration of the public wish and expectation, he consented not to oppose it, if the Commission would confine themselves strictly to the oversight of the *volunteer* force, and not meddle with the regulars. This was agreed to, and then Dr. Wood was instructed to inform the Secretary of War, that the Medical Bureau would consent to the issuing of the papers, which had been mysteriously stopped, constituting the Sanitary Commission.

The letter to the Secretary of War first calling his formal attention to the subject is dated Washington, May 18, 1861. The Acting Surgeon-General's letter to the Department, asking for the appointment of the Sanitary Commission, bears date, "Surgeon-General's Office, May 22, 1861." "The draft of powers" asked by the Committee from the government is dated May 23, 1861. The order for the Commission was issued by the Secretary of War June 9, 1861, and approved by the President June 13, 1861. On that day the Sanitary Commission was organized, and sent in its plan of organization to the War Department, which returned it with the following indorsement: —

"War Department, Washington, June 13, 1861.

"I hereby approve of the plan of organization proposed by the Sanitary Commission as above given; and all persons in the employ of the United States government are directed and enjoined to respect and further the inquiries and objects of this Commission to the utmost of their ability.

"SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War."

Thus, after a month's struggle with the apathy, preoccupation, or suspicions of the government, was the Sanitary Commission launched into existence. We have the best reasons for knowing that the scheme was considered by the government troublesome, impracticable, and dangerous; that it was fancied, to use the language of the President, "it might become the fifth wheel to the wagon," — a very embarrassing appendage. One of the most sagacious and respected members of the Cabinet was frank enough to say, after two years' experience of the Sanitary Commission: "I confess now that I had no faith in the Commission when it started, — prophesied that it would upset itself in six months, and that we should be lucky if it did not help to upset us! None of us had faith in it; but it seemed easier to let it destroy itself than to resist the popular urgency which called so lustily for a trial of it. I am free to confess now, that it has been of the greatest service to the country; that it has occasioned none of the evils expected from it; and that it has lived down all the fears and misgivings of the government. I hear from no quarter a word against it."

With a general suspicion on the part of the government, and a particular objection on the part of the Medical Bureau, the Sanitary Commission started upon its uncertain and struggling existence. The cool or cautious sentiments of the government were no serious trial, because their *actions* were friendly and helpful, and their official approbation emphatic. But the whole original theory of the Commission was dashed to the ground by the sudden and unwelcome accession to the charge of the Medical Bureau of a gentleman conscientiously opposed, on grounds not without weight and plausibility, to the whole conception, functions, and plans of the Sanitary Commission. From the moment he took his seat as Chief of the Bureau, all cordial intercourse between the Bureau and the body appointed to inquire and advise in its interests became practically impossible. Whose fault this was it does not become interested parties to decide. The public who read this unvarnished history of the facts in the case, who perhaps know the character and antecedents of the men composing the Sanitary Commission, are fully capable of forming their own opinion on the subject. Perchance the Commission might have been more cautious and discreet than it was; probably it sometimes attributed to the negligence and inefficiency of the Medical Staff what was only due to the imperfection of their powers and resources; very likely it did injustice to the motives and the conduct of individual members of the staff; possibly it was not wholly free from the spirit of rivalry, of criticism, and the love of power. But it claims to have exercised all the candor, the discrimination, the calmness, and the moderation to be expected from a body of men conscious of the honesty and disinterestedness of their motives, sure of their decent competency to the task they had undertaken, and possessed of the confidence and intrusted with the resources of a generous public, — a body of men who were set to look after the health of five hundred thousand citizen soldiers, and who, at the outset, disposed to repose full faith in the ability, zeal, and efficiency of the regular Medical Department, were compelled, as their investigations went on, to see how inadequate either the system or the staff was to satisfy the expectations and the demands of the nation at large, whether in

respect of the prevention of sickness, or the care and cure of it. It is not to be concealed, that when, by the act of the Surgeon-General, they were practically cut off from inquiry and advice, from counsel and co-operation with the Medical Bureau, they naturally resorted to the only alternative left, — independent activity and sharp criticism. What they could not quietly amend by their own exertions, or help to remedy by private remonstrance, they were forced to seek to change by public complaint and an appeal to Congress and to public opinion.

That the Commission began with a totally different intention is certain. When, for instance, as has already been stated, the public mind was so inflamed in regard to the necessities of all kinds of supplies for the sick and wounded, they sought authoritative information from the Medical Department on the subject, and adopted heartily its own view of its competency to supply every want, if not at once, then after a short delay. But how mistaken and misguiding these conclusions were, the public, who have since furnished *sixty thousand cases* of hospital stores for the sick and wounded, and are not yet relieved from this necessity, can judge for itself. And so, truth compels us to say, the Commission found it with the opinions of the Medical Bureau generally. Its notions of what humanity required, its standard of comfort in hospitals, of adequate supplies, of what were fit hospital buildings, of what constituted promptness in answering requisitions, of what was an adequate medical force for the care of a given number of sick men; — its judgment in respect of what constituted a proper foresight in furnishing a distant expedition, or in anticipating the probable requirements of an advancing column; in providing proper prophylactic agents, either of vaccine virus or quinine; or of what should be deemed useful and effectual relations between the regular Medical Staff and brigade surgeons, or surgeons of volunteers, in general, — on all these points the Commission were compelled to come to an opposite judgment from that adopted by the Bureau, and of course to form a very unfavorable, and even anxious and indignant conception of its wisdom and humanity. Their standard may have been impracticable, their expectations unsound, and their views incorrect; but

being, nevertheless, the best which in a sober and conscientious judgment they could form, they were compelled to come to a general conclusion that the Medical Staff, as then organized, was not meeting the just expectations of the country; and that, if the people knew its defects, they would require their radical correction, and that it was the duty of the Commission to seek, through the War Department first, and then through Congress, and finally through public opinion at large, the reform of a system so ineffectual and so inhumane.

Their own special business, of preventing disease, by instituting an extensive and thorough system of inspection, disseminating, by medical reports and personal advice, warnings, and instruction in respect to sanitary matters, through every volunteer regiment in the field (with hardly an exception), was at once vigorously commenced, and with immediate results of a very gratifying character. The publication, too, of a series of medical tractates, carefully prepared, by the most learned authorities, for the use of the surgeon in hospital and field, proceeded rapidly. A system of hospital supplies organized in the most complete way, hereafter to be described, was, with the utmost pains, extended to every column, expedition, and almost every post or hospital of the entire army, eking out deficiency everywhere, and in many places supplying far the larger part of the comforts of the sick and wounded. At the end of six months the Commission had taken care of upwards of six thousand disabled soldiers in the city of Washington, who, but for their providence, must have suffered serious, not to say fatal hardships, in their transit from the hospitals and the ranks to their distant homes. They at once established a bureau of statistics, which will ultimately supply the material of a most important chapter of the interior history of the war. But all this was done without the facilities, or the aid of the machinery, or the support and co-operation, of the Medical Bureau, which, had it been freely lent them, as the government and as the Acting Surgeon-General had designed, would have quadrupled their success and multiplied indefinitely their powers of usefulness. Then their counsel, advice, and sympathy would all have found official channels and full authorization. The Medical Bureau would have supplied the missing link in their use-

fulness, and might have had all the support, sympathy, and co-operation of the medical and the general public, which were behind the Sanitary Commission, in furtherance of its own ends and aims. Whatever it wanted in respect of military rank, or additional force, or larger appropriations, it could have had, if it had not so unwisely taken the attitude, in a mistaken pride and vain sense of personal dignity, of opposition and resistance to the Sanitary Commission; and the Sanitary Commission, if only the Surgeon-General had consented to be its friend, might have carried out, with more complete success, the humane intentions of that public which had so generously trusted it with money and supplies.

Can it be wondered at, that the Commission felt indignant that the obstinacy of one man, of conscientious narrowness and well-intentioned weakness, should frustrate and render abortive plans founded on the largest European experience, commended by the medical intelligence and the humane feeling of the great centres of knowledge and philanthropy throughout this whole country, and involving the lives and comfort of many thousands of our citizen soldiery?

Fully convinced that all that any outside organization could do for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers was very little compared with what an enlightened, humane, and earnest Medical Bureau could do, using the means and machinery of the United States government, — fully determined not to become the rival or substitute of the Medical Department, — the Commission determined to adhere strictly to the theory on which it had started. It was appointed to advise, to aid and assist the Medical Bureau. However inimical the immediate occupants of the Bureau might be to them, it did not change the fact that the Bureau was the only centre from which medical care and supervision could be efficiently dispensed to the whole army. To allow that Bureau to remain inefficient, narrow, and cast in the slough of the past, while an outside organization vainly attempted to supply its defects and negligences, was not to be acquiesced in for one instant longer than it could not be helped. Satisfied that, while the Medical Bureau was controlled by the lineal successor to Dr. Lawson, this would be the inevitable result, the Commission, having failed to pre-

vent his appointment, resolved to use every effort to secure his removal, and the appointment of a competent Surgeon-General by act of Congress. There were no personal objections to him, no imputation on his qualities as a Christian gentleman or a faithful official. He had simply been too long in the service, and was too rooted and grounded in contracted notions, too prejudiced against change and enlargement, to give any promise of adequacy or efficiency in the vastly responsible and important position he was called to. Without medical reputation, and too old to acquire it, inflexible, dogmatic, and proud, he resisted, on principle, all new and enlarged views of a medical or administrative mind, and in all probability would have caused, in a year of honest adherence to his own policy, more suffering in the army, by pure default of ability to prevent it, than twenty Sanitary Commissions, in full career, could have alleviated. It became, under these circumstances, the most urgent business of the Sanitary Commission to bring about a change in the control of the Medical Bureau ; and, as several members of the Board were members of government bureaus, and even connected with the Medical Bureau itself, — so that, as a Board, action would have been indecorous, — it became necessary for individual members of the Commission to proceed, upon their own responsibility, to urge upon the President, the Secretary of War, the Military Committees of both Houses, and leading members of government, the pressing necessity of a reorganization of the Medical Department, with an eye to a new head and a new *régime*. With what earnestness and pertinacity this was pressed upon Mr. Lincoln himself, that over-worked but ever open-eared and humane father of his people, must still have a painful recollection. How strenuously it was called for by commanders-in-chief, personally appearing, in company with the head of the Commission, before the President, and before the Secretary of War, with urgent petitions for a reform of the Medical Department, will also be remembered. The Military Committees of Congress heard with great patience, again and again, earnest arguments in favor of a bill reorganizing the Medical Department, which had been drawn up by members of the Commission, after the most deliberate counsel with distinguished mem-

bers of the Medical Staff; for there was no lack of restless desire in the younger and more educated members of the Medical Staff to bring about a thorough reform. Several bills, prepared independently of the Sanitary Commission, had been sent in to the Military Committees. Congress was full of complaints of our medical affairs. The present Secretary of War, on the third or fourth day of his instalment, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, visited the central office of the Sanitary Commission, at Washington, and, in the presence of one of the most influential committees ever assembled at the capital, listened with careful attention to an exposition of the state of medical affairs in the army, and the necessity of an immediate reform in the Medical Bureau. He replied with most encouraging assurances of his own conviction of the necessity of some change, to which he promised to give an early, thorough, and persistent attention. The Commission, which had taken wholly on trust the sincerity of the late Secretary's professions of sympathy and interest, felt that in his successor's accession to the War Department they had secured a warm and consistent friend. They hailed his elevation to office with that general delight which cheered the whole country. If his offers and promises to the Commission have not all been redeemed, it is doubtless due to that enlargement of experience, that growth of practical wisdom, which in times like these so rapidly expands the high and responsible head of a department, and makes him by degrees insensible to the labors, services, and claims of those he once thought indispensable to the public service.

At length, but not without the most vehement endeavors, the most resolute opposition, and the slowest progress, a bill, seriously modified and impaired from the original, but containing the important features of the abandonment of the seniority principle, and the selection of the most competent and eligible candidate from the whole staff for the head of the Bureau, was carried through both houses, received the President's signature, and became a law.

Then the battle recommenced. The President had the nominating power, which of course he would not use without the advice and consent of the head of the War Department, to

which the Medical Bureau belongs. The Secretary of War, the moment the principle of seniority was departed from, was in the quandary in which any layman called to exercise a supreme judgment on high medical matters must find himself placed. He did not know, and could not know, who was the deserving candidate for the place. There was extreme danger that the appointment would become a matter of accident, guess, or favor. It was well understood that the late Acting Surgeon-General had obtained about as good as a promise from the President himself that he should succeed to the Bureau,— an appointment which would have been eminently acceptable to the Commission in its personal character, and which, to get rid of the new incumbent, they would gladly have used their utmost exertions to procure. But when the appointment became, by law, one that must be based purely on qualifications, they could not consider a man of the age and the routine habits of the late Acting Surgeon-General the fittest man for the position. It grieved them sorely that they could not see it to be their duty to urge his appointment.

What did they do? From the date of a prospective reform, they had given three months' conscientious attention to the inquiry who the man was in the whole Medical Staff who united in himself the largest measure of medical, military, administrative, and general qualifications for the office of Surgeon-General? Without personal acquaintance, much less personal friendship, with Dr. W. A. Hammond, then an assistant surgeon on the Medical Staff, all the inquiries they made ended in concentrating their preference upon him. They found him a man in the prime of life, who had passed eleven years in the medical service of the United States Army, and was thoroughly acquainted with the routine of the Department. His scientific propensities had not slumbered or slept while on the Medical Staff, though a life there is eminently unfavorable, in time of peace, to professional or medical ambition. He had distinguished himself abroad and at home by his original investigations, — was known as no other man on the Medical Staff was known in the civil-medical profession throughout Europe and the United States. Quitting the army to take a professorship in the University of Maryland, he had, in spite

of his loss of grade, immediately abandoned his professorship and returned to the Medical Staff when the war broke out. From the beginning of the war, in his hospitals at Baltimore, Wheeling, and Cumberland, and in his various communications to the public journals, he had commended himself to the Sanitary Commission inspectors as the ablest and most enlightened medical officer with whom they met. First induced by their representations to think of him, competent medical investigators were put upon his track; his pretensions thoroughly explored; his views and purposes carefully inquired into, and a solid and settled conclusion arrived at, into which no grain of personal predilection, or bargain, or mutual understanding entered, that this was the man for Surgeon-General, and of course the man to be urged upon the Secretary of War.

Before Mr. Cameron left office, the Commission had arrived at this conclusion, and had presented Dr. Hammond's name for the Surgeon-Generalship. For reasons utterly unknown to them, it was at once and even petulantly rejected, with an assurance that, whoever else might get the place of Surgeon-General, Dr. Hammond should never have it, — a conclusion we were forced to trace to some bog of Pennsylvania politics, the Keystone being the State from which both Mr. Cameron, his successor, and Dr. Hammond and his ancestry had sprung.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cameron went out of office, and Mr. Stanton came in. Dr. Finley was relieved of duty, and soon went, of his own choice, on the retired list, and the course was clear for a competent successor. The bill for reforming the Medical Department was now in force. The evidence of Dr. Hammond's right to this place was at once laid before the War Department, the President, and the Military Committee of the Senate. Petitions of the highest professional authority from the great cities besought the government for his appointment. What the reluctance was to make it is still hid in darkness, but that it was so great that the recollection of it still haunts the Department, and chills its perfect good-will, is obvious enough to all who have watched over our medical interests at Washington. Still the nomination was finally wrung out of the President, who was clearly embarrassed by great invisible difficulties. Probably the chief obstacle was the disinclination

of the Secretary of War. And this disinclination was either an inheritance from his predecessor, or a purely personal antipathy to a man of a very decided and commanding character, who would very likely manage his Bureau in his own way, or not at all.

In the medical bill, drawn up and pushed through by the Commission, a provision had been made for a certain number of medical inspectors, — high officers on the staff, — to be selected from the most thoroughly competent medical men in the whole service, regular and volunteer, and to whom should be committed the inspectorial and sanitary duties, which the Commission, under great difficulties, had been performing in a manner not at all to its own satisfaction. They wished as quickly as possible to throw these duties into more competent hands, which could be clothed with an official authority that they did not possess. The new Surgeon-General, to whom, by moral right, belonged the responsibility of selecting these inspectors, had, after careful consultation with the most learned and disinterested advisers, proposed a dignified and thoroughly deserving set of candidates for these places. This list was, by his own order, presented to the Secretary of War. The most urgent necessity existed, in the judgment of the Medical Bureau and of the Sanitary Commission, — put by Dr. Hammond's accession to office on its original confidential footing with the Medical Bureau, — for the immediate appointment of these inspectors. Hundreds of men were languishing in hospitals who were entitled to discharge, and could not procure it, for want of the existence of the very officers who had the duty of attending to this matter prescribed to them. The medical affairs of the army clamorously called for a staff to whom the chief of the Bureau could safely confide the execution of his prompt and energetic plans. But no nominations were made, or could be got out of the Secretary, until Congress (the House of Representatives) passed a resolution inquiring why the Medical Inspectors were not appointed, according to the bill which had been passed through, ordering their *immediate* creation. When the nominations were sent in, just half of them consisted of the names which Dr. Hammond had recommended; the other half was com-

posed apparently of political favorites, — for they were, in medical and other respects, wholly undeserving of the responsible positions assigned them. Worst of all, a medical man of no reputation in his profession, unknown indeed, or unfavorably known, in the army, was foisted mysteriously into a position second only to that of Surgeon-General, — that of Chief Inspector, — to the utter ruin of the whole significance of that corps, which, in the consequent squabbles and struggles it has passed through under the personal influences exerted to keep the Chief Inspector in place, has almost wholly failed of the object of its creation, — a result for which the Secretary of War may thank himself and his unmedical advisers, but for which the country will not thank him. It seems probable that the ill-feeling connected with these appointments lies at the root of the coolness which has marked the relations of the War Department and the Medical Bureau, and the War Department and the Sanitary Commission, since Dr. Hammond came into office. Happily, beyond the loss of the services of the Inspectorial Corps, and beyond the occasional mysterious disappearance from his post for a month or two of the Surgeon-General, sent down near the enemy's lines, possibly in the hope that he may become so disgusted with his anomalous position as to resign his post, no serious injury has been done to the Medical Department by this unhappy and most unjustifiable want of cordiality; for the vigor, sagacity, and fairness with which the medical affairs of the army have been administered by Dr. Hammond are more than enough to dwindle any impediments of this kind into insignificance. Notwithstanding a late Commission of Inquiry, composed in part of personal enemies, sent by the War Department to scrutinize the conduct of the Medical Bureau, and notwithstanding newspaper rumors to the prejudice of Dr. Hammond's honor, the Sanitary Commission, whose opportunities are equal to anybody's for observing and judging the conduct of affairs, regard Dr. Hammond's administration with the most perfect confidence and admiration, believing him to be a personally incorruptible man, a man of high administrative qualities, and a true and great benefactor in his department to medical and sanitary

science, to the homes of the land, the soldiers themselves, and the national cause.

We have expended all this space and time upon the early struggles of the Sanitary Commission, not merely for the purpose of exhibiting the resolution with which it forced itself into a real existence, and became a power in the nation, but more especially to show how sturdily it held on to its original principle, — the root of whatever good it has accomplished; namely, that the government is, or ought to be, the soldier's best friend, the only friend in a situation to give him constant and efficient protection; and that the main service any outside allies can afford him must consist in arousing the government to its duties to the soldier, and accustoming the soldier to recognize, respect, and lean upon the government care. Whatever struggles with the Medical Department the Sanitary Commission has at any time had, have always been, not in the way of obtaining rights, privileges, or opportunities for itself, — of making itself more active, important, and influential, — but, on the contrary, always in the way of stirring up the Department to a larger sense of its own duty, a more complete occupation of its own sphere, and such a successful administration of its affairs as would tend to render the Sanitary Commission, and all other outside organizations of beneficence to the army, unnecessary.

The principle was seen from the first, and has been resolutely maintained under all circumstances, that the people's care for the soldiers, if permitted a free and spontaneous course, might become a main dependence of the army, and thus weaken the sense of responsibility and the zeal and efficiency of the official sources of supply and protection. This would be so unmeasured an evil, that, rather than incur the risk of it, it was a serious question, during the first year at least, nor has it ever since ceased to come up as a doubt, whether the regular service of the government, left wholly to itself, would not more rapidly and thoroughly cure its own defects, than when bolstered and supplemented by any system which humanity and outside sympathy could invent or apply. How long and how far, it was continually asked from the very first, is it safe and wise for the nation, in

its popular character, to undertake to do what the government can do and ought to do? Will not the government channels shrink and dry up in precise proportion to the freedom with which the sluices of private or popular beneficence are found running? Will not officials neglect their duties if they find other people ready to do them in their stead? Great as the sufferings of the first few months might be, were the people to throw the army entirely on the care of the government, at the end of two years or of five years would not the adequacy and constancy of the supplies, the methodical application of them, and the general results of official routine, discipline, and singleness of rule, secure a final result into which less suffering would have entered than on any other conceivable plan, however humanely and generously worked out?

The answer to these most urgent and pertinent questions is, that, in a national life like our own, — a democracy, where the people universally take part in political affairs, — the government has no option in the case. The popular affections and sympathies will force themselves into the administration of army and all other affairs in times of deep national awakening. The practical question was not, Is it best to allow the army to depend in any degree upon the care of the people as distinguished from the government? Considered on administrative grounds alone, that question, we have no doubt, should be answered negatively. But no such question existed in a pure and simple form. It was this question rather, How shall this rising tide of popular sympathy, expressed in the form of sanitary supplies, and offers of personal service and advice, be rendered least hurtful to the army system, and most useful to the soldiers themselves? How shall it be kept from injuring the order, efficiency, and zeal of the regular bureau, and at the same time be left to do its intended work of succor and sympathy, — to act as a steady expression of the people's watchful care of their army, and as a true helper and supplementer of what the government may find it possible or convenient to do from its own resources? It was this mixed question the Sanitary Commission found itself called to answer, and its whole plan and working have been one steady reply to it. It could not be deemed wise, much less was it

possible, to discourage and deaden the active sympathies of the people. They would follow their regiments to the field with home-comforts and provisions against wounds and sickness. The women would hurry to the hospitals and camps. For the first six months after the war began, the departments at Washington were fairly besieged by humane committees, masculine and feminine; business was interrupted, clogged, and snarled by the obtrusion of aid and comfort. Every regiment that went into the field had another regiment of anxious friends pushing into the camp to look after it, and supply its possible or real wants. State and local relief committees were named Legion; and it looked as if the Commissariat and Medical Departments were going to be swamped in popular ministrations. The beauty and glory of the affections which led to this self-sacrificing attendance and provision were not to be lost or dimmed by neglect. Nay, they were to be cherished with the utmost assiduity and the fullest sense of their national value.

On the other hand, the method, efficiency, and development of the governmental resources, the order and sway of the Medical Department, were not to be sacrificed or delayed by the allowance of an unregulated, superfluous, and sentimental beneficence. Scylla was to be shunned, and Charybdis not grazed. The people could not, let them try as hard as they would, do the government's work. They could neither build nor furnish nor work the hospitals. They could not even supply them with nurses; for men, as well as women, are absolutely necessary in that service, in military hospitals. On the other hand, a popular volunteer army could not live at all cut off from home sympathy, and from the demonstration of popular interest and watchfulness; nor could government fitly undertake certain services which the people were ready to render to the army, and which might, with extreme wisdom and pains, be permitted, and even encouraged, without injury to discipline and official responsibility.

Between these two important and indispensable interests, home feeling, and governmental responsibility and method, the Sanitary Commission steered its delicate and difficult way. It assigned to itself the task, requiring constant tact, of di-

recting, without weakening or cooling, the warm and copious stream of popular beneficence toward the army. This owed its heat and fulness very much to its spontaneous and local character. Towns, cities, counties, States, were deeply interested in their own boys. To labor, night and day, for the very regiment that had rendezvoused in its square, or upon its common, to knit socks for feet that had crossed their own thresholds, and make garments to cover hearts that throbbed with their own blood, was not only easy for the people, — it was a necessity. And to send these by the hands of trusted townsmen, who should see these comforts put upon the very backs, or into the very mouths, they were designed for, was the most natural plan in the world, and seemingly the very best, as it certainly was the pleasantest. Why should not each State look after its own soldiers, — and each county, and each town, and each family? Certainly, this principle of local interest and personal affection could be depended on for longer and freer labors than any other. Was it safe to attempt to modify it, to mend it, to enlighten it, and to enlarge it? It was at least *necessary* to try to do this. Such a spontaneous, local liberality, however productive of materials and supplies of comfort, was absolutely unfurnished, as a very short experience proved, with the means and facilities for conveying, delivering, and applying its resources to the army. While our soldiers were mustering at a few near points, and drilling and disciplining for the contest, it was comparatively easy to reach particular regiments through special delegations, and with special supplies. But, after a few months, the armies of the Union left these convenient centres, and a very few miles of mud road between a corps and its base soon showed local committees the immense difficulties of *private* and *special* transportation. Moreover, when sickness began to appear, and anxiety for the well and strong was concentrated upon the feeble and ailing, the people soon began to discover that a soldier, after all, belonged more to the army than to his own regiment, and was ultimately thrown more on the care of the federal government and the general staff than upon his own surgeon and immediate officers. Slowly the nation learned that new thing in the experience of this generation,

what a *General Hospital* is, and what the course taken with a sick soldier must be. They discovered that in the suddenness and unexpected character of army movements, men were very soon put far beyond the reach of the knowledge and following of any local protectors; that regiments were liable to be thrown from North to South, from East to West; from Alexandria to Port Hudson and Vicksburg; from Newbern to Nashville and Chattanooga; and that their own sons and brothers, if they were to be followed and watched over at all, must be looked after by a national and ubiquitous body, which was with the army everywhere, at home at all points, and with ends and objects that recognized neither State nor county nor regiment, but saw only the United States or Union soldier, and ministered to him impartially according to his need, with absolute indifference as to where he hailed from. To explain this state of things at the earliest moment became the urgent duty of the Sanitary Commission. Naturally, but unfortunately, so many State and local associations were already at work, and represented in or near the great camps, that a swarm of angry and jealous rivals gathered about the plan of the Sanitary Commission, and have never ceased to sting its agents with disparaging reports. So kind and worthy were the intentions of those whom these associations represented, and in many cases so honorable and laborious the efforts of these agents, so natural their prejudices and jealousies, that, while strongly disapproving the principle involved in them as radically subversive of what they were laboring to popularize, the Sanitary Commission could not find the heart to oppose them. It therefore simply strove to make its own plan widely understood, and, by doing the work in hand in the only thorough and satisfactory manner possible, to win by degrees the confidence of the more distant and interior communities. On the whole, the intelligence with which the people have understood and appreciated its method is worthy of all admiration; and the mingled sense and magnanimity with which they have gradually substituted for their original motive the *federal* principle, which, though larger, nobler, and more patriotic, lacks personal incitement and local warmth and color, is a new proof of the capabilities of our people.

Moreover, the education of our towns and villages in the principles of the Sanitary Commission, the overcoming of their local prejudices, of their desire to work for this regiment, that company, this hospital, or that camp, has been an education in national ideas, — in the principles of the government itself, — in the great Federal idea for which we are contending at such cost of blood and treasure. The objections to the Sanitary Commission have been precisely the objections that led to the rebellion, and to the war that made this Commission necessary, — objections to a Federal consolidation, a strong general government, a nationality and not a confederacy. State and local powers were claimed to be, not only more effective in their home and immediate spheres, but more effective out of their spheres, and in the promotion of ends that are universal. As South Carolina said she could take better care of her own commerce and her own forensic interests than the United States government, so Iowa and Missouri and Connecticut and Ohio insisted that they could each take better care of their own soldiers, after they were merged in the general Union army, than could any central or federal or United States commission, whatever its resources or its organization. Narrow political ambition, State sensibilities, executive conceit, and the pecuniary interests of agents, produced the same secessional heresies in regard to the national Sanitary Commission, that they either actually created, or have vainly tended to create, in regard to the general government itself.

Yet it can truly be said, that, while these tendencies have sometimes pulled with a fierce current against the Commission, they have never dragged it from its own moorings. They have borne away from it vast quantities of needed supplies upon most uncertain errands; they have greatly diminished the resources which should have poured into the reservoirs of the Sanitary Commission. But the wonder is, that, in spite of them, there should have been so prodigious a triumph of the Federal principle in the humane work of ministering to the army. Local, personal, and religious prejudices have all yielded, more or less slowly, but steadily, to the self-vindicating claims of the Sanitary Commission. At this moment,

the only region in the loyal States that is definitely out of the circle is Missouri. The rest of our loyal territory is all embraced within one ring of method and federality. This is chiefly due to the wonderful spirit of nationality that beats in the breasts of American women. They, even more than the men of the country, from their utter withdrawal from partisan strifes and local politics, have felt the assault upon the life of the nation in its true national import. They are infinitely less *State-ish*, and more national in their pride and in their sympathies. They see the war in its broad, impersonal outlines; and while their particular and special affections are keener than men's, their general humanity and tender sensibility for unseen and distant sufferings is stronger and more constant. The women of the country, who are the actual creators, by the labor of their fingers, of the chief supplies and comforts needed by the soldiers, have been the first to understand, appreciate, and co-operate with the Sanitary Commission. It is due to the sagacity and zeal with which they have entered into the work, that the system of supplies, organized by the extraordinary genius of Mr. Olmsted, has become so broadly and nationally extended, and that, with Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Boston, Portland, and Concord for centres, there should be at least fifteen thousand Soldiers' Aid Societies, all under the control of women, combined and united in a common work, — of supplying, through the United States Sanitary Commission, the wants of the sick and wounded in the great Federal army.

The skill, zeal, business qualities, and patient and persistent devotion exhibited by those women who manage the truly vast operations of the several chief centres of supply, at Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and New York, have unfolded a new page in the history of the aptitudes and capacities of women. To receive, acknowledge, sort, arrange, mark, repack, store, hold ready for shipment, procure transportation for, and send forward at sudden call, the many thousand boxes of hospital stores which, at the order of the General Secretary at Washington, have been for the past two years and

a half forwarded at various times by the "Women's Central," at New York, the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio at Cleveland, the Branches at Cincinnati and at Philadelphia, or the Northwestern Branch at Chicago, has required business talents of the highest order. A correspondence demanding infinite tact, promptness, and method has been carried on with their local tributaries, by the women from these centres, with a ceaseless ardor to which the Commission owes a very large share of its success, and the nation no small part of the sustained usefulness and generous alacrity of its own patriotic impulses. To collect funds (for the supply branches have usually raised their own funds from the immediate communities in which they have been situated) has often tasked their ingenuity to the utmost. In Chicago, for instance, the Branch has lately held a fair of colossal proportions, to which the whole Northwest was invited to send supplies, and to come in mass! On the 26th of October last, when it opened, a procession of three miles in length, composed of wagon-loads of supplies, and of people in various ways interested, paraded through the streets of Chicago; the stores being closed, and the day given up to patriotic sympathies. For fourteen days the fair lasted, and every day brought reinforcements of supplies, and of people and purchasers. The country people, from hundreds of miles about, sent in upon the railroads all the various products of their farms, mills, and hands. Those who had nothing else sent the poultry from their barnyards; the ox or bull or calf from the stall; the title-deed of a few acres of land; so many bushels of grain, or potatoes, or onions. Loads of hay, even, were sent in from ten or a dozen miles out, and sold at once in the hay-market. On the roads entering the city were seen ricketty and lumbering wagons, made of poles, loaded with a mixed freight, — a few cabbages, a bundle of socks, a coop of tame ducks, a few barrels of turnips, a pot of butter, and a bag of beans, — with the proud and humane farmer driving the team, his wife behind in charge of the baby, while two or three little children contended with the boxes and barrels and bundles for room to sit or lie. Such were the evidences of devotion and self-sacrificing zeal the Northwestern farmers gave, as, in their long

trains of wagons, they trundled into Chicago, from twenty and thirty miles' distance, and unloaded their contents at the doors of the Northwestern Fair, for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission. The mechanics and artisans of the towns and cities were not behind the farmers. Each manufacturer sent his best piano, plough, threshing-machine, or sewing-machine. Every form of agricultural implement, and every product of mechanical skill, was represented. From the watchmaker's jewelry to horseshoes and harness; from lace, cloth, cotton, and linen, to iron and steel; from wooden and waxen and earthen ware to butter and cheese, bacon and beef; — nothing came amiss, and nothing failed to come, and the ordering of all this was in the hands of women. They fed in the restaurant, under "the Fair," at fifty cents a meal, 1,500 mouths a day, for a fortnight, from food furnished, cooked, and served by the women of Chicago; and so orderly and convenient, so practical and wise were the arrangements, that, day by day, they had just what they had ordered and what they counted on, always enough, and never too much. They divided the houses of the town, and levied on No. 16 A Street, for five turkeys, on Monday; No. 37 B Street, for 12 apple-pies, on Tuesday; No. 49 C Street, for forty pounds of roast beef, on Wednesday; No. 23 D Street was to furnish so much pepper on Thursday; No. 33 E Street, so much salt on Friday. In short, every preparation was made in advance, at the least inconvenience possible to the people, to distribute in the most equal manner the welcome burden of feeding the visitors at the fair, at the expense of the good people of Chicago, but for the pecuniary benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Hundreds of lovely young girls, in simple uniforms, took their places as waiters behind the vast array of tables, and everybody was as well served as at a first-class hotel, at a less expense to himself, and with a great profit to the fair. Fifty thousand dollars, it is said, will be the least net return of this gigantic fair to the treasury of the Branch at Chicago. It is universally conceded that to Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoge, old and tried friends of the soldier and of the Sanitary Commission, and its ever active agents, are due the planning, management, and success of this truly American exploit. What

is the value of the money thus raised, important as it is, when compared with the worth of the spirit manifested, the loyalty exhibited, the patriotism stimulated, the example set, the prodigious tide of national devotion put in motion! How can rebellion hope to succeed in the face of such demonstrations as the Northwestern Fair? They are bloodless battles, equal in significance and results to Vicksburg and Gettysburg, to New Orleans and Newbern.*

So much for the way in which home feeling was maintained and propitiated, while guided and economized by the Sanitary Commission. Thus Scylla was avoided! Let us now turn to the principles and method adopted in dealing with the question of governmental responsibility, — the Charybdis on which every volunteer or outside ministry to the soldiers was likely to make shipwreck. It was a first principle with the Sanitary Commission, that "a spur in the head is worth two in the heel," and that the Medical Department was "the head" of the sick and wounded soldiers; the public, through the Sanitary Commission, or any and all other outside agencies, only "the heel." Their main effort, as has already been seen, was to aid the more earnest and progressive men in obtaining control of its affairs, and, that done, to stimulate the department, by friendly criticism, by zealous example, by eager remonstrance, by considerate suggestion, by interposition in its favor with Congress and the higher powers, to do the best and the utmost, both in large and liberal plans, and in prompt and efficient execution of them, for the prevention of sickness and the humane treatment of what could not be prevented. This was doing good by wholesale. It was widening, deepening, and filling the normal channels through which ease and relief can alone be applied constantly, universally, and without disturbance to the military system. It is proper to say, that the Sanitary Commission holds for its highest boast, not what it has done, but what it has prevented from being left undone; not what relief it has itself, much as that may be, extended to

* Even while we write, similar fairs, in the preparations for which equal zeal and energy have been displayed, and from which equal results are likely to follow, are being held in Boston and in Cincinnati, and others are about to be held in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

the sick and wounded men of the army, but the comparatively small dimensions to which it has gradually reduced the call for outside aid and relief, by the energetic and humane administration of the Medical Department which it has aided in procuring.

It is not the fault of the Sanitary Commission, if exaggerated ideas of its claims and importance, as compared with those of the Medical Department, prevail in many quarters. In public addresses in all the great cities, in published letters to Governors of States and to State Surgeon-Generals, in its regular reports, and under all circumstances, it has magnified and celebrated the growing efficiency of the Medical Department, chronicled its vast and beneficent reforms, defended the Bureau against unjust charges, shown the recklessness of the rife rumors as to the general negligence, cupidity, and impotence of the surgeons in the service, and endeavored to acquaint the public with the dependence of the sick and wounded on the care, pity, and generous provision of the government itself, rather than on outside aid and mercy.

It is plain how exposed to misapprehension the Medical Department of so vast an army as ours is, how little credit it gets for the regular and successful performance of its duties, how much blame for its occasional failures to meet the exigencies that beset its affairs. All the while, for food, clothing, shelter, medical care, nursing, transportation, the sick or wounded soldier is dependent upon, and actually receives, seven eighths of all he needs from the government itself. The other eighth he must owe to the pity and care of some outside beneficence. He himself is apt to accept only as his due, and therefore thoughtlessly and ungratefully, all that the government does for him, and to have the liveliest sense only of what it does not do, and to utter the most indignant complaints at its neglect. Of course he gives a corresponding gratitude to those who come in as volunteers to supply the necessary or unavoidable defects and omissions from which he suffers; and the Sanitary Commission, or some similar organization, gets for its comparatively light labors the praise and the gratitude really due in much larger measure to the government itself and the Medical Department, — above all, to the laborious and

devoted surgeons themselves. It is the old fallacy: we think more of the two-penny ounce of butter than of the ten-penny loaf of bread; because one merely satisfies our hunger, and the other gratifies our palate. The Sanitary Commission, being really in earnest, laboring not for praise, but for practical results, saw the vast importance of strengthening and stimulating that system to which the soldier must owe seven eighths of his chances of escape from sickness, and of care and comfort when sick; and that no skill or success in managing and magnifying its own contingent work, which at the utmost was but a fractional interest, could be any sort of substitute for the zeal and efficiency of the regular department. It saw and recognized the value of the loaf of bread, and determined not to allow the butter question to blind its own or the public's eyes.

But, after all, it had its own work to do, and to do well. It was plain enough, after a very short study, that the general utility and success of the army system, and of the Medical Department as a portion of it, depended upon rigidity of method. Discipline is the soul of an army; strict accountableness and limited responsibility are essential in the administration of military affairs. Routine makes the skeleton, and red-tape applies the ligaments to the system.

To attempt to supply an army as a family or a village or a city is supplied, or to carry civil maxims or customs into the camp, is a pure impossibility. Strict rules and regulations, and compulsory and inevitable conformity to them, are the conditions of the largest good to the largest number. It is certain, beforehand, that this necessary system will press with terrible severity upon a considerable class of exceptions; but to consider these exceptions, and bend the system to accommodate or include them, would be to imperil the advantage of that vast majority which the rule is established to serve. If the tape is so loose that any one paper can be easily pulled from the bundle, all the papers are likely to be lost, or found scattered by the wind. The Sanitary Commission, therefore, has never joined in the popular cry of too much red tape; it has never asked for, or consented to, any scheme for conducting medical affairs in a free and easy manner, without

military subordination and carefully limited responsibilities. Whatever evils have attended this system, have been less than those its removal would instantly evoke. Indeed, it was mainly to enable the Medical Department to maintain its own rules with rigorous fidelity, that the Commission undertook to look after only those individual wants, and those exceptional sufferings, which grow out of the necessary imperfection of all large systems, and which have always furnished it its only legitimate and welcome opportunities of service. That the exceptions in an army of a million and more of men, at one time or another in the field, with an average sick list of at least fifty thousand men, should be numerous in themselves, however small relatively to the number taken care of by the Medical Department itself, is what the most thoughtless might anticipate. They have been numerous enough and constant enough to task the utmost liberality of the nation, and to afford the most steady and exhausting labor to the Sanitary Commission. At no time have the extra supplies furnished by the public to the Commission, or to any and all outside ministries, been fully equal to the demands. Nor, with the experience now afforded to the careful students of army movements and exigencies, does it appear at all strange that great and frequent failures should attend the best plans of the Medical Department; battles proving general, when they were expected to be skirmishes or reconnoissances; the wounded turning out twice as many as any reasonable foresight could have anticipated; time and place of fighting being both suddenly changed; transportation impeded or preoccupied by greater necessities; and movements of the enemy, instantly defeating the whole, and the most sagacious, arrangements made by Medical Directors.

Let it be remembered, that the first office of an army is to fight, and that the first necessity of the government is to look after the fighting men, providing them with adequate ammunition, food, and reinforcements,— that at the time of an impending battle, or during one, the chief solicitude is not, cannot, and ought not to be about the wounded, but about those still able to fight, — and it will be seen how perplexed, delayed, and hampered the Medical Department must be, in getting

forward its stores, in removing the wounded, or in taking care of them promptly. The first interests of the army require that the Medical Department should be left in this subordinate and dependent position. You cannot afford it independent transportation without destroying its co-ordination with the other departments, and embarrassing it nine tenths of the time with the care of trains, horses, and forage, for the sake of the advantages that would accrue to it for the other tenth of the time. Nor can the commanding general safely allow his hospital stores to be jeoparded by advancing them to the front, which doubtless would, if safe, be the most convenient for the service of the wounded or the sick. Thus, after the battle of Gettysburg, when Meade was pursuing Lee's flying army, and another general battle was hourly expected near the old field of Antietam, the General would not and could not allow the vast medical stores required in case of a battle to be brought over South Mountain, because Boonsboro, beyond which his own head-quarters lay, and where the Sanitary Commission had opened its storehouses, was liable any day to be attacked and ransacked by the enemy's cavalry. This was prudent and humane; and yet in case of a great battle it must have caused enormous suffering. Now, for this very reason that it was not safe for the government stores, the Sanitary Commission determined to run the risk of its own stores, that, if a battle did occur, it might alleviate the wants of the battle-field, till the regular medical stores could be brought up. Thus the Medical Department followed its legitimate and bounden course of duty in obedience to judicious orders from head-quarters. The Sanitary Commission, with its independent transportation, and independent movements in general, followed also its legitimate and necessary duty, and stood ready to prevent the evils which must otherwise flow from the best and wisest course left open to the Medical Department.

But it was not in battle-fields and exigencies chiefly that the Commission found most seriously tested its principle of doing nothing for the sick and wounded soldiers which it could induce or compel the government to do. Regimental, field, and general hospitals have been the steady sphere of its labors. It has spent its chief time, supplies, and energies in satisfying

the wants existing there. For the first year of the war, there was not commercial industry enough in the country to supply the actual wants of the army. Clothing could not be manufactured fast enough to meet the rapidly recruited ranks. Cloths were imported by the government as a protection against the enormous rates which holders of suitable stuffs were selfishly exacting. Besides, the ideas of the government bureaus did not and could not expand as fast as the unprecedented wants of the army did. Timidity and caution tied up even the boldest hands. The suffering which existed in the rank and file from want of blankets, stockings, overcoats, and tents was very great. The regimental hospitals, under new and inexperienced surgeons, without acquaintance with bureau routine, were often desperately deficient, both in what they might have had, if at the proper time they had known how to ask for it, and in what no skill in asking at that time could secure. The general hospitals were just beginning to be established. Inconvenient and wholly unsuitable buildings were the only ones within reach, and the government was not then aroused to the necessity of creating proper ones. The hospital fund, the usual adequate resource of the surgeon for all *extra* comforts and delicacies, now extensively — nay, universally — in operation, could not at once be inaugurated, even by experts, and was utterly beyond the management of novices. It afforded no dependence for many months, and was of little use for the first year of the war. The Sanitary Commission took its place, and supplied a large part of all which the best and most efficient management could have yielded. It came in, everywhere, to do just what government and the Medical Department, in the sudden expansion of the army, by successive monstrous motions, from 75,000 to 300,000, to 500,000, to 800,000 men, could not so adjust means to ends, and supplies to the vast wants of the hour, as effectively and humanely to accomplish. But it did its work on system, according to analogous rules, and with a strict understanding with the department and bureaus, so as to discourage the imperfect preparations or inadequate arrangements of the Medical Bureau or Quartermaster-General; to make neglect hard and difficult and disagreeable for them; to uphold their efforts for

reform and enlargement; and to emphasize in such a way their dependence, as to shame them into efforts to break loose from it. The Commission furnished no hospital supplies except on requisition of the surgeon himself, who thereby acknowledged his dependence on outside help for what it was his pride and his duty to obtain from the department he represented. No distribution by outside parties was allowed. The discipline of the hospitals, with the authority of the officers, medical and otherwise, was to be carefully upheld. No help that could be extended to individual cases of suffering would atone for the injustice done the general principle itself.

That which has often been made an objection to the Sanitary Commission, that it did not fill the hospitals with resident relief-agents, or nurses, who should themselves be the judges of the wants of the sick, and the direct vehicles of relief, in the form of clothing, delicacies, or medicines, was one of its cardinal virtues. Such intrusion into military hospitals was not only fatal to discipline, to due responsibility, to the quietude of the place, and the control of the diet and treatment of the sick, but it was fatal to the peace, the self-respect, and the *esprit de corps* of the Medical Department. Wherever it was allowed, it did little but harm, and if the Sanitary Commission had encouraged or countenanced it, they would soon have lost all the influence they had with the department and the surgeons. Instead of this, they appointed experts to visit the hospitals, observe their wants, see the officers, nurses, and men, and, after conference with the surgeon in charge, to obtain from him a requisition on their supplies for what he felt the hospital to need, — to be applied under his own orders, and by his own agents, to his own patients. Skilled and judicious women, offering their services as nurses, and accepted through the free and hearty consent of the surgeons in charge, have rendered invaluable services to the sick ever since the hospitals were opened. But they have owed their usefulness to their strict obedience and conformity to army regulations, and only those docile and wise enough to respect the superior knowledge and authority of the surgeons have been for any considerable time able to keep their places, or to make themselves greatly serviceable. Perhaps two hundred such women exist in the whole

army, to whose noble, devoted, and gentle hearts, skilful hands, and administrative faculties are due a considerable part of the success which has attended the operation of our military nursing. The main dependence is, at all times, on detailed or enlisted male nurses, who, to the number of perhaps two thousand, are always on duty, and to the unwearied labors of our surgeons, — who, as a class, are not only utterly incapable of the negligence, drunkenness, fraud, and greediness with which they have been publicly charged, but have really rendered illustrious services, not only by gallant self-exposure in the field, but in watching and waiting on their charges with a vigilance which has cost many of them their lives. The cruel aspersions with which bigots and fanatics have often visited their conduct on battle-fields, where three or four consecutive nights passed in hard service, with only two or three hours' sleep, has made their ability to do any work, or to keep themselves alive, dependent on the use of stimulants, — charging them with general drunkenness, as at Chancellorsville, — are a scandal and slander which the closest and longest opportunities of observation enable us utterly to refute. The ordinary percentage of incompetency, lack of principle, and inhumanity doubtless exists among the army surgeons; but on the whole we judge them to be superior to any other equally large class of officers in the field, while their duties are probably more constant, and at times more exhausting, than those of any other class.

It is by strict fidelity to these general principles that the Sanitary Commission has endeavored to avoid the peril which threatened the efficiency of the government service, by outside interposition; and its success as an organization is due to the genuineness of the faith in which it has carried out its pledges to the government, to be a strictly subordinate and ancillary body; loyal to the Medical Department, — its fearless critic, but never its rival or supplanter, — its watchful spur, but never its sly traducer or its disguised enemy.

It remains now to unfold the actual organization and working of the Commission. But this we must defer to another paper.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Vie de Jésus.* Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1863. 8vo. pp. 462.

2. *The Life of Jesus.* By ERNEST RENAN, Member of the Institute. Translated by CHARLES EDWIN WILBOUR, Translator of *Les Miserables.* New York: Carleton. 1864. 12mo. pp. 376.

3. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Octobre, 1863. *Les Sciences de la Nature et les Sciences Historiques.* Par M. E. RENAN, de l'Institut.

4. *La Divinité de Jésus, prouvée par les Faits; Réponse à M. Renan.* Par M. L'ABBE PIOGER, du Diocèse de Paris. Paris: C. Dillet. 1863. 18mo. pp. 72.

5. *L'Évangile selon Renan.* Par HENRI LASSERRE. 12me Edition. Paris: Victor Palmé. 1863. 16mo. pp. 80.

6. EUGÈNE POTREL. *Vie de N. S. Jésus-Christ; Réponse au Livre de M. Renan.* Paris: Martin-Beaupré Frères. 1863. 8vo. pp. 194.

7. *M. Renan et la Vie de Jésus.* Par ERNEST HELLO. 3me Edition. Paris: Palmé. 1863. 8vo. pp. 23.

8. *A Chacun selon ses Œuvres!!! Observations de* Mgr. L'ÉVÊQUE D'ALGER *sur le Roman intitulé Vie de Jésus, par M. Ernest Renan.* 3me Edition. Alger, Paris et Constantine. 1863. 8vo. pp. 90.

9. *Le Livre de M. E. Renan sur la Vie de Jésus.* Par M. LAURENTIE. Paris: E. Dentu. 1863. 8vo. pp. 39.

10. *M. Renan et sa Vie de Jésus. Lettre au R. P. Mertian, Directeur des Études Religieuses, Historiques et Littéraires.* Par le R. P. FÉLIX, de la Compagnie de Jésus. 3me Edition. Paris: Douniol. 1863. 8vo. pp. 48.

11. *Une Prétendue Vie de Jésus, ou M. Ernest Renan, Historien, Philosophe et Poete.* Par M. L'ABBÉ JULES-THÉODOSE LOYSON, Docteur de la Faculté de Théologie de Paris. 3me Edition. Paris: Charles Douniol. 1863. 8vo. pp. 76.

12. *Examen Critique de la Vie de Jésus de M. Renan.* Par M. L'ABBÉ FREPPEL, Professeur d'Éloquence sacrée à la Sorbonne. 6me Edition. Paris: A. Bray. 1863. 8vo. pp. 148.

13. *La Critique et la Tactique. Étude sur les Procédés de l'Antichristianisme moderne, a propos de M. Renan.* Par

le P. DELAPORTE, de la Société de la Miséricorde, &c., &c. Paris: Charles Douniol. 1863. 8vo. pp. 101.

14. L'ABBÉ J. H. MICHON. *Leçon Préliminaire à M. Renan, sur la Vie de Jésus.* 2me Edition. Paris: E. Dentu. 1863. 12mo. pp. 70.

WHEN we take up a new book on any old and familiar subject, on which many books have been written, we naturally ask, first, Was there any need of a new book on this subject? and if so, then, Was its author the man to write it? — and the second of these questions there are two ways of answering: either to inform ourselves from other sources who and what the man is, or to read the book itself, and judge from that in what spirit he undertook his work, and with what success he has accomplished it.

These questions will come to one and another reader with peculiar force, when the new book is a Life of Jesus. We trust there are few readers that will be likely to say, "We have four Lives of Christ already, why do we want another?" To such one might reply: *For that very reason;* we want a fifth to reduce the four into one. But the four Gospels are far from being, or professing to be, any of them, *biographies* of their subject; they are simply *memorabilia*, more or less loose collections of his most impressive words, deeds, and sufferings, recorded not for the purpose of satisfying curiosity as to who he was and how he came to be what he was (which are prime questions with biography proper), but, as St. John says, for the spiritual and practical purpose of convincing us that he was sent by God to teach men how to live a godly life.

The many unsuccessful attempts that have been made to reproduce the life of Jesus in a regular biography suggest the inquiry, whether there may not be something in the nature of the case which makes this impossible; whether it may not be the intention of the Divine Providence, that at least around the beginning and the end of that remarkable life an impenetrable cloud of mystery should forever hang; whether, inasmuch as conscience, and not curiosity, was to be edified by the Gospel, and Jesus lived mainly as the instrument of awakening us to a knowledge of ourselves and of God, it may not have been

meant that his own personal history should be left in a fragmentary state; — in fine, whether that saying of Jesus himself does not bear on this very subject, that "no man knoweth who the Son is but the Father."

If this is so, then the *need* of a new Life of Jesus seems to be out of the question, a biography of him in any proper sense of the word being impracticable. But now, admitting the alleged difficulty, does it, after all, though it may properly check any presumptuous expectation of a complete picture of the Christ's earthly manifestation, disprove the possibility or the desirableness of our forming for ourselves a more clear, consecutive, and consequently stimulative idea than has hitherto been gained, of so much of the life of our Master and Model as lies (however scattered in the Evangelic memoirs) within the daylight of history?

It seems to be a just opinion, that no one should undertake a biography without a love for the person who is the subject of it. Accordingly, the life of Christ, it would seem, should be written by a Christian. Now to a Christian the very expression, *The Life of Jesus*, is almost inseparably associated in the mind with something more, higher, and deeper than any series of past earthly incidents, — with something interior and eternal, a spirit and a power still living and striving in human souls, and connecting earth with heaven. This is what the Life of Jesus meant to Paul and his brethren; and the feeling of this may seem, at first, to give a little repulsiveness to the thought of writing and rewriting the life of Jesus in the book-making spirit of secular literature.

But still, giving due weight to all these considerations and cautions, we return to the question, Was there need of a new Life of Jesus? and we answer it confidently in the affirmative, for two reasons. The question may mean, either, Does the cause of truth demand any further attempts to make clear the method of Christ's life? or, Does the public good demand such? Now, certainly, no thoughtful observer of the progress of theological inquiry in the last generation, no one who has had any glimpse of the material which has been on all hands and in all lands accumulating towards a temple of rational faith in the Christ of history and of the spirit, can help having

a presentiment that a Life of Jesus is yet to be written, which shall build out of all these materials a house of the soul's belief, open at once to the free air of earth and to the upper light of heaven; or, in plain speech, which shall apply with good sense to the Gospel records, not only the last conclusions of science, but also the everlasting sentiments of religion. Ingenious as have been the theories brought to bear upon the singular phenomena presented by the four Gospels, scarcely has one of their propounders approached, with reverence at all corresponding to his ability and ingenuity, the phenomena, the simple facts themselves, as they stand on the immortal pages, and asked, in the simplicity of common sense and conscience, How came they there? What do they mean? As a mere marvel of literary history, it seems astonishing that the question presented by this fourfold picture of a life which has wrought with such unexampled power on the world's life and fortunes, has so faintly and fitfully exercised the minds of literary men; but when we reflect that every man has a spiritual interest in the matter indefinitely transcending all mere intellectual interest, the amount of indifference on the subject seems unaccountable.

It may be said, however, Granting that no Life of Jesus has yet made the best use of all the ready material, that none has given so complete and just a picture of its subject as it would be interesting to have, is it important that another attempt should be made in this direction? In reply we say, it seems to us that a fresh presentation of the life of Jesus, conceived in the interests of humanity, under a sense of *his* humanity, and carried out in a careful, conscientious spirit, were, in these days especially, a thing to be welcomed. A timely and a thankful task, in our opinion, does he undertake, who, in a love of truth and goodness and man, seeks to recall, through the clouds of tradition and from amidst the confused shadows of sectarian exaggeration, and to reshape in the glow of an imaginative and sympathetic soul, the lineaments of that divine man after whom Christendom names itself, yet to whose word it has hitherto rendered, practically and comparatively, so little hearty homage. We hail as a good omen, and a most opportune labor of love, every sincere and single-hearted en-

deavor to revive in the heart of this age a sense of the *reality* of Him who embodies the ideal after which the whole creation groans, and who is ever yearning to be born again into this world where his own are suffering and struggling, and to suffer and struggle and triumph with them in the strife of truth and right and liberty. He deserves the gratitude of every Christian and of every man who gives himself religiously to the work of so living over again in enlightened sympathy the life of Jesus as to add new strength and brightness to the bond which connects that life with the life we are living and the life we are called to live to-day; and to show that essentially we are tried as he was, and that he was tried and tempted just as we are; to make us feel, in short, Jesus still in the midst of humanity, to guard and guide the flame which he saw, and said that he had come to kindle, in the earth.

But now we come to the next question: Does the writer of the Life of Jesus before us give assurance of being qualified for the task which we have thus imperfectly indicated? Has he a true calling to the work? What gifts has he for it? The best answer to these questions, indeed, is to be sought in his book itself; and we do not mean to prejudge that by any personal or partisan considerations, — a too common way of wronging both men and truth; but, as a natural and pleasant, and perhaps not unprofitable, way of approaching his book, we will say a word of the author.

Who is Ernest Renan? Of the man himself, apart from his writings, our knowledge is somewhat meagre. Of his literary and official history we know not much; of his personal history, almost nothing. He is said to be of Hebrew extraction. He was born in Brittany in 1823, but at an early age came to Paris, where he entered (we believe as a charity-scholar) the seminary of St. Sulpice, and received the tonsure, preparatory to entering upon the Romish priesthood. Before taking orders, however, when, why, and how we know not, — whether because of his predominant taste for *philology* (which, to one who understands the doctrine of the *Logos*, means as much as *philosophy*), or from whatever cause, — he renounced his clerical and Catholic connections, and entered upon the vocation of a *litterateur*. It is interesting, if not significant, that his

first distinction in this new and independent field was the gaining of the *Volney* prize for a history of the Semitic languages in 1847. He now acquired a rapid notoriety, and took a prominent place in various literary and philosophical associations and commissions. He has hitherto been best known to English readers by a number of able essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and by three poetic and scholarly volumes of translation and exposition, devoted to Job, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song. In this country he is also known by a remarkable paper on Channing, in which he finds fault with Channing, as well as with the so-called rational and liberal Protestants generally, for attempting to maintain a half-way ground between private reason and public authority in religious faith. In the preface to a volume called *Études et Essais*, formed of his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Renan disclaims all sympathy in opinion with either Strauss or Hegel, much as he respects the dispassionate tone of the one and the lofty spirit of the other. In the paper on the Critical Historians of Jesus, he contends that criticism ought to be reverent, as well as sympathetic and creative. Between the rationalistic theory of Eichhorn and the mythical one of Strauss, he prefers the former, but holds that "to no exclusive system will it be given to solve the difficult problem of the origin of Christianity."

In the general preface to the volume of Essays occurs one remark which we shall do well to remember in examining the Life of Jesus. "It may be regretted," says M. Renan, "that, in advancing certain ideas contrary to the opinions generally received in France, I have not felt myself obliged to display a greater apparatus of demonstration"; and then he goes on to ascribe this to the sketchy nature of the contents of this volume, and to give notice that, *when he treats hereafter of the origin of Christianity, he shall make good this defect.*

In the years 1860–61 Renan was at the head of a commission appointed to examine the remains of ancient Phœnicia, and it was during excursions into Galilee which that tour invited, that his Life of Jesus was conceived and chiefly composed. Soon after his return he was appointed to a chair in the College of France, then vacant, as Professor of the Hebrew,

Chaldee, and Syriac Languages and Literatures. His inaugural address on the "Part of the Semitic Peoples in the History of Civilization," in which he spoke of Jesus as the reformer, regenerator, re-creator of Judaism, and the founder of "the eternal religion of humanity, the religion of the spirit, disengaged from everything sacerdotal, from all rites and observances," (p. 23,) alarmed the priests and the government, and a few days after its publication (Feb. 27, 1862) a decree suspended his functions. This was soon followed by an appeal to his colleagues, — (*La Chaire d'Hébreu au Collége de France. Explications à mes Collègues,*) — presenting, with great beauty of expression and of spirit, his ideas of the way in which a teacher appointed to address at once Christians and Jews *ought* to speak of religion and of Christianity. Although these papers were subsequent to the conception and composition of the Life of Jesus, as a history, still they may be regarded as containing the germs of the idea of Christianity which that book implies. Particularly may we say this of the chapter in the *Explication* (page 27) entitled, "That it is not irreligious to try to separate Religion from the Supernatural." In one place he says that, inasmuch as he treats his subject not as a theologian, but as an historian, he cannot recognize miracles. He lays it down as an "inflexible rule, base of all criticism, that an event designated as *miraculous* is necessarily *legendary*." "The supernatural," he writes, "has become a sort of original defect, of which one is ashamed; even the most religious want no more than a *minimum* of it; one seeks to make it play as small a part as possible; one hides it in the corners of the past." Finally, he says: —

"Whether to be rejoiced in or regretted, the fact is, the supernatural is disappearing from the world. It no longer secures serious faith except in those classes which are not up to their age. Must religion crumble under the same blow? No, no! Religion is eternal. The day when it should disappear would see the drying up of the very heart of humanity. Religion is as eternal as poesy, as eternal as love; it will survive the destruction of all illusion, the death of the loved object. But what do I say? Its object also is eternal. Never will man content himself with a finite destiny; under one form or another always a cluster of beliefs expressing the transcendent value of life, and the

participation of each one of us in the rights of a Son of God, will make part of the essential elements of humanity." — p. 30.

We see, now and then, in these minor works, a predominance of sentiment over philosophy, not to say logic, which we shall also notice in his Life of Jesus. We can hardly help feeling, however, when we read such a statement as the following, that the way in which the defenders of miracles have urged their cause has too often shown them to have less insight into the heart of the truth than many of their opponents: "God does not reveal himself by miracle; he reveals himself through the heart, whence an unutterable yearning, as St. Paul says, rises towards him unceasingly." (p. 28.)

In regard to the supernatural, (about which, as it seems to us, so much has been said confusedly,) whether it is or is not "irreligious to try to separate religion from the supernatural," it surely is unreasonable to pronounce confidently where the line between nature and the supernatural runs. *Nature* (including, as its etymology shows, all that is *born*, in whatever world) is a great deal larger, perhaps, than most who enter warmly into these disputes reflect. There is a danger of presuming to limit God; but is there not also a danger of undertaking to limit nature?

Whether the speculations in these treatises be true or false, they certainly give one an agreeable impression of the author's temper and spirit. How fine, for instance, is his statement of the neutrality required of a state professor in religious matters! "It does not consist," he says, "in satisfying everybody (which could not be done without warping the scientific spirit), nor in passing silently over the points that might wound any one's opinion (which would be to belittle everything): it consists in a propriety of tone, in a certain serious and sympathetic manner suitable to religious history, *and above all in that highest homage which the truth claims, in that supremely religious act which is truthfulness.*" *

Indeed, all that we learn of Renan, from his writings or otherwise, gives us the impression of a man who, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things

* La Chaire d'Hébreu, p. 12.

are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," (among those whose good opinion is best worth having,) has *thought of these things*.

Have we not already gained some glimpses, in these preliminary studies, of a spirit well prepared, in some peculiar respects, to reproduce the life of Him who lived and died for the truth, in whom truthfulness did not shut out tenderness, — the gentle, the just, the resigned and resolute Jesus?

At the same time, while we hold (in spite of what Kingsley says in his ingenious little book called "Phaëthon") that truthfulness will finally lead a man into all needed truth, and while we therefore have no fears about the spiritual fate of any conscientious thinker, still, regarding those whom a writer may influence, and looking at the question, What is true? it seems to us a prime and fatal flaw in the very corner-stone of a theory of the life of Jesus, to begin with eliminating the supernatural element. To say nothing of revelation, the idea of a religion which does not recognize the supernatural seems to us like that of a religion without God. If by religion is loosely meant merely allegiance to what is morally good in man, it is hard to see how the life of any man (still more the highest) can be justly written without regard to the spiritual principle within him; and how can that be truly appreciated, without an acknowledgment of his connection with the One Infinite Spirit? Indeed, on what basis can any safe and sound allegiance to simple honesty rest, except on godliness? It may be said that these remarks bear not against our author's actual treatment of his theme, but only against an inaccuracy in stating his principles. Be it so. We hold accuracy to be a much more important ingredient of truthfulness than is popularly supposed.

Perhaps what M. Renan really means by the *supernatural* (and, indeed, a note in the *Études* seems to imply as much) is the *unnatural*. At all events (definition being secondary), we know what he is mainly denying is the miraculous part of the Gospel story. Nothing can well make a thoughtful person more curious, on approaching a new Life of Jesus by such a man, than the desire to see what will be the result of another effort to dissect the Evangelic record and tear out the miracu-

lous fibres without drawing the life-blood, — to pull out the thread of miracle without unravelling the whole fabric of the wondrous narrative. Not only has the world never yet seen this sad achievement accomplished, but never yet has one opponent of the miraculous claims of the New Testament seriously looked the question we have indicated in the face. It has been uniformly slighted.

We have written thus far as if we had not yet *viewed* the book which we have undertaken to *review* (though all we have said has been shaped and colored by its presence in our thoughts); but now it is time to speak of it more directly and distinctly.

It may seem strange, at first thought, that so common a thing as a reproduction of the history of Jesus on the ground of naturalism should create such a *furore* as this book has done. What is there about it so peculiarly alluring or so peculiarly alarming? Is there anything here, in the negative or the positive part of the theory presented, with which we have not long been familiar in reproductions of German speculation, or in the free workings of English and American thought? We must remember, however, that was written for a French public and appeared in a Roman Catholic country.

Grant, however, that, as has been asserted by some of his opponents, the matter of M. Renan's book has little that is new even to its own public, that its negations are but weak restatements and its affirmations but loose and ill-digested, it is not so much to the matter as to the manner that we must look for an explanation of the *flutter* of excitement (as it has been called) which this work has occasioned. The matter may not have much novelty in it, but the mode of its presentation has an originality, individuality, freshness, and charm about it, which no work of its class has ever before displayed. Here is something quite apart from the Volneys and Voltaires, the Strausses and Baurs.

Nearly a generation has gone since the heavy stone called Strauss's Life of Jesus fell into the sea of public thought, and made a ripple which to this day has not ceased. It *was* a stone, and not the bread which the hearts of men oppressed with superstition and ceremony, grown lean with living on

words and forms, craved for their true life. But now in this book of Renan's we have, combined with the freedom of the Straussian criticism, the saving grace of an intense regard and reverence for the Christ as a real man, and not a mere name for a nucleus of abstract truth in a nebula of myth. Men felt that *cold-bloodedness* was the word to be applied to Strauss's treatment of this theme. A certain instinct told them, not merely that it was not sentimental enough, but that it was not even thoroughly philosophical, that is, inspired with the love of divine wisdom. Renan says in his Introduction, that he had himself been tempted in the same direction; but "I learned," he says, "that history is not a mere play of abstractions, that in it men are more than doctrines." In other words, he learned that biography is the life and soul of history. Here, then, we have something more than dry negation; we have something positive and palpable, — we have the very life-blood of humanity. This is what makes Renan's book so attractive to the people, — so alarming to sacerdotalism. This gives it that charm, which to some, indeed, may make it dangerous, but, in our judgment, will cause the harm it does to be far outweighed by its influence in helping the truth and life of the Gospel in the world. Bigots may say, and think they say something smart and stinging, "Have you seen the Gospel according to Renan?" To us it seems a poor fling. For the truth is, that, to every one who really believes and lives in the Gospel, and who has it living in him, it will be the Gospel *according to him;* and no man or body of men can claim, without gross presumption, to have, alone, the absolute and original Gospel itself, in fact or form. To every man the Gospel he holds is more or less shaped by his own nature.

The mere fact, then, that a writer has shaped anew the life of Jesus, is no ground of complaint. The simple question is, Has he done it with the care and reverence and full freedom which the subject demands? Has he wrought thoughtfully and consistently? M. Renan certainly brings with him to his high task many qualities and conditions which eminently fit him for it, but some also which unfit him for doing it justly. He comes to it not without a great deal of fine preparation in study and spirit, but at the same time not without

some grave pre-judgments (to use the mildest word for it), which, it is true, he frankly owns.

"If the love of a subject," he beautifully says, in closing his Introduction, "can help one to an understanding of it, it will be perceived, I hope, that this condition has not been wanting. To write the history of a religion, it is necessary, first of all, to have believed in it (without which one never could comprehend by what it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); secondly, that one no longer believes in it in an absolute manner; for absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history. But love can go without faith. One may attach himself to none of the forms which captivate the adoration of men, and yet not renounce the enjoyment of what in them is good and beautiful. No transient apparition exhausts the Divinity; God had revealed himself before Jesus, God will reveal himself after him."

The love of Jesus is certainly a prime prerequisite for writing the life of Jesus. In divine things, love sees what no other spirit can. There is, however, in M. Renan's devotion to his "hero" (for this word naturally occurs to us) a certain melodramatic element; he surrounds him with a rose-colored atmosphere which disguises the natural hue of life. This characteristic perhaps belongs partly to M. Renan's French, and partly to his individual, nature; and sometimes we feel as if the glow of his eagerness to justify his ideal created a whirl in the mental atmosphere unfavorable to a steady sight of the sober truth. We shall notice presently an example or two of this.

One eminent preparation for his task M. Renan enjoyed in having visited the scene of his story, and become familiar with the spirit of its landscape and society. Like him

> "who on the Chian strand
> Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
> Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea,"

so did our author, as he tells us, while he mused by the Lake of Genesareth, see rise from its waters and its shores the form of his Galilean idyl, — his "fifth Gospel," as he calls it. But we will let him tell it in his own words, or rather our English of them: —

"All that history which at a distance seems to float in the clouds of an unreal world thus took a body, a solidity, which astonished me. The

striking accordance of texts and places, the marvellous harmony of the evangelic ideal with the country which served as its frame, were like a revelation to me. I had before my eyes a fifth Gospel, torn, but still legible; and thenceforth, through the narrations of Matthew and of Mark, in place of an abstract being who, one would say, had never existed, I saw live and move a wondrous human form." — p. liii.

The picture Renan gives of the region which, he says, "alone made Christianity," is exceedingly beautiful. After speaking of Jerusalem as "the true home of that obstinate Judaism which, founded by the Pharisees and fixed by the Talmud, has traversed the Middle Ages and come down to us," he goes on to say: —

"An enchanting nature contributed to form that much less austere, less severely monotheistic spirit, — if I may venture to say so, — which impressed upon all the dreams of Galilee an idyllic and charming character. The most dreary country in the world, perhaps, is the region round about Jerusalem. Galilee, on the contrary, was a country very green, very umbrageous, very cheerful, — the true country of the Song of Songs and of the lays of the Well-Beloved." — p. 64.

"This pretty (*joli*) country — which has become to-day, in consequence of the enormous impoverishment produced by Islamism in human life, so sombre, so painfully gloomy, but where all that man has not been able to destroy still breathes *abandon*, sweetness, and tenderness — overflowed in the days of Jesus with comfort and gayety." Life there "spiritualized itself in ethereal reveries, — in a sort of poetic mysticism confounding heaven and earth. Let the austere John the Baptist, in his Judæan dseert, preach penitence, storm incessantly, and live on locusts in company with jackals; why should the companions of the bridegroom fast while the bridegroom is with them? Joy will make part of the kingdom of God. Is she not the daughter of the lowly in heart, the men of good-will?

"The whole history of the birth of Christianity has thus become a delicious pastoral. A Messiah at wedding festivals, the courtesan and the good Zaccheus bidden to its feasts, the founders of the kingdom of heaven as a troop of paranymphs, — that is what Galilee has dared to produce, what she has made the world accept. Greece has traced in sculpture and poesy charming representations of human life, but always without perspective or distant horizons. Here marble, skilled workmen, a refined and exquisite language, are all wanting. But Galilee has created in the domain of the popular imagination the most sublime ideal; for behind her idyl the fate of humanity is suspended, and the

light which illumines her picture is the sun of the kingdom of God." — p. 68.

These passages (which we should have preferred to give in the French, the fit language for such sentiment) will prepare one for perceiving the beauties and the faults of M. Renan's book. In his desire to justify the romance of history as he feels that he has found it in the pure beginnings of Christianity, he overlays fact with fancy, and does not hesitate to give a roundness and a coloring to his novel, which the very authorities he refers us to not only fail to sustain, but even forbid. Thus he begins one of his paragraphs, "His sisters were *married* at Nazareth," and in a note refers us to Mark vi. 3; but when we turn to that passage all we find is the question of the people who cavilled at him: "Are not his sisters here with us?" Again, when he comes to the incident of Jesus standing up in the synagogue at Nazareth to read and teach, he says: —

"As there were few Pharisees in Galilee, the opposition to him did not take that degree of liveliness and that tone of acrimony which at Jerusalem would have stopped him short at the first step. These good Galileans had never heard discourse so agreeable to their cheerful imagination. They admired, they petted him; they decided that he spoke well, and that his arguments were convincing. The most difficult objections he solved with confidence; the charm of his speech and of his person captivated these people, still youthful and not dried up by the pedantry of the doctors." — p. 139.

And there he stops. The reader of the account in Luke will be somewhat astonished to find a professor of history throwing this rosy mist over the one half of a fact, which had anything but a rosy end in the document from which he derives it, where we find that, so soon as the wonderful youth began to tell disagreeable truth and offend their patriotic pride, these "good Galileans" were "filled with wrath" and "thrust him out of the city."

Our author shows an equally strange disregard to the *order* of events. Thus, in the Introduction, when he comes to speak of St. John's Gospel, he says, "The mystical tone of these discourses in no respect corresponds to the character of the eloquence of Jesus as it is represented to us by the" first three

Evangelists. "A new spirit breathes in them; the *gnosis* has begun; the Galilean era of the kingdom of God has ended; the hope of a speedy coming of Christ recedes into the distance; one enters into the desert of metaphysics, the dark shadows of abstract dogma. The spirit of Jesus is not there, and *if the son of Zebedee really wrote these pages, he had certainly forgotten, in doing so, the Lake of Genesareth and the charming conversations which he had heard upon its shores.*" (p. xxxi.)

But has not our critic *forgotten* something himself? Has he not forgotten that the first ten chapters of St. John's Gospel relate to a period of his Master's ministry *preceding the Sermon on the Mount*, and those wanderings and preachings in Galilee which he (M. Renan) treats as the *earliest* and purest part of Christ's manifestation? Besides, what need had John to let us see that he remembered the "charming conversations" in Galilee, when his predecessors had given them so truly, and he had other work, namely, to dwell on deeds and discourses which he, the bosom friend of Jesus, had perhaps alone appreciated, — at all events, which he, writing in old age, and nearer the spiritual world, peculiarly recalled with a new sense of their significance?

But M. Renan, at the close of his glowing account of the Galilean period, the pure period (as he calls it) of the teachings of Jesus, seems to us not only unreasonable, but inconsistent with himself. He begins a paragraph of reflections: —

"To conceive what is good, is in truth not enough; it is necessary to give it success among men. For that less pure methods are needful. . . . . If Jesus had died at the moment in his career which we have reached, there would not have been a page in his life to wound us," &c.

We say, is there not an inconsistency, when, having begun the paragraph thus, he draws toward its close in this way?

"Men of a very mediocre morality have written very good maxims. Very virtuous men, on the other hand, have done nothing to continue in the world the tradition of virtue. The palm is to him who has been mighty in word and in deed, who has felt what is good, and has insured its triumph at the cost of his blood. Jesus, in this double point of view, is without equal; his glory remains entire, and will be forever renewed." — pp. 92, 93.

Is not this an example of that confusing influence of sentiment upon judgment to which we referred some time since as unfitting one for a just treatment of the life of Jesus? We have cited and admitted our author's claim to a love of his subject. But now, so far as the actual historical life of Jesus forms his subject, must we not confess that his love is alloyed by that partial fondness which one cherishes for a child, — in this case the child of his own brain? For such, surely, M. Renan's picture of the career and conceptions of Jesus, in a considerable degree, is. It is one thing to shape a life of Jesus "out of the air," as the Germans say, and another to discover the life of Jesus in the sources and grounds which history and reason combine to indicate. As one illustration of M. Renan's inconsistency and arbitrariness in handling his theme, we may note the fact, that, while he takes such liberty or indulges such carelessness in regard to the testimony of the very witnesses he appeals to for his historical information, yet, when it comes to the words of Jesus, familiar as he is with Oriental thought and speech, he insists upon understanding literally all the highly wrought prophecies about the day of judgment on the one hand, and, on the other, all those stringent and ascetic precepts of morality which are exemplified in the Sermon on the Mount.

This shows a certain wilfulness, an overriding of scholarly judgment and good sense by the predilections of the imagination, which, however favorable to the *effect* of a book, are not favorable to the just treatment of so grave and majestic a theme as the Gospel presents to thinking men. And when our author comes to the resurrection of Lazarus, and seriously proposes to us to believe the wise and discerning Jesus the dupe of a gross deception which that friend of Jesus lends himself to further, we recognize with pain how sad may be the fruits of a willingness to begin tampering with untruth, even in the mild form of inattention to truth's strict demands.

But it is time to speak upon a point where, after all, as we conceive, lies the chief difficulty with writers on the Gospels like M. Renan, the chief source and secret of their weaknesses and their wanderings, the original sin in their whole management of the subject.

In writing a life two things are necessary: first, to ascertain the facts, and, secondly, to interpret them,—in other words, to infer from them the idea of the man. M. Renan, justly perceiving that it is vitally important for him to build his castle, not on the clouds, but on the earth, admits that the four Gospels are the main source of information with regard to the life of Jesus, and accordingly he devotes a considerable number of preliminary pages to the question of their origin, composition, and authority. Unlike Strauss, he admits the four canonical Gospels as authentic. He traces them all to the first century, that is, in substance, and thinks them almost wholly the work of the authors to whom they are attributed, though their historic value, according to him, is very unequal; — Matthew being the most to be depended upon for the words of Jesus, and Mark for a pure and plain account of his actions; while in regard to Luke he seems to adopt in some considerable degree Strauss's notion of the original materials having been rolled about like boulders in the stream of tradition; and as to John, admitting that he had a deeper insight into the mind of Jesus than the others, and knew much of his external life which they did not, our author is of opinion that his imagination greatly co-operated with his memory, and, furthermore, that not a little of the speculative and spiritual part of the Gospel may have been added by the Ephesian school.

On the whole, we do not doubt that there is a good deal of truth mixed up with M. Renan's ideas on this subject; but one thing will strike a thoughtful reader,—that, after all, the mere acknowledgment of the right names having been prefixed to the four Gospels is comparatively little, and that they might as well be any other four names, unless you recognize the authority which these names express. Neglecting to do this, M. Renan, although theoretically admitting the value of these documents, practically makes them of very doubtful and wavering significance in many of the most interesting and important points of our Master's life. And so, when he tells us that the problem of the construction of the Gospels "has arrived at a solution which, though leaving room for many uncertainties, is fully adequate to the requirements of history," we seriously suspect his real meaning to be, *for such a*

history as he wishes to write. For the looseness of his theory enables him to take just such things out of the Gospel records, and in such order as suits his purpose, and to emphasize these, or slur those, as his object requires.

But when we follow our author in the interpretation of the records of which he starts with such a loose, floating, indeterminate notion as regards authorship and authority, when we consider his manner of evoking the form of Jesus from this troubled sea of material, we find just the result we might naturally expect from a man of airy sentiment and lively genius, revolving in the kaleidoscope of his bright fancy the broken bits of colored fact, and calling us to look from moment to moment, from chapter to chapter, at an image which, though for the time regular and consistent, is liable to change at each shake of the hand.

We acknowledge and admire the charm of the narrative in which M. Renan has reproduced the events of Christ's marvellous passage across the scene of human life. His pictures of the landscapes in which Jesus walked and talked with his little band of companions, and of the simple, joyous, trusting life of the people who dwelt among them, have a touching beauty; and no Christian, we think, can read his book in this view without thanking him for a more home-coming sense of the reality of the life of Jesus as a man among men than he ever had before. But whether the idea he gives us is as just as it is vivid, is another question. For ourselves, we cannot accept as anything more than a very partial, however pleasant and winning and (so far as it goes) impressive, representation of the life of the Son of Man, that which leaves out the recognition of his having any sense of a special revelation from God, a special responsibility, and powers corresponding, and a relation to God altogether peculiar and miraculous in its nature. M. Renan, indeed, himself recognizes a feeling or thought of this kind as having entered into the soul of Jesus; but, so far, he regards him as an enthusiast, — an idea which has been again and again proposed, and again and again overwhelmingly refuted, with external and internal argument amply sufficient to satisfy any mind that is in a state to hold steadily the scale of judgment, and weigh patiently the reasons of the case.

In a word, it seems to us that the same spirit which can treat the Gospel records so lightly as to be able to discard from them the miraculous element, or to regard it as mere legend, prepares one to take a shallow view of the meaning of Christ's teachings and doings. The writer who represents Jesus as catching Nathanael by guile, (that Israelite, as he himself called him, *in whom was no guile*,) and making believe he had a mysterious knowledge of his thoughts under the fig-tree; who questions whether John may not have exaggerated the affection his Master had for him; who represents Jesus as calming, by his *pure and sweet beauty*, the troubled, nervous organization of Mary Magdalen; who discovers a *fine irony* in the Saviour's reply to James and John, when they would have called down fire on the Samaritans; who pictures Jesus as being compelled to smile at Peter's downright ways, and compares Peter's intercourse with his Master to that of Joinville with St. Louis; — a writer who can thus deal with the simplicity of the Evangelic record tempts one to apply to his own work what he says of St. John, namely, that "he wrote concerning his Master that *bizarre* Gospel which contains such precious instructions, but in which, *according to us*, the character of Jesus is falsified upon many points." (p. 156.)

We have been struck with the fact that *bizarre* is a frequent and favorite expression of our author's in reference to words and ways of Jesus. We are disposed to think that the oddity he finds is often a reflection of his own odd state of mind. He finds in the narrative what he carries there. It is not necessary to appeal to Christian faith, it is enough to appeal to good sense and candid consideration, against his gay and *brusque* style of interpreting the meaning and motives of the Gospel incidents.

We are bound, indeed, to say that, free and easy (*jaunty*, we had almost said) as is M. Renan's way of paraphrasing (even to the extreme of parodying often) the simple matter and manner of his text, even this tone and treatment, with the absurdity into which they sometimes lead us, — even this seems to us a wholesome corrective to the old style of solemn dulness and lifeless monotony with which an ill-understood super-

naturalism and superstitious sanctimony have too generally made the sacred stories to be read amongst us. It is good, we think, for this drowsy, droning mood to get occasionally even a somewhat rude shaking up, though at the same time, we conceive, it would be better and quite as practicable to bring this about without caricature. With whatever drawbacks, however, we must repeat our acknowledgments to M. Renan for the freshness he gives to many an incident and passage of the Gospel history, which he makes us feel as if it were something just happening. Indeed, to all who would have Jesus taken out of Sunday dreams and brought into the daily reality of life, these pictures of him with his Galileans, as he journeys through the country or goes up to the holy city, and especially the description of his last weeks and days and hours, are full of rare interest and instruction.

Unhappily, in undertaking to give order to the Evangelic *mémoires* (as M. Renan seems to esteem them), he only aggravates their original dislocation, and adds confusion to misplacement. It is convenient, too, for his theory, to assume three years (apparently) as the duration of Christ's ministry, whereas, as it seems to us, everything is explained far more naturally by limiting it to a little more than one.

But the worst confusion we have to charge him with respects his idea of Jesus, — his conception of Christ's purpose and plan. Here, we must say, M. Renan seems to us, equally with Strauss, to build up a Christ of his own out of the wreck of the actual history. It is true, that, while Strauss substitutes for the historical Jesus an abstraction, M. Renan supplies one who is intensely flesh and blood and soul and spirit; but we feel a painful uncertainty whether the being who lives and moves so vividly before us is always the same, or, rather, we feel a strong misgiving that he is not.

M. Renan exaggerates equally, in our opinion, in his Galilean idyl and in his Jerusalem tragedy. If in the one he looks through rose-colored glasses, in the other he sees through a medium which gives his world a lurid and fuliginous aspect, such as the sky has seen through the stained windows of our churches. The transition of the mind of Jesus from the earlier to the later moods which our author ascribes to it — what

he calls the passage from his "innocent aphorisms" to his "revolutionary ardor" — seems to us presented in a very vague and vacillating manner, in defiance alike of the natural arrangement of the Evangelic accounts, and of the natural impression they give us of their subject. In fact, M. Renan appears to be especially unsettled and inconsistent in this part of his theme. At one time he speaks as if Jesus began with one idea of the kingdom of God, and by and by was drawn or driven into another; and at another time he insists that all the three ideas of the kingdom of heaven, — namely, as existing in society, in the soul, or in the skies, as an earthly revolution, an internal conversion, a final judgment, — were simultaneously recognized and received by his hero. Now is not all this simply a reflection of the writer's own vacillating spirit? How much more simple and natural would it have been, how much more accordant with a reasonable conception of the wondrous teacher of Nazareth, the prophet of the soul, to understand him as referring in the gorgeous imagery of the Oriental style to a new kingdom of the Word and of the Spirit which was to begin at once, of which the downfall of the sacerdotal city was to be the signal, and which was to endure thenceforth through time into eternity? Is it the part of a true philosopher to make account only of the swaying of the branches of the mighty tree of life, and not also and rather to think of the root which this outward play and sweep only fixes more firmly in the earth?

As he comes to the last weeks of the life of Jesus, M. Renan's theory strides on (to use the words he applies to the career of Jesus) with a "frightful progression of enthusiasm." He says: "Jesus was no longer free; he belonged to his part, and in a sense to humanity. At times one would have said that his reason was disturbed. He had something like agonies and internal agitations. The grand vision of the kingdom of God, incessantly flaring (*flamboyant*) before his eyes, made his head swim. His disciples at some moments thought him mad. [And yet our author refers here away back to Mark iii. 21!] His enemies declared him possessed. His temperament, excessively impassioned, bore him every instant beyond the bounds of human nature. His work being no longer a

work of reason, and sporting with all the classifications of the human mind, what he demanded most imperiously was *faith*." (p. 318.) And then the author justifies this by saying: "Reflection leads only to doubt, and if the authors of the French Revolution, for example, had been obliged to be convinced by meditations sufficiently long, they would all have reached old age without doing anything." Again: "His natural sweetness seemed to have abandoned him; he was sometimes rude and *bizarre*. . . . . Sometimes his bad humor at any resistance drew him on to acts inexplicable and apparently absurd."

"It is not," our author concludes, "that his virtue stooped; but his struggle in the cause of the ideal against the reality became insupportable. He was hurt, and revolted at contact with the earth. Obstacles irritated him. His notion of the Son of God was disturbed and exaggerated. The fatal law which condemns an idea to decay the moment it seeks to convert men, applied to him. In touching him men brought him down to their level. The tone which he had taken could not be sustained more than a few months; it was time death should come to untie the knot of a situation strained to excess, to relieve him from the impossibilities of a road without issue, and, in delivering him from a too protracted trial, to introduce him henceforth impeccable into its celestial serenity." (p. 320.)

Could the force of invention further go? In a similar vein M. Renan says, when he comes to the alleged miracle of the raising of Lazarus: "We must call to mind that in that impure and oppressive city of Jerusalem Jesus was no more himself. *His conscience, by the fault of men and not by his own, had lost something of its primordial limpidity.*" (p. 360.) We fear the author confounds here his subject with himself. After such a treatment of the resurrection of Lazarus, we breathe more freely when we find that we are spared at present his views on the resurrection of Jesus, that "the life of Jesus for the historian ends with his last sigh"; though we have a painful presentiment of what is in store for us, when we reach the closing words, in regard to Mary Magdalen: "Sacred moments in which the passion of a woman in a state of hallucination gives to the world a resuscitated God!" (p. 434.)

There is one topic of M. Renan's book of which we have not yet expressly spoken. His chapter on Miracles seems to us the weakest (we might say *flimsiest*) of all. Is it not strange and significant, that the writer of a life of Jesus, — a life which has, through its miraculous character, produced the profoundest effect in the world these eighteen centuries, — and especially when this writer admits that Mark, his favorite authority for the facts of Christ's life, "is pre-eminently the Evangelist of miracles and exorcism," (p. 265,) — should dismiss the subject of miracles in fifteen feeble pages out of his four hundred and fifty? Perhaps, indeed, it is partly the fault of the unreflecting and unappreciative champions of the miracles, who have dwelt so exclusively on them as meant for proofs of *power*, that the advocates of nature and reason in the matter have not dwelt more on the wondrous works of Jesus in reference to their motive and spirit. At all events, is it not a rare defect in a life of Jesus which professes to follow the spirit rather than the letter, that it should find in the fact of Jesus refusing to furnish signs from heaven, or to do miracles merely to satisfy curiosity, nothing more than evidence that "the part of thaumaturgist was disagreeable to him," — that, in fact, "his reputation as thaumaturgist was imposed upon him," — and this in the face of what Jesus himself repeatedly and emphatically says of his miracles of mercy as evidences of his being the Son of the merciful God? How could the man of sentiment, the man of soul, or the man of science, think to give a life of Jesus to the world and yet throw so into the shade Jesus the wonder-worker of beneficence? Could he not have followed out, indeed, his own doctrine, that "these words, *superhuman* and *supernatural*, borrowed from our poor theology, had no meaning in the high religious conscience of Jesus? For him nature and the development of humanity were not limited kingdoms out of God, wretched realities, subject to the laws of a despairing empiricism. There was for him no supernatural, for there was no nature." (p. 246.)

As it is, we feel that M. Renan has written a life of Jesus with Jesus omitted. Not the less, however, has he given us suggestions and materials for forming an idea of Jesus, and living, if not writing, that majestic life ourselves, which

we have never yet found in any other writer. We thank him especially for that beautiful delineation of Jesus as the Son of God, in opposition at once to a confused tritheism and to "a cold deism."

"He believes himself more than an ordinary man, but separated from God by an infinite distance. He is Son of God; but all men are or may become so, in divers degrees. All, every day, ought to call God their Father; all the children of the resurrection will be sons of God. The Divine filiation was ascribed in the Old Testament to beings whom no one pretended to make equal with God. The word *Son* has, in the Semitic languages and in the language of the New Testament, the largest sense. Besides, the idea which Jesus forms to himself of man is not that low idea a cold deism has introduced. In his poetic conception of nature, one sole breath pervades the universe; the breath of man is that of God; God dwells in man, lives by man, just as man lives in and by God. The transcendental idealism of Jesus never permitted him to have a very clear notion of his own personality. He is his Father, his Father is he. He lives in his disciples; he is everywhere with them; his disciples are one, and he and his Father are one." — p. 244.

This is one of the passages, indeed, in M. Renan's book, which may seem to illustrate the influence of Hegel of which we spoke; but, after all, notwithstanding some of the terms employed, we confess to finding in this passage more of the theistic doctrine of Paul, and even of Jesus, than of any pantheistic human school. The idea of Jesus having no clear notion of his own personality has been ridiculed, but perhaps it receives some countenance from his own saying, that *none knoweth who the Son is but the Father*.

We have not undertaken to give our readers a full account of the contents of the remarkable book we have been reviewing. We have not proposed to ourselves to rewrite it, or to rewrite the life of Jesus. We have not even ventured to show directly and positively how that should be done. We do not admit the old doctrine, that a critic must be equal to his author, in order to form a just estimate of his short-comings. We have aimed simply to indicate what seem to us the chief defects, as well as the chief merits, in the book under consideration. On the whole, we do not regard it as any considerable addition to our theological science, — or perhaps we should say *sacred* sci-

ence, since theology, strictly speaking, it does not profess to treat. But in the literary history, in human history, it certainly is one of the most interesting and significant works that have ever appeared. As coming from one by birth a Roman Catholic, and by instinct a *human Catholic*, a man of no sect or school in religion, it comes to us like the cry of the human soul for that steady and sober assurance of Jesus Christ as the Son of man and the Son of God, which Peter affirmed in reply to that question of the Master: "Who do men say that I, the Son of man, am?"

We say "*sober* assurance"; and if there is any one word which would express the defect of M. Renan's idea of Jesus, may we not say that *sobriety* is the quality in which his book, as well as a great proportion of those that have been written in the interest of naturalism, most characteristically contrast with the spirit of Jesus? Without this quality, there can be no adequate respect for his character as an honest person, not to say reverence for his claim as a teacher from God. Without this quality, we mean the sobriety which is born of an evenly balanced mind, there cannot be the patience needed, amidst the prejudices and passions of humanity, for discerning and holding fast the simplicity of truth. He has not begun to understand the mind of Jesus, who does not recognize as a foremost trait in him a collected spirit, a freedom from exaggeration, a soul serenely lifted above the seductions and the provocations that beset him. It is well said by a recent critic of this book, that if, as all Christians agree, Jesus was *very man*, the life of Jesus should be written in a *very manly* way. M. Renan's ideal Jesus is too much a man of sentiment, or too little a man of principle. We regret to feel, too, that the pernicious principle of *pious fraud* so much indulged by the Church M. Renan was born in, but not by that Church alone, has tainted his treatment of his grave and majestic theme. Only a manly and a godly man is fitted to write the life of our Master, — the great Master in the art of a divine life.

And yet, is a man "far from the kingdom of God," while he pens such a paragraph as this on the word of Jesus at the well of Samaria?

"The day when he pronounced that word, he was truly the Son of God. He spoke for the first time the word on which the edifice of the

eternal religion shall rest forever. He founded that pure worship, without date, without country, which all exalted souls shall practise till the end of time. Not only on that day was his religion the good religion of humanity, it was the absolute religion; and if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality, their religion cannot be different from that which Jesus proclaimed at the well of Jacob. Man has not been able to hold himself to it; for one attains the ideal but for a moment. The word of Jesus was a flash of lightning in a dark night; eighteen centuries were needed for the eyes of humanity — what do I say? — of an infinitely small part of humanity — to accustom themselves to it. But the gleam shall become the full day, and, after having run through all the circles of error, humanity will return to that word as the immortal expression of its faith and of its hopes." — p. 234.

Since writing the foregoing pages, we have received the goodly handful of French pamphlets named at the head of our article. They are but a small part of the numerous, prompt, and piquant replies M. Renan's book has provoked. We shall give as fair and full a sketch of them as our limits will allow, simply as they afford a striking illustration of the *animus* of the predominant religion in France, scarcely one of them touching the heart of the subject, (though often probing most effectively weak points in M. Renan's argument), — never (or with scarcely an exception) seeking to discover how M. Renan may have slipped off from the right road, in order to try to lead him back, or dreaming it possible to learn anything from him, but almost throughout showing themselves as God, armed with terrifying thunders and avenging lightning, — in short, affording a melancholy comment on the low and barbarous state of French civilization as tried by one of the surest tests, that of a manly recognition of the right and duty of free thought. If he does not become notorious, it will not be for want of names pinned on his back in the pillory where his adversaries have placed him. He is called a Judas, a Pilate, an Erostratus, a Samson (in all but strength), a matricide, a Deicide. At the same time, in spite of the frequent substitution of base aspersion of his motives, and once or twice even of his person, it must be confessed that these *brochures* do make pretty thorough work of the weaker parts of M. Renan's book and system, if system it can "be called that shape has none discernible."

All these reviewers agree in calling M. Renan's book a romance, of which he, and not Jesus, is the hero; all dwell on the loose, inaccurate, unscholarly, and inconsistent character of his argument in the discussion of such grave subjects; on the slightness of the research and reasoning with which he justifies, the vagueness with which he announces, and the still greater recklessness with which through the book he practically treats his professed recognition of the Evangelic authorities, which he admits are the prime sources of information in the case. All reprobate the sentimentality of his style as unworthy the sublime simplicity of his theme, and take especial pains to analyze and expose the ill-matched work of his apparent reconstruction of the individuality and idea of Jesus. Several of them answer with great dignity, spirit, and strength M. Renan's demand that alleged miracles should have been submitted to a jury of *savans*. We have no room to do more than glance at the character and contents of these several replies.

The little books of Pioger and Lasserre are such as the Germans call "waistcoat-pocket editions." The former, regarding M. Renan's book as simply an attack upon the *Divinity* of Jesus (though he means the *Deity*), sets himself to prove that Christ was God: 1st, by prophecy; 2d, by his holy life; 3d, by his own words; 4th, by his miracles; 5th, by his sufferings and death. The latter is a fiery and somewhat fuliginous attack upon the audacious blasphemer who would rob the world of its God, — the wretched ingrate who, having in his poverty been fed both in *body* and soul by his dear old mother, the Church, now lifts his unnatural arm against her, tries to shake off the impression of her benediction from his head and her very image out of his memory. M. Renan is compared to an old duellist, who, having called out an innocent young man, and suffered him to fire the first shot without effect, drops his arm and proceeds to remind the young man of his mother and all he had to live for; and when the youth, moved by such magnanimous words, would rush into his arms, the cold-blooded hypocrite cries, "Stay! all these hopes you must bid adieu to forever! I have not fired!" — and, raising his pistol, shoots him dead. And this, says the writer, is M. Renan's way of betraying his victim with a kiss, only, unlike the

duellist, *he* does not kill his real adversary. "With a profound attention, with a minute care, with infinite precautions, he aims at God, — God who is everywhere, . . . and he misses him!" Again: "The last hour of God was about to strike. At last the mountain is delivered. Universal deception!" Remarking on M. Renan's criticism of the four Gospels, this writer says: —

"What Gospel would have satisfied him? Ah, we have found it, — the Gospel according to Judas! For apostasy is the essential condition of sincerity. Judas, a prey to the demon of avarice, he too shuts his eyes to the divinity of Jesus Christ, otherwise he would not have dared to sell him. Like M. Renan, he had believed, and believed no longer; like M. Renan selling books against the religion which had been his, Judas traded with the enemies of his Master, his benefactor, and his God; and having become an unbeliever under the sway of his detestable passion, he would fain give the death-blow to his old faith. This would have been an impartial and truthful historian; this was the man that M. Renan wanted. . . . . But leave him one thing," M. Lasserre says, in a tone of mock magnanimity, "to deny him which would be stealing a sous out of a blind man's pocket, — he knows how to write!"

Finally, he seizes upon M. Renan's admission that Jesus is a demigod, and cries, "Demigod or God, all one, — for God is indivisible." Logic like this can do no harm but to those who accept it as good reasoning. M. Renan is not touched by it.

M. Potrel's book is mainly a reproduction of the Gospels in a close paraphrase, and reduced to chronological order. To this is prefixed a rambling review of M. Renan's book, in which the following not less bitter than mean insinuation occurs: "Judas sold his God for thirty *écus;* O, why had he not a chair, or, in default of a chair, the sharpened pen of a rhetorician! he might have sold Jesus by making a great book; he might have delivered him to the beasts by writing, and instead of thirty *écus* for a word whispered in the ear of the mighty, he might have received, in exchange for five hundred pages, twenty thousand francs! So much for progress! Everything pays better today!"

This writer also gives a table of about three hundred instances in which M. Renan expresses uncertainty by such words as *perhaps*, *possibly*, *almost*, *apparently*, &c.

M. Hello begins by asserting that M. Renan's book "absolutely says nothing, and cannot become the occasion of any doctrinal discussion whatever." He accordingly gives only a short and somewhat slight collection of remarks and exclamations on several of M. Renan's principles and interpretations.

When we come to the Bishop of Algiers, we rise a little in the scale and style of argument. With something of the Algerine and archiepiscopal in his tone, he does, however, grapple somewhat manfully and ably with the grand points of the subject, the authenticity of the Gospels and the credibility of the miracles. He charges M. Renan with suppressing the capital question of inspiration. In regard to the pretence that the miracles could have been certified only before a bench of *savans*, he says, among other just things: "M. Renan, who has read the Gospels so much, does not then know that the miracles of our Divine Saviour were inspired much more by charity than by the necessity of demonstrating his power, and that, at all events, he never did a single one through ostentation, to satisfy a frivolous curiosity, or to answer impertinent challenges?" He complains that, in its multitude of digressions, this Life of Jesus is more occupied with anything than with the veritable life of Jesus.

M. Laurentie's grief at the book is caused chiefly by the evidence afforded of the corrupt state of the public mind, when apostasy is the road to popularity and preferment. He finds the whole falsehood of the book in the statement that Jesus was "a superior person, who, by his bold *initiative*, and by *the love he was able to inspire*, created the *object* and fixed the *point of departure* for the *future faith* of humanity!" and this position he devotes himself to overthrowing. He makes out that M. Renan asserts everything to be divine except what is of God, and says, the more he tries to make Jesus a man, only the more he makes him God.

The Reverend Father Félix writes in a somewhat declamatory style, with a mixture of priestly assumption and personal bitterness, — now accusing his adversary of wishing to tear from him his God ("Strike us," he says, "but spare our God!") — and now insinuating that M. Renan's "fine young man and little Galilean resembles *another fine young man* and

a certain little *Breton* of our acquaintance," — and anon relieving his mind by such words as these: "M. Ernest Renan and M. Michel Lévy, author, ex-abbé, and Israelite publisher, have made a good business of it. Those who have reproached them with having conspired to sell Jesus Christ will do them the justice to own that they have not sold him for thirty *denarii;* there was only one man to do it at that price; they would not have taken so little." He charges M. Renan with confiscating to himself the infallibility of Jesus. He finds the object of the book to be treachery to Jesus Christ, — the method of it, treachery to truth. He puts into the mouth of a freethinker, whom he imagines conversing with M. Renan, his charges against the latter, of *assertion without proof*, *doubts without reason*, *beggings of the question*, *naïvetés of criticism*, *and absurdities of exegesis*, and asserts that it would be some consolation, if, after taking away *Jesus the God*, he had left us the power of respecting *Jesus the man.* He thinks a Jew would say, If Jesus, being only a man, has done all M. Renan says, I find it more marvellous than if he were a God. Finally, he thinks that, while M. Renan, who is "eminently crepuscular," will do mischief to three classes, the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the unsettled, *per contra*, he will do good to honest outsiders, to sincere Christians, to the clergy, to Christ and the Church. Then, by way of farewell, he says: "*What thou doest, do quickly!* You are preparing other works, you announce other blows, and you fear time will fail you: hasten, then; finish to-morrow, if possible; day after to-morrow you will be conquered; you will be buried in your books; your glory will die with you; and our Christ-God will reign forever!" All this personality is the more discreditable from the fact that M. Renan's own style never affords a justification for such attack, or for any low retort.

The three reviews by the Abbé Loyson, the Abbé Freppel, and Professor Delaporte are the most learned and elaborate in the list.

The first is entitled "A Pretended Life of Jesus, or M. Ernest Renan, Historian, Philosopher, and Poet." The writer begins by distinguishing between the success of an author and the success of his doctrine. He rejoices that M. Renan has

"drawn from their distant fog-banks those phantoms [of German Antichristianity] formidable only at a distance. On our more limpid horizons they will vanish in smoke, and of those fantastic births of night and imagination, good sense, like the sun, will leave no trace." He then quotes some wholesome advice which M. Renan's former Oriental teacher at St. Sulpice once gave his pupils, to the effect that criticism divorced from history attempts to *see with one eye* and *soar with one wing*. He feels that the sentimental and mystical dress of M. Renan's errors makes them dangerous, and hence he takes up his pen against him.

He first examines M. Renan's estimate of his Evangelic authorities, and finds (to use his own happy expression) that that author takes them as material "relatively solid, but malleable at his own pleasure," and the unhappy effect of this loose opinion of the Gospel records the reviewer shows in detail by quoting passages from various parts of the new biography which illustrate the practical working of the theory it starts with.

Next, the reviewer suggests the probable motive which led M. Renan to make so light of the Gospels, namely, that they are so full of the miraculous. And on this subject he dwells at some length. He charges M. Renan with reasoning in a circle, when he says that the Gospel stories are legendary in so far as they are miraculous. Then, in regard to the *scientific conditions* alleged necessary to prove a miracle, the reviewer says: —

"If the miracle were constant, if it were capable of being repeated at our will or at the command of Messieurs the *savants*, like natural facts, it would be confounded with them, it would constitute a law which one could no longer distinguish from the laws of nature, it would lose with its physiognomy its whole reason for being. Either God does not declare himself by any sign, or he gives a manifest sign of himself. In the former case there is no miracle. In the latter, the miracle is essentially transitory, and so divine a brightness that it subdues with a flash."

Again: —

"He who refuses to appear before scientific juries makes no difficulty in presenting himself before these grand popular assizes. He reveals himself to humility, while he hides himself from pride."

And again: —

"M. Renan may well speak of democracy, the enfranchisement of the poor and the lowly. His doctrine tends simply to shut and double-bolt heaven in the face of the people, and to confide the key to hands which would never open it."

But M. Renan's great difficulty in receiving the miracles, the reviewer says, is his pantheism.

Next comes the question of the personality of Jesus. And here the reviewer exposes the flimsiness of M. Renan's attempt to reconstruct the idea of the divine man, and concludes that he is neither historian nor philosopher, but poet; he accordingly advises him to change the title of his book, and call it a romantic autobiography, and ends with a mock salutation of the new "son of the nebulous Armorica, scion of the Celtic bards"!

Professor Freppel's "Critical Examination" begins with the remark, that, though we had no reason to expect anything solid in the way of science and logic from such a man as M. Renan, we had a right to demand that a serious subject should be treated seriously. Strauss, he says, was serious, at least. But M. Renan knew his public and knew himself. He has enough of the show of learning to dazzle the superficial; but to refer us for information on preliminary and essential points to works long ago refuted, is an insult to scholarship and sense. In fact, M. Renan was not fit to write the Life of Jesus.

The matter is then taken up under several heads. 1. The Gospels. Here the author's admission that they are *mostly* from the writers to whom they are ascribed, is handled with searching severity. "The poetic preoccupations of M. Renan do not permit him to form any exact idea of the first and second centuries." 2. The Gospel of St. John. Here the writer argues the absurdity of M. Renan's theory of the aged Evangelist's writing his Gospel from jealousy of Peter, who figured too largely in the other three, and the fallacy of his inference from the glimpses of Oriental philosophy in the fourth Gospel. 3. The Supernatural. Under this head a distinction is made between

"the *fact* of the miracle and its miraculous *character*. If the question is of the simple fact, the material fact, the fact which falls under the cog-

nizance of the senses, a person from the people, or a man of the world, enjoying the use of his faculties and endowed with sound organs, is as competent to see and understand, as the first *savant* on earth. It is not necessary to be a physiologist, physicist, or chemist, to be able to certify that one born blind began to see at a given moment, that a paralytic set himself to walking, that a deaf-mute recovered hearing and speech. As to the question of knowing whether such cures produced by a word, or a gesture, pass the forces of nature, that may belong to the sphere of science, if you will; but the fact in itself is within reach of everybody, and requires, in order to be observed and faithfully reported, neither a strong dose of erudition nor a long habit of scientific research."

Indeed, says the reviewer, even upon the question of the character of the fact, plain men would be no worse judges than scientific men, and might be better, because they would have no theory to blind them. He then ridicules at great length the demand for a scientific commission on miracles, and finally examines the author's way of disposing of the relation of Jesus to the popular mind in this matter of miracles; and this brings him to — 4. The Person of Jesus Christ. "To exalt Jesus Christ in order to deceive one class, to degrade Jesus Christ in order to encourage another class, — behold the idea of the work." The reviewer proceeds to show that the insincerity ascribed to Jesus leaves him no longer even a *good man*. 5. Christianity. Here M. Renan is charged with not studying carefully the antecedents of our religion, the circumstances of its birth, or its doctrines and institutions. 6. The Church. Here the idea is combated, that religion is a matter of pure sentiment, and is independent of form or formula. And the review ends with holy horror at the attempt to destroy faith in the virginity of Mary and the divinity of Christ.

Appended to the review is a severe letter to one of M. Renan's panegyrists in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who contends that he has not gone far enough, but ought to have said at once that *no part of the Gospels is written by companions of Jesus*.

The essay entitled "Criticism and Tactics" lays down the laws of the critical art, and means to show that M. Renan disregards them. "Self-constituted critic of the man-God, he knows little of man, and of God nothing." But the first chapter, though it opens in a very scientific style, soon passes into

personal declamation; for it makes the three points, — 1. True criticism implies a knowledge of its subject; 2. It supposes a *criterion;* 3. M. Renan had a special reason for keeping silence, namely, his antecedents. The second chapter begins the *exposé* of the "Processes of Modern Antichristianity" with strictures on the coolness of the free-thinkers in their classification of men as choice spirits and vulgar spirits, and ends with these words: "You are the *élite*, we are the vulgar. Say it less, and show it more." In the third chapter, entitled "Precautions against the Approaches of the Truth," is exposed M. Renan's system of keeping out of sight all that his adversaries have written. The fourth chapter is entitled "Disloyal Reticences." This relates to M. Renan's partial or perverted presentments of the history of Jesus, his blinking out of sight what would incommode his theory, and referring in a general way to texts which, if cited in full, would make against him. Chapter V. is headed, "Masking one's Colors under a Neutral Flag," which means, in its application to M. Renan, undermining Christian faith while professedly laboring only as a historian. Chapter VI. is on the "Perfidies of Language." "Every page," says the critic, speaking of M. Renan's style, "is a Bengal light: myriads of sparks, no hearth." He has many beautiful and holy words, but his meaning is evil. Chapter VII. treats of "Audacious Assertions." M. Renan assumes that history can take no cognizance of miracles. He attacks the authority of Jerome. He falsifies the Gospel records. Chapter VIII. "The Unbounded Extension of Conjecture." Chapter IX. is on *La Nuance*, that is to say, the insensible gradation by which right and wrong are alleged to run into each other. Chapter X. discusses the attributing to Jesus pious frauds or philanthropic impostures.

In conclusion, the reviewer comforts himself with the conviction that M. Renan's book will help the cause of truth. "Since the publication of this book, M. Didot, they say, has sold more New Testaments than for fifteen years before."

He summons the faithful to the defence of reason and revelation, and finally proposes the establishment of an "Academy of Catholic Science," with branches in the principal cities of France, with a general Review, and at the capital a library

specially adapted to the preservation and diffusion of the Catholic faith. The review should "pitilessly reject feeble or inaccurate publications."

Of all the answers to M. Renan's book which we have seen, the one named last in our list, by the Abbé Michon, interests us most; not by any special strength of argument, but by the candor and kindliness of its tone, and by the fact that the writer takes an independent ground between the ultramontane party of "religious absolutism" and the sceptics. There is something touching in his appeal to M. Renan. He says in substance: You know our hands are tied in the Roman Catholic Church, so that we cannot furnish at present a full and fair explanation of these difficult subjects: you take an unfair advantage, when, with all the beauty and brilliancy of your style, you set forth difficulties which we feel as much as you, but which it should be your work, gentlemen of science, to come, and in a frank, friendly way invite us to help dispose of, if they can be disposed of; for, in regard to many of them, you yourself do not relieve the reader; you demolish, but do not build up. You cannot think to satisfy your age, your subject, or yourself, when you give us for the truth on the origins of Christianity, a bucolic romance. "Science imposes an obligation, Monsieur Renan." (*Science oblige, M. Renan.*) "Have you believed that the Life of Jesus would be taken for the work of a *savant?* Perhaps." "To construct an edifice, you must have materials. The question was difficult, nay, terrible," which you had to meet. "We know that you do not believe in the Christ-God; but we do not know why *we* ought not to believe in him. The member of the Institute has given us his judgment; the grave motives of his judgment remain as yet unknown to us." "Your conscience will reproach you with having knowingly risked deceiving the multitude, who are led only by imagination, in making them believe that you have scientific demonstration of what rests only on your personal affirmation." "I have a right to be severe in the examination of your proofs; and these proofs, — I do not wish them to be such as content the female readers of romances, but such as serious men who have long labored in the field of metaphysics, those mathe-

matics of the spirit, demand of a man who has a name, and who belongs to the first learned body in Europe."

One cannot close an examination of these pamphlets, with their mixture of justice and injustice, without having awakened in him by both a keen regret that a man of M. Renan's accomplishments and ability should have laid himself open so recklessly to such assaults, and at the same time have afforded the advocates of ancient errors a fresh plea for holding fast to their old superstitions, by the loose, vacillating nature of the faith or feeling which he would substitute for them. It is, indeed, a disappointment, to find that M. Renan's book thus serves to confirm the erroneous views of the life and teachings of Jesus which have so long obscured the truth. But what else could follow from an attempt to construct an idea of Jesus, and leave out all respect for these wondrous works he himself refers to as God's works, — respect for them, we say, not merely as miracles, but as good, honest works, wrought in good faith and simplicity of heart? The pagan sentimentality of the dedication, in which the author associates the memory of his departed sister with that of the women who used in the ancient mysteries to mingle their tears in the sacred waters of the land of Adonis, preludes the gravest fault in the spirit of the book, — the want of a true manliness and godliness, of a high principle, in short, in his imaginary Jesus, to balance and connect the sentimental element, and to save the name of that just man from being made to cover the most unaccountable kind of pious and philanthropic fraud that history has related or fiction feigned.

In the first part of this article, the question was asked, whether what we had known of M. Renan's doing and writing *before* his Life of Jesus would make us think him the man to do justice to such a subject; and now we have to say, that something which he has written *since* that work came out gives us a glimpse of a state of mind which may well have been very unpropitious in some important respects, not before alluded to, for a biographer of Him who brought to light the immortal life of man.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15th, 1863, opens with a letter written by M. Renan from the seaside.

Contemplating the immensity of the universe, he begins by confessing his old preference for natural science over those historical and critical studies in which he had been so much engaged; then ascending in thought from human history to geology, thence to astronomy, from that still higher to chemistry (the science of atomic combinations), and finally to dynamics (the realm and period of pure forces); pausing there on the border of the unknown region of spirit, and returning on his track, downward and onward, he anticipates the day when the process of development which has been going on in nature will be complete, and when, "although *we* shall for myriads of years have been dust, and the particles which composed our material being shall have been disengaged and passed through incalculable transformations, *we* shall *revive* in the form of that world which we shall have contributed to make." And then, too, God will come to a complete recognition and consciousness of himself. Just as in the Hindoo theology an inert and unconscious godhead, Brahm, reaches conscious and creative activity in Brahma; so God, who "knows himself better in the plant than in the rock, ... in Buddha than in Socrates, in Christ than in Buddha," will (M. Renan deprecates the inference, but it seems to us logical) become complete, being until then infinite in the sense of *unfinished*, like truth, according to Schiller, which "always is a-being, never is."

But our chief concern is with M. Renan's idea of *human* personality, and on this point the following significant words are to be specially noted: "Consciousness is in fact, so far as we are concerned, a resultant; now the resultant disappears with the organism whence it proceeds; the effect vanishes with the cause; the brain being decomposed, consciousness must then disappear. . . . . The place which man occupies in God, the opinion which absolute justice has of him, the rank that he holds in the only true world, namely, the world according to God, — in a word, his part in the general consciousness, — that is his veritable being." "It is in God that man is immortal."

Does not M. Renan reveal here a Straussian, a Hegelian creed, — in fact, almost repeating Strauss's melancholy par-

ody, that the faith in a personal immortality is the last enemy that shall be destroyed? Do not the vague and shifting words in which he seems to endeavor at once to convey and to conceal his real meaning, justify us in attributing to him such a disbelief in conscious personal immortality as singularly disqualifies a man for expounding the life of one who, like Jesus, made the truth of individual immortality the chief ground of consolation and warning to men as moral beings, even if it does not explain in some measure, by the want of respect for human personality, the capricious manner in which M. Renan deals with the elements that compose his ideal Jesus?

Here we close our discussion of M. Renan's views; but we cannot yet leave the subject without recurring for a few moments to the question, whether the work which M. Renan has attempted needs to be done at all. On this point we have a word or two more to say.

There are two ways of writing the Life of Jesus: the one is simply to ascertain and arrange the facts of his external history; the other is, then to go on and so interpret and explain those facts as to make it seen and felt what manner of man he was in spirit and purpose; for in these, after all, is a man's true life. Now, a Life of Jesus of *this* kind seems to us still, at this day, eminently needed. We want, first, to have a conviction founded on internal and external evidence that Jesus is the name of a real man, and not of a fictitious one; then, that he is an honest man in heart and a sound one in mind, — one who, instead of being carried away by popular passion, calmly resists it and rules himself, — in short, one who can be *believed* (as well as believed *on* or *in*), respected, and trusted; and then, when we once really have Jesus as a genuine and good man, we are prepared to receive him for what he is more. Then we are prepared to judge soberly of the meaning and value of what he says of himself, and of what others have said of him. Then we are prepared to take a more intelligent view than we could otherwise have done of his miraculous works as well as words, and, in short, to appreciate his true relation at once to God and to man. And then, too, the life of Jesus will be brought into such a light that it can be seen to be the *Gospel of to-day*. We shall have him both as an Example and a

Teacher. He will be in the midst of us a presence and a power; for we shall feel that his times are essentially our times, and our trials essentially his. He will be our Leader and our Legislator, and thus, by once really believing in him as a man, we shall have him as a Messiah. What thoughtful person does not see and feel how sorely this is needed, — does not see and feel how much the pernicious sophistries, the political and moral wrongs of this professedly civilized and Christianized era, are aggravated by the want of sound convictions touching the relation of Jesus to us? It is anything but a mere piece of scholarly amusement, then, it is of vital importance to bring back to this age the living Christ. The dispute between the disciples of an historical and those of a spiritual Christ is wholly unnecessary and misleading. The historical Jesus once made real to the souls of men, becomes the spiritual Jesus, — then for the first time we have the real point and power of his example.

Before this can be, however, there must be a better idea than the present orthodox and popular notions constitute, of the whole subject of the connection between human nature and the Divine, as well as the relation of God to the material world. There must be a more clear and settled understanding of the meaning of inspiration. Until we get that, our belief in the miraculous Messiah and his miraculous life will continue to be what it has hitherto been with such a vast proportion of men, — a barren wonder.

ART. IX. — *The President's Message.* December 9, 1863.

THERE have been many painful crises since the impatient vanity of South Carolina hurried ten prosperous Commonwealths into a crime whose assured retribution was to leave them either at the mercy of the nation they had wronged, or of the anarchy they had summoned but could not control, when no thoughtful American opened his morning paper without dreading to find that he had no longer a country to love and honor. Whatever the result of the convulsion whose first shocks were beginning to be felt, there would still be enough square miles of earth for elbow-room; but that ineffable sentiment made up of memory and hope, of instinct and tradition, which swells every man's heart and shapes his thought, though perhaps never present to his consciousness, would be gone from it, leaving it common earth and nothing more. Men might gather rich crops from it, but that ideal harvest of priceless associations would be reaped no longer; that fine virtue which sent up messages of courage and security from every sod of it would have evaporated beyond recall. We should be irrevocably cut off from our past, and be forced to splice the ragged ends of our lives upon whatever new conditions chance might twist for us.

We confess that we had our doubts at first whether the patriotism of our people were not too narrowly provincial to embrace the proportions of national peril. We had an only too natural distrust of immense public meetings and enthusiastic cheers, and we knew that the plotters of rebellion had roused a fanaticism of caste in the Southern States sure to hold out longer than that fanaticism of the flag which was preached in the North, for hatred has deeper roots than sentiment, though we knew also that frenzy would pass through its natural stages, to end in dejection, as surely in Carolina as in New York.

That a reaction should follow the holiday enthusiasm with which the war was entered on, that it should follow soon, and that the slackening of public spirit should be proportionate to the previous over-tension, might well be foreseen by all who had studied human nature or history. Men acting gregari-

ously are always in extremes; as they are one moment capable of higher courage, so they are liable, the next, to baser depression, and it is often a matter of chance whether numbers shall multiply confidence or discouragement. Nor does deception lead more surely to distrust of men, than self-deception to suspicion of principles. The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience. Enthusiasm is good material for the orator, but the statesman needs something more durable to work in, — must be able to rely on the deliberate reason and consequent firmness of the people, without which that presence of mind, no less essential in times of moral than of material peril, will be wanting at the critical moment. Would this fervor of the Free States hold out? Was it kindled by a just feeling of the value of constitutional liberty? Had it body enough to withstand the inevitable dampening of checks, reverses, delays? Had our population intelligence enough to comprehend that the choice was between order and anarchy, between the equilibrium of a government by law and the tussle of misrule by *pronunciamiento?* Could a war be maintained without the ordinary stimulus of hatred and plunder, and with the impersonal loyalty of principle? These were serious questions, and with no precedent to aid in answering them.

At the beginning of the war there was, indeed, occasion for the most anxious apprehension. A President known to be infected with the political heresies, and suspected of sympathy with the treason, of the Southern conspirators, had just surrendered the reins, we will not say of power, but of chaos, to a successor known only as the representative of a party whose leaders, with long training in opposition, had none in the conduct of affairs; an empty treasury was called on to supply resources beyond precedent in the history of finance; the trees were yet growing and the iron unmined with which a navy was to be built and armored; officers without discipline were to make a mob into an army; and, above all, the public opinion of Europe, echoed and reinforced with every vague hint and every specious argument of despondency by a powerful faction at home, was either contemptuously sceptical

or actively hostile. It would be hard to over-estimate the force of this latter element of disintegration and discouragement among a people where every citizen at home, and every soldier in the field, is a reader of newspapers. The pedlers of rumor in the North were the most effective allies of the rebellion. A nation can be liable to no more insidious treachery than that of the telegraph, sending hourly its electric thrill of panic along the remotest nerves of the community, till the excited imagination makes every real danger loom heightened with its unreal double. The armies of Jefferson Davis have been more effectually strengthened by the phantom regiments of Northern newspapers, than by the merciless dragoonery of his conscription.

And even if we look only at more palpable difficulties, the problem to be solved by our civil war was so vast, both in its immediate relations and its future consequences; the conditions of its solution were so intricate and so greatly dependent on incalculable and uncontrollable contingencies; so many of the data, whether for hope or fear, were, from their novelty, incapable of arrangement under any of the categories of historical precedent, — that there were moments of crisis when the firmest believer in the strength and sufficiency of the democratic theory of government might well hold his breath in vague apprehension of disaster. Our teachers of political philosophy, solemnly arguing from the precedent of some petty Grecian, Italian, or Flemish city, whose long periods of aristocracy were broken now and then by awkward parentheses of mob, had always taught us that democracies were incapable of the sentiment of loyalty, of concentrated and prolonged effort, of far-reaching conceptions; were absorbed in material interests; impatient of regular, and much more of exceptional restraint; had no natural nucleus of gravitation, nor any forces but centrifugal; were always on the verge of civil war, and slunk at last into the natural almshouse of bankrupt popular government, a military despotism. Here was indeed a dreary outlook for persons who knew democracy, not by rubbing shoulders with it lifelong, but merely from books, and America only by the report of some fellow-Briton, who, having eaten a bad dinner or lost a carpet-

bag here, had written to the Times demanding redress, and drawing a mournful inference of democratic instability. Nor were men wanting among ourselves who had so steeped their brains in London literature as to mistake Cockneyism for European culture, and contempt of their country for cosmopolitan breadth of view, and who, owing all they had and all they were to democracy, thought it had an air of high-breeding to join in the shallow epicedium that our bubble had burst. Others took up the Tory gabble, that all the political and military genius was on the side of the Rebels, and even yet are not weary of repeating it, when there is not one of Jefferson Davis's prophecies as to the course of events, whether at home or abroad, but has been utterly falsified by the event, when his finance has literally gone to rags, and when even the journals of his own capital are beginning to inquire how it is, that, while their armies are always victorious, the territory of the Confederacy is steadily diminishing.

But beside any disheartening influences which might affect the timid or the despondent, there were reasons enough of settled gravity against any over-confidence of hope. A war — which, whether we consider the expanse of the territory at stake, the hosts brought into the field, or the reach of the principles involved, may fairly be reckoned the most momentous of modern times — was to be waged by a people divided at home, unnerved by fifty years of peace, under a chief magistrate without experience and without reputation, whose every measure was sure to be cunningly hampered by a jealous and unscrupulous minority, and who, while dealing with unheard-of complications at home, must soothe a hostile neutrality abroad, waiting only a pretext to become war. All this was to be done without warning and without preparation, while at the same time a social revolution was to be accomplished in the political condition of four millions of people, by softening the prejudices, allaying the fears, and gradually obtaining the co-operation, of their unwilling liberators. Surely, if ever there were an occasion when the heightened imagination of the historian might see Destiny visibly intervening in human affairs, here was a knot worthy of her shears. Never, perhaps, was any system of government tried by so continuous

and searching a strain as ours during the last three years; never has any shown itself stronger; and never could that strength be so directly traced to the virtue and intelligence of the people, — to that general enlightenment and prompt efficiency of public opinion possible only under the influence of a political framework like our own. We find it hard to understand how even a foreigner should be blind to the grandeur of the combat of ideas that has been going on here, — to the heroic energy, persistency, and self-reliance of a nation proving that it knows how much dearer greatness is than mere power; and we own that it is impossible for us to conceive the mental and moral condition of the American who does not feel his spirit braced and heightened by being even a spectator of such qualities and achievements. That a steady purpose and a definite aim have been given to the jarring forces which, at the beginning of the war, spent themselves in the discussion of schemes which could only become operative, if at all, after the war was over; that a popular excitement has been slowly intensified into an earnest national will; that a somewhat impracticable moral sentiment has been made the unconscious instrument of a practical moral end; that the treason of covert enemies, the jealousy of rivals, the unwise zeal of friends, have been made not only useless for mischief, but even useful for good; that the conscientious sensitiveness of England to the horrors of civil conflict has been prevented from complicating a domestic with a foreign war; — all these results, any one of which might suffice to prove greatness in a ruler, have been mainly due to the good sense, the good humor, the sagacity, the large-mindedness, and the unselfish honesty of the unknown man whom a blind fortune, as it seemed, had lifted from the crowd to the most dangerous and difficult eminence of modern times. It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested; it is by the sagacity to see, and the fearless honesty to admit, whatever of truth there may be in an adverse opinion, in order more convincingly to expose the fallacy that lurks behind it, that a reasoner at length gains for his mere statement of a fact the force of argument; it is by a wise forecast which allows hostile combinations to go so far as by the inevitable reaction to become elements of his own

power, that a politician proves his genius for state-craft; and especially it is by so gently guiding public sentiment that he seems to follow it, by so yielding doubtful points that he can be firm without seeming obstinate in essential ones, and thus gain the advantages of compromise without the weakness of concession, by so instinctively comprehending the temper and prejudices of a people as to make them gradually conscious of the superior wisdom of his freedom from temper and prejudice, — it is by qualities such as these that a magistrate shows himself worthy to be chief in a commonwealth of freemen. And it is for qualities such as these that we firmly believe History will rank Mr. Lincoln among the most prudent of statesmen and the most successful of rulers. If we wish to appreciate him, we have only to conceive the inevitable chaos in which we should now be weltering, had a weak man or an unwise one been chosen in his stead.

"Bare is back," says the Norse proverb, "without brother behind it"; and this is, by analogy, true of an elective magistracy. The hereditary ruler in any critical emergency may reckon on the inexhaustible resources of *prestige*, of sentiment, of superstition, of dependent interest, while the new man must slowly and painfully create all these out of the unwilling material around him, by superiority of character, by patient singleness of purpose, by sagacious presentiment of popular tendencies and instinctive sympathy with the national character. Mr. Lincoln's task was one of peculiar and exceptional difficulty. Long habit had accustomed the American people to the notion of a party in power, and of a President as its creature and organ, while the more vital fact, that the executive for the time being represents the abstract idea of government as a permanent principle superior to all party and all private interest, had gradually become unfamiliar. They had so long seen the public policy more or less directed by views of party, and often even of personal advantage, as to be ready to suspect the motives of a chief magistrate compelled, for the first time in our history, to feel himself the head and hand of a great nation, and to act upon the fundamental maxim, laid down by all publicists, that the first duty of a government is to defend and maintain its own existence. Accordingly, a powerful

weapon seemed to be put into the hands of the opposition by the necessity under which the administration found itself of applying this old truth to new relations. They were not slow in turning it to use, but the patriotism and common sense of the people were more than a match for any sophistry of mere party. The radical mistake of the leaders of the opposition was in forgetting that they had a country, and expecting a similar obliviousness on the part of the people. In the undisturbed possession of office for so many years, they had come to consider the government as a kind of public Gift Enterprise conducted by themselves, and whose profits were nominally to be shared among the holders of their tickets, though all the prizes had a trick of falling to the lot of the managers. Amid the tumult of war, when the life of the nation was at stake, when the principles of despotism and freedom were grappling in deadly conflict, they had no higher conception of the crisis than such as would serve the purpose of a contested election; no thought but of advertising the tickets for the next drawing of that private speculation which they miscalled the Democratic party. But they were too little in sympathy with the American people to understand them, or the motives by which they were governed. It became more and more clear that, in embarrassing the administration, their design was to cripple the country; that, by a strict construction of the Constitution, they meant nothing more than the locking up of the only arsenal whence effective arms could be drawn to defend the nation. Fortunately, insincerity by its very nature, by its necessary want of conviction, must erelong betray itself by its inconsistencies. It was hard to believe that men had any real horror of sectional war, who were busy in fomenting jealousies between East and West; that they could be in favor of a war for the Union as it was, who were for accepting the violent amendments of Rebellion; that they could be heartily opposed to insurrection in the South who threatened government with forcible resistance in the North; or that they were humanely anxious to stay the effusion of blood, who did not scruple to stir up the mob of our chief city to murder and arson, and to compliment the patriotism of assassins with arms in their hands. Believers, if they believed anything, in the divine right of Sham, they

brought the petty engineering of the caucus to cope with the resistless march of events, and hoped to stay the steady drift of the nation's purpose, always setting deeper and stronger in one direction, with the scoop-nets that had served their turn so well in dipping fish from the turbid eddies of politics. They have given an example of the shortest and easiest way of reducing a great party to an inconsiderable faction.

The change which three years have brought about is too remarkable to be passed over without comment, too weighty in its lesson not to be laid to heart. Never did a President enter upon office with less means at his command, outside his own strength of heart and steadiness of understanding, for inspiring confidence in the people, and so winning it for himself, than Mr. Lincoln. All that was known of him was that he was a good stump-speaker, nominated for his *availability*, — that is, because he had no history, — and chosen by a party with whose more extreme opinions he was not in sympathy. It might well be feared that a man past fifty, against whom the ingenuity of hostile partisans could rake up no accusation, must be lacking in manliness of character, in decision of principle, in strength of will, — that a man who was at best only the representative of a party, and who yet did not fairly represent even that, — would fail of political, much more of popular, support. And certainly no one ever entered upon office with so few resources of power in the past, and so many materials of weakness in the present, as Mr. Lincoln. Even in that half of the Union which acknowledged him as President, there was a large, and at that time dangerous minority, that hardly admitted his claim to the office, and even in the party that elected him there was also a large minority that suspected him of being secretly a communicant with the church of Laodicea. All that he did was sure to be virulently attacked as ultra by one side ; all that he left undone, to be stigmatized as proof of lukewarmness and backsliding by the other. Meanwhile he was to carry on a truly colossal war by means of both ; he was to disengage the country from diplomatic entanglements of unprecedented peril undisturbed by the help or the hinderance of either, and to win from the crowning dangers of his administration, in the confidence of the people, the means of his safety and their own.

He has contrived to do it, and perhaps none of our Presidents since Washington has stood so firm in the confidence of the people as he does after three years of stormy administration.

Mr. Lincoln's policy was a tentative one, and rightly so. He laid down no programme which must compel him to be either inconsistent or unwise, no cast-iron theorem to which circumstances must be fitted as they rose, or else be useless to his ends. He seemed to have chosen Mazarin's motto, *Le temps et moi*. The *moi*, to be sure, was not very prominent at first; but it has grown more and more so, till the world is beginning to be persuaded that it stands for a character of marked individuality and capacity for affairs. Time was his prime-minister, and, we began to think at one period, his general-in-chief also. At first he was so slow that he tired out all those who see no evidence of progress but in blowing up the engine; then he was so fast, that he took the breath away from those who think there is no getting on safely while there is a spark of fire under the boilers. God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man, who knows how to seize occasion, can commonly make a shift to find as much as he needs. Mr. Lincoln, as it seems to us in reviewing his career, though we have sometimes in our impatience thought otherwise, has always waited, as a wise man should, till the right moment brought up all his reserves. *Semper nocuit differre paratis*, is a sound axiom, but the really efficacious man will also be sure to know when he is *not* ready, and be firm against all persuasion and reproach till he is.

One would be apt to think, from some of the criticisms made on Mr. Lincoln's course by those who mainly agree with him in principle, that the chief object of a statesman should be rather to proclaim his adhesion to certain doctrines, than to achieve their triumph by quietly accomplishing his ends. In our opinion, there is no more unsafe politician than a conscientiously rigid *doctrinaire*, nothing more sure to end in disaster than a theoretic scheme of policy that admits of no pliability for contingencies. True, there is a popular image of an impossible He, in whose plastic hands the submissive destinies of mankind become as wax, and to whose commanding necessity the toughest facts yield with the graceful pliancy of fiction;

but in real life we commonly find that the men who control circumstances, as it is called, are those who have learned to allow for the influence of their eddies, and have the nerve to turn them to account at the happy instant. Mr. Lincoln's perilous task has been to carry a rather shackly raft through the rapids, making fast the unrulier logs as he could snatch opportunity, and the country is to be congratulated that he did not think it his duty to run straight at all hazards, but cautiously to assure himself with his setting-pole where the main current was, and keep steadily to that. He is still in wild water, but we have faith that his skill and sureness of eye will bring him out right at last.

A curious, and, as we think, not inapt parallel, might be drawn between Mr. Lincoln and one of the most striking figures in modern history, — Henry IV. of France. The career of the latter may be more picturesque, as that of a daring captain always is; but in all its vicissitudes there is nothing more romantic than that sudden change, as by a rub of Aladdin's lamp, from the attorney's office in a country town of Illinois to the helm of a great nation in times like these. The analogy between the characters and circumstances of the two men is in many respects singularly close. Succeeding to a rebellion rather than a crown, Henry's chief material dependence was the Huguenot party, whose doctrines sat upon him with a looseness distasteful certainly, if not suspicious, to the more fanatical among them. King only in name over the greater part of France, and with his capital barred against him, it yet gradually became clear to the more far-seeing even of the Catholic party, that he was the only centre of order and legitimate authority round which France could reorganize itself. While preachers who held the divine right of kings made the churches of Paris ring with declamations in favor of democracy rather than submit to the heretic dog of a Béarnois, — much as our *soi-disant* Democrats have lately been preaching the divine right of slavery, and denouncing the heresies of the Declaration of Independence, — Henry bore both parties in hand till he was convinced that only one course of action could possibly combine his own interests and those of France. Meanwhile the Protestants believed somewhat

doubtfully that he was theirs, the Catholics hoped somewhat doubtfully that he would be theirs, and Henry himself turned aside remonstrance, advice, and curiosity alike with a jest or a proverb (if a little *high*, he liked them none the worse), joking continually as his manner was. We have seen Mr. Lincoln contemptuously compared to Sancho Panza by persons incapable of appreciating one of the deepest pieces of wisdom in the profoundest romance ever written; namely, that, while Don Quixote was incomparable in theoretic and ideal statesmanship, Sancho, with his stock of proverbs, the ready money of human experience, made the best possible practical governor. Henry IV. was as full of wise saws and modern instances as Mr. Lincoln, but beneath all this was the thoughtful, practical, humane, and thoroughly earnest man, around whom the fragments of France were to gather themselves till she took her place again as a planet of the first magnitude in the European system. In one respect Mr. Lincoln was more fortunate than Henry. However some may think him wanting in zeal, the most fanatical can find no taint of apostasy in any measure of his, nor can the most bitter charge him with being influenced by motives of personal interest. The leading distinction between the policies of the two is one of circumstances. Henry went over to the nation; Mr. Lincoln has steadily drawn the nation over to him. One left a united France; the other, we hope and believe, will leave a reunited America. We leave our readers to trace the further points of difference and resemblance for themselves, merely suggesting a general similarity which has often occurred to us. One only point of melancholy interest we will allow ourselves to touch upon. That Mr. Lincoln is not handsome nor elegant, we learn from certain English tourists who would consider similar revelations in regard to Queen Victoria as thoroughly American in their want of *bienséance*. It is no concern of ours, nor does it affect his fitness for the high place he so worthily occupies; but he is certainly as fortunate as Henry in the matter of good looks, if we may trust contemporary evidence. Mr. Lincoln has also been reproached with Americanism by some not unfriendly British critics; but, with all deference, we cannot say that we like him any the worse for it, or see in it any reason why he should govern Americans the less wisely.

The most perplexing complications that Mr. Lincoln's government has had to deal with have been the danger of rupture with the two leading commercial countries of Europe, and the treatment of the slavery question. In regard to the former, the peril may be considered as nearly past, and the latter has been withdrawing steadily, ever since the war began, from the noisy debating-ground of faction to the quieter region of practical solution by convincingness of facts and consequent advance of opinion which we are content to call Fate.

As respects our foreign relations, the most serious, or at least the most obvious, cause of anxiety has all along been the irritation and ill-will that have been growing up between us and England. The sore points on both sides have been skilfully exasperated by interested and unscrupulous persons, who saw in a war between the two countries the only hope of profitable return for their investment in Confederate stock, whether political or financial. The always supercilious, often insulting, and sometimes even brutal tone of British journals and public men, has certainly not tended to soothe whatever resentment might exist in America.

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me down stairs?"

We have no reason to complain that England, as a necessary consequence of her clubs, has become a great society for the minding of other people's business, and we can smile good-naturedly when she lectures other nations on the sins of arrogance and conceit; but we may justly consider it a breach of the political *convenances* which are expected to regulate the intercourse of one well-bred government with another, when men holding places in the ministry allow themselves to dictate our domestic policy, to instruct us in our duty, and to stigmatize as unholy a war for the rescue of whatever a high-minded people should hold most vital and most sacred. Was it in good taste, that we may use the mildest term, for Earl Russell to expound our own Constitution to President Lincoln, or to make a new and fallacious application of an old phrase for our benefit, and tell us that the Rebels were fighting for independence and we for empire? As if all wars for independence were by nature just and deserving of sym-

pathy, and all wars for empire ignoble and worthy only of reprobation, or as if these easy phrases in any way characterized this terrible struggle, — terrible not so truly in any superficial sense, as from the essential and deadly enmity of the principles that underlie it. His Lordship's bit of borrowed rhetoric would justify Smith O'Brien, Nana Sahib, and the Maori chieftains, while it would condemn nearly every war in which England has ever been engaged. Was it so very presumptuous in us to think that it would be decorous in English statesmen if they spared time enough to acquire some kind of knowledge, though of the most elementary kind, in regard to this country and the questions at issue here, before they pronounced so off-hand a judgment? Or is political information expected to come Dogberry-fashion in England, like reading and writing, by nature?

And now all respectable England is wondering at our irritability, and sees a quite satisfactory explanation of it in our national vanity. *Suave mari magno*, it is pleasant, sitting in the easy-chairs of Downing Street, to sprinkle pepper on the raw wounds of a kindred people struggling for life, and philosophical to find in self-conceit the cause of our instinctive resentment. Surely we were of all nations the least liable to any temptation of vanity at a time when the gravest anxiety and the keenest sorrow were never absent from our hearts. Nor is conceit the exclusive attribute of any one nation. The earliest of English travellers, Sir John Mandeville, took a less provincial view of the matter when he said, "that in whatever part of the earth men dwell, whether above or beneath, it seemeth always to them that dwell there that they go more right than any other folk."

It is time for Englishmen to consider whether there was nothing in the spirit of their press and of their leading public men calculated to rouse a just indignation, and to cause a permanent estrangement on the part of any nation capable of self-respect, and sensitively jealous, as ours then was, of foreign interference. Was there nothing in the indecent haste with which belligerent rights were conceded to the Rebels, nothing in the abrupt tone assumed in the Trent case, nothing in the fitting out of Confederate privateers, that might stir the blood

of a people already overcharged with doubt, suspicion, and terrible responsibility? The laity in any country do not stop to consider points of law, but they have an instinctive appreciation of the *animus* that actuates the policy of a foreign nation; and in our own case they remembered that the British authorities in Canada did not wait till diplomacy could send home to England for her slow official tinder-box to fire the "Caroline." Add to this, what every sensible American knew, that the moral support of England was equal to an army of two hundred thousand men to the Rebels, while it insured us another year or two of exhausting war. Even if we must come to grief, the openly expressed satisfaction of a disinterested acquaintance, and his triumphant "I told you so's," are not soothing to the best-regulated nerves; but in regard to the bearing of England toward ourselves, it was not so much the spite of her words (though the time might have been more tastefully chosen) as the actual power for evil in them that we felt as a deadly wrong. Perhaps the most immediate and efficient cause of mere irritation was the sudden and unaccountable change of manner on the other side of the water. Only six months before, the Prince of Wales had come over to call us cousins; and everywhere it was nothing but "our American brethren," that great offshoot of British institutions in the New World, so almost identical with them in laws, language, and literature, — this last of the alliterative compliments being so bitterly true, that perhaps it will not be retracted even now. To this outburst of long-repressed affection we responded with genuine warmth, if with a little of the awkwardness of a poor relation bewildered with the sudden tightening of the ties of consanguinity when it is rumored that he has come into a large estate. Then came the rebellion, and, *presto!* a flaw in our titles was discovered, the plate we were promised at the family table is flung at our head, and we were again the scum of creation, intolerably vulgar, at once cowardly and overbearing, — no relations of theirs, after all, but a dreggy hybrid of the basest bloods of Europe. Panurge was not quicker to call Friar John his *former* friend. We could not help thinking of Walter Mapes's jingling paraphrase of Petronius, —

"Dummodo sim splendidis vestibus ornatus,
Et multa familia sim circumvallatus,
Prudens sum et sapiens et morigeratus,
Et tuus nepos sum et tu meus cognatus," —

which we may freely render thus:

So long as I was prosperous, I 'd dinners by the dozen,
Was well-bred, witty, virtuous, and everybody's cousin:
If luck should turn, as well she may, her fancy is so flexile,
Will virtue, cousinship, and all return with her from exile?

There was nothing in all this to exasperate a philosopher, much to make him smile rather; but the earth's surface is not chiefly inhabited by philosophers, and we revive the recollection of it now in perfect good humor, merely by way of suggesting to our *ci-devant* British cousins, that it would have been easier for them to hold their tongues than for us to keep our tempers under the circumstances.

The English Cabinet made a blunder, unquestionably, in taking it so hastily for granted that the United States had fallen forever from their position as a first-rate power, and it was natural that they should vent a little of their vexation on the people whose inexplicable obstinacy in maintaining freedom and order, and in resisting degradation, was likely to convict them of their mistake. But if bearing a grudge be the sure mark of a small mind in the individual, can it be a proof of high spirit in a nation? If the result of the present estrangement between the two countries shall be to make us more independent of British criticism, so much the better; but if it is to make us insensible to the value of British opinion, in matters where it gives us the judgment of an impartial and cultivated outsider, if we are to shut ourselves out from the advantages of English culture, the loss will be ours, and not theirs. Because the door of the old homestead has been once slammed in our faces, shall we in a huff reject all future advances of conciliation, and cut ourselves foolishly off from any share in the humanizing influences of the place, with its ineffable riches of association, its heirlooms of immemorial culture, its historic monuments, ours no less than theirs, its noble gallery of ancestral portraits? We have only to succeed, and England will not only respect, but, for the first

time, begin to understand us. And let us not, in our justifiable indignation at wanton insult, forget that England is not the England only of the snobs who dread the democracy they do not comprehend, but the England of history, of heroes, statesmen, and poets, whose names are dear, and their influence as salutary to us as to her.

Undoubtedly slavery was the most delicate and embarrassing question with which Mr. Lincoln was called on to deal, and it was one which no man in his position, whatever his opinions, could evade; for, though he might withstand the clamor of partisans, he must sooner or later yield to the persistent importunacy of circumstances, which thrust the problem upon him at every turn and in every shape. He must solve the riddle of this new Sphinx, or be devoured. Though Mr. Lincoln's policy in this critical affair has not been such as to satisfy those who demand an heroic treatment for even the most trifling occasion, and who will not cut their coat according to their cloth, unless they can borrow the scissors of Atropos, it has been at least not unworthy of the long-headed king of Ithaca. Mr. Lincoln had the choice of Antonio offered him. Which of the three caskets held the prize which was to redeem the fortunes of the country? There was the golden one whose showy speciousness might have tempted a vain man; the silver of compromise, which might have decided the choice of a merely acute one; and the leaden, — dull and homely-looking, as prudence always is, — yet with something about it sure to attract the eye of practical wisdom. Mr. Lincoln dallied with his decision perhaps longer than seemed needful to those on whom its awful responsibility was not to rest, but when he made it, it was worthy of his cautious but sure-footed understanding. The moral of the Sphinx-riddle, and it is a deep one, lies in the childish simplicity of the solution. Those who fail in guessing it, fail because they are over-ingenious, and cast about for an answer that shall suit their own notion of the gravity of the occasion and of their own dignity, rather than the occasion itself.

In a matter which must be finally settled by public opinion, and in regard to which the ferment of prejudice and passion on both sides has not yet subsided to that equilibrium of com-

promise from which alone a sound public opinion can result, it is proper enough for the private citizen to press his own convictions with all possible force of argument and persuasion; but the popular magistrate, whose judgment must become action, and whose action involves the whole country, is bound to wait till the sentiment of the people is so far advanced toward his own point of view, that what he does shall find support in it, instead of merely confusing it with new elements of division. It was not unnatural that men earnestly devoted to the saving of their country, and profoundly convinced that slavery was its only real enemy, should demand a decided policy round which all patriots might rally, — and this might have been the wisest course for an absolute ruler. But in the then unsettled state of the public mind, with a large party decrying even resistance to the slaveholders' rebellion as not only unwise, but even unlawful; with a majority, perhaps, even of the would-be loyal so long accustomed to regard the Constitution as a deed of gift conveying to the South their own judgment as to policy and instinct as to right, that they were in doubt at first whether their loyalty were due to the country or to slavery; and with a respectable body of honest and influential men who still believed in the possibility of conciliation, — Mr. Lincoln judged wisely, that, in laying down a policy in deference to one party, he should be giving to the other the very fulcrum for which their disloyalty had been waiting.

It behooved a clear-headed man in his position not to yield so far to an honest indignation against the brokers of treason in the North, as to lose sight of the materials for misleading which were their stock in trade, and to forget that it is not the falsehood of sophistry which is to be feared, but the grain of truth mingled with it to make it specious, — that it is not the knavery of the leaders so much as the honesty of the followers they may seduce, that gives them power for evil. It was especially his duty to do nothing which might help the people to forget the true cause of the war in fruitless disputes about its inevitable consequences.

The doctrine of State rights can be so handled by an adroit demagogue as easily to confound the distinction between liberty and lawlessness in the minds of ignorant persons, accus-

tomed always to be influenced by the sound of certain words, rather than to reflect upon the principles which give them meaning. For, though Secession involves the manifest absurdity of denying to a State the right of making war against any foreign power while permitting it against the United States; though it supposes a compact of mutual concessions and guaranties among States without any arbiter in case of dissension; though it contradicts common sense in assuming that the men who framed our government did not know what they meant when they substituted Union for Confederation; though it falsifies history, which shows that the main opposition to the adoption of the Constitution was based on the argument that it did not allow that independence in the several States which alone would justify them in seceding; — yet, as slavery was universally admitted to be a reserved right, an inference could be drawn from any direct attack upon it (though only in self-defence) to a natural right of resistance, logical enough to satisfy minds untrained to detect fallacy, as the majority of men always are, and now too much disturbed by the disorder of the times, to consider that the order of events had any legitimate bearing on the argument. Though Mr. Lincoln was too sagacious to give the Northern allies of the Rebels the occasion they desired and even strove to provoke, yet from the beginning of the war the most persistent efforts have been made to confuse the public mind as to its origin and motives, and to drag the people of the loyal States down from the national position they had instinctively taken to the old level of party squabbles and antipathies. The wholly unprovoked rebellion of an oligarchy proclaiming negro slavery the corner-stone of free institutions, and in the first flush of over-hasty confidence venturing to parade the logical sequence of their leading dogma, "that slavery is right in principle, and has nothing to do with difference of complexion," has been represented as a legitimate and gallant attempt to maintain the true principles of democracy. The rightful endeavor of an established government, the least onerous that ever existed, to defend itself against a treacherous attack on its very existence, has been cunningly made to seem the wicked effort of a fanatical clique to force its doctrines on an oppressed population.

Even so long ago as when Mr. Lincoln, not yet convinced of the danger and magnitude of the crisis, was endeavoring to persuade himself of Union majorities at the South, and to carry on a war that was half peace in the hope of a peace that would have been all war, — while he was still enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law, under some theory that Secession, however it might absolve States from their obligations, could not escheat them of their claims under the Constitution, and that slaveholders in rebellion had alone among mortals the privilege of having their cake and eating it at the same time, — the enemies of free government were striving to persuade the people that the war was an Abolition crusade. To rebel without reason was proclaimed as one of the rights of man, while it was carefully kept out of sight that to suppress rebellion is the first duty of government. All the evils that have come upon the country have been attributed to the Abolitionists, though it is hard to see how any party can become permanently powerful except in one of two ways, — either by the greater truth of its principles, or the extravagance of the party opposed to it. To fancy the ship of state, riding safe at her constitutional moorings, suddenly engulfed by a huge kraken of Abolitionism, rising from unknown depths and grasping it with slimy tentacles, is to look at the natural history of the matter with the eyes of Pontoppidan. To believe that the leaders in the Southern treason feared any danger from Abolitionism, would be to deny them ordinary intelligence, though there can be little doubt that they made use of it to stir the passions and excite the fears of their deluded accomplices. They rebelled, not because they thought slavery weak, but because they believed it strong enough, not to overthrow the government, but to get possession of it; for it becomes daily clearer that they used rebellion only as a means of revolution, and if they got revolution, though not in the shape they looked for, is the American people to save them from its consequences at the cost of its own existence? The election of Mr. Lincoln, which it was clearly in their power to prevent had they wished, was the occasion merely, and not the cause, of their revolt. Abolitionism, till within a year or two, was the despised heresy of a few earnest persons, without political weight

enough to carry the election of a parish constable; and their cardinal principle was disunion, because they were convinced that within the Union the position of slavery was impregnable. In spite of the proverb, great effects do not follow from small causes, — that is, disproportionately small, — but from adequate causes acting under certain required conditions. To contrast the size of the oak with that of the parent acorn, as if the poor seed had paid all costs from its slender strong-box, may serve for a child's wonder; but the real miracle lies in that divine league which bound all the forces of nature to the service of the tiny germ in fulfilling its destiny. Everything has been at work for the past ten years in the cause of antislavery, but Garrison and Phillips have been far less successful propagandists than the slaveholders themselves, with the constantly-growing arrogance of their pretensions and encroachments. They have forced the question upon the attention of every voter in the Free States, by defiantly putting freedom and democracy on the defensive. But, even after the Kansas outrages, there was no wide-spread desire on the part of the North to commit aggressions, though there was a growing determination to resist them. The popular unanimity in favor of the war three years ago was but in small measure the result of antislavery sentiment, far less of any zeal for abolition. But every month of the war, every movement of the allies of slavery in the Free States, has been making Abolitionists by the thousand. The masses of any people, however intelligent, are very little moved by abstract principles of humanity and justice, until those principles are interpreted for them by the stinging commentary of some infringement upon their own rights, and then their instincts and passions, once aroused, do indeed derive an incalculable reinforcement of impulse and intensity from those higher ideas, those sublime traditions, which have no motive political force till they are allied with a sense of immediate personal wrong or imminent peril. Then at last the stars in their courses begin to fight against Sisera. Had any one doubted before that the rights of human nature are unitary, that oppression is of one hue the world over, no matter what the color of the oppressed, — had any one failed to see what the real essence of the contest was, —

the efforts of the advocates of slavery among ourselves to throw discredit upon the fundamental axioms of the Declaration of Independence and the radical doctrines of Christianity, could not fail to sharpen his eyes. This quarrel, it is plain, is not between Northern fanaticism and Southern institutions, but between downright slavery and upright freedom, between despotism and democracy, between the Old World and the New.

The progress of three years has outstripped the expectation of the most sanguine, and that of our arms, great as it undoubtedly is, is trifling in comparison with the advance of opinion. The great strength of slavery was a superstition, which is fast losing its hold on the public mind. When it was first proposed to raise negro regiments, there were many even patriotic men who felt as the West Saxons did at seeing their high-priest hurl his lance against the temple of their idol. They were sure something terrible, they knew not what, would follow. But the earth stood firm, the heavens gave no sign, and presently they joined in making a bonfire of their bugbear. That we should employ the material of the rebellion for its own destruction, seems now the merest truism. In the same way men's minds are growing wonted to the thought of emancipation; and great as are the difficulties which must necessarily accompany and follow so vast a measure, we have no doubt that they will be successfully overcome. The point of interest and importance is, that the feeling of the country in regard to slavery is no whim of sentiment, but a settled conviction, and that the tendency of opinion is unmistakably and irrevocably in one direction, no less in the Border Slave States than in the Free. The chances of the war, which at one time seemed against us, are now greatly in our favor. The nation is more thoroughly united against any shameful or illusory peace than it ever was on any other question, and the very extent of the territory to be subdued, which was the most serious cause of misgiving, is no longer an element of strength, but of disintegration, to the conspiracy. The Rebel leaders can make no concessions; the country is unanimously resolved that the war shall be prosecuted, at whatever cost; and if the war go on, will it leave slavery with any formidable strength in the South? and without that, need there be any fear of effective opposition in the North?

While every day was bringing the people nearer to the conclusion which all thinking men saw to be inevitable from the beginning, it was wise in Mr. Lincoln to leave the shaping of his policy to events. In this country, where the rough and ready understanding of the people is sure at last to be the controlling power, a profound common-sense is the best genius for statesmanship. Hitherto the wisdom of the President's measures has been justified by the fact that they have always resulted in more firmly uniting public opinion. It is a curious comment on the sincerity of political professions, that the party calling itself Democratic should have been the last to recognize the real movement and tendency of the popular mind. The same gentlemen who two years ago were introducing resolutions in Congress against coercion, are introducing them now in favor of the war, but against subjugation. Next year they may be in favor of emancipation, but against abolition. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the one point of difference between a civil and a foreign war is, that in the former one of the parties must by the very nature of the case be put down, and the other left in possession of the government. Unless the country is to be divided, no compromise is possible, and, if one side must yield, shall it be the nation or the conspirators? A government may make, and any wise government would make, concessions to men who have risen against real grievances; but to make them in favor of a rebellion that had no juster cause than the personal ambition of a few bad men, would be to abdicate. Southern politicians, however, have always been so dexterous in drawing nice distinctions, that they may find some consolation inappreciable by obtuser minds in being coerced instead of subjugated.

If Mr. Lincoln continue to act with the firmness and prudence which have hitherto distinguished him, we think he has little to fear from the efforts of the opposition. Men without sincere convictions are hardly likely to have a well-defined and settled policy, and the blunders they have hitherto committed must make them cautious. If their personal hostility to the President be unabated, we may safely count on their leniency to the opinion of majorities, and the drift of public sentiment is too strong to be mistaken. They have at last discovered

that there is such a thing as Country, which has a meaning for men's minds and a hold upon their hearts; they may make the further discovery, that this is a revolution that has been forced on us, and not merely a civil war. In any event, an opposition is a wholesome thing; and we are only sorry that this is not a more wholesome opposition.

We believe it is the general judgment of the country on the acts of the present administration, that they have been, in the main, judicious and well-timed. The only doubt about some of them seems to be as to their constitutionality. It has been sometimes objected to our form of government, that it was faulty in having a written constitution which could not adapt itself to the needs of the time as they arose. But we think it rather a theoretic than a practical objection; for in point of fact there has been hardly a leading measure of any administration that has not been attacked as unconstitutional, and which was not carried nevertheless. Purchase of Louisiana, Embargo, Removal of the Deposits, Annexation of Texas, not to speak of others less important, — on the unconstitutionality of all these, powerful parties have appealed to the country, and invariably the decision has been against them. The will of the people for the time being has always carried it. In the present instance, we purposely refrain from any allusion to the moral aspects of the question. We prefer to leave the issue to experience and common sense. Has any sane man ever doubted on which side the chances were in this contest? Can any sane man who has watched the steady advances of opinion, forced onward slowly by the immitigable logic of facts, doubt what the decision of the people will be in this matter? The Southern conspirators have played a desperate stake, and, if they had won, would have bent the whole policy of the country to the interests of slavery. Filibustering would have been nationalized, and the slave-trade re-established as the most beneficent form of missionary enterprise. But if they lose? They have, of their own choice, put the chance into our hands of making this continent the empire of a great homogeneous population, substantially one in race, language, and religion, — the most prosperous and powerful of nations. Is there a doubt what the decision of a victorious people will be? If

we were base enough to decline the great commission which Destiny lays on us, should we not deserve to be ranked with those dastards whom the stern Florentine condemns as hateful alike to God and God's enemies?

We would not be understood as speaking lightly of the respect due to constitutional forms, all the more essential under a government like ours and in times like these. But where undue respect for the form will lose us the substance, and where the substance, as in this case, is nothing less than the country itself, to be over-scrupulous would be unwise. Who are most tender in their solicitude that we keep sacred the letter of the law, in order that its spirit may not keep us alive? Mr. Jefferson Davis and those who, in the Free States, would have been his associates, but must content themselves with being his political *guerilleros*. If Davis had succeeded, would he have had any scruples of constitutional delicacy? And if he has not succeeded, is it not mainly owing to measures which his disappointed partisans denounce as unconstitutional?

We cannot bring ourselves to think that Mr. Lincoln has done anything that would furnish a precedent dangerous to our liberties, or in any way overstepped the just limits of his constitutional discretion. If his course has been unusual, it was because the danger was equally so. It cannot be so truly said that he has strained his prerogative, as that the imperious necessity has exercised its own. Surely the framers of the Constitution never dreamed that they were making a strait waistcoat, in which the nation was to lie helpless while traitors were left free to do their will. In times like these, men seldom settle precisely the principles on which they *shall* act, but rather adjust those on which they *have* acted to the lines of precedent as well as they can after the event. This is what the English Parliament did in the Act of Settlement. Congress, after all, will only be called on for the official draft of an enactment, the terms of which have been already decided by agencies beyond their control. Even while they are debating, the current is sweeping them on toward new relations of policy. At worst, a new precedent is pretty sure of pardon, if it successfully meet a new occasion. It is a harmless pleasantry to call Mr. Lincoln

"Abraham the First," — we remember when a similar title was applied to President Jackson; and it will not be easy, we suspect, to persuade a people who have more liberty than they know what to do with, that they are the victims of despotic tyranny.

Mr. Lincoln probably thought it more convenient, to say the least, to have a country left without a constitution, than a constitution without a country. We have no doubt we shall save both; for if we take care of the one, the other will take care of itself. Sensible men, and it is the sensible men in any country who at last shape its policy, will be apt to doubt whether it is true conservatism, after the fire is got under, to insist on keeping up the flaw in the chimney by which it made its way into the house. Radicalism may be a very dangerous thing, and so is calomel, but not when it is the only means of saving the life of the patient. Names are of great influence in ordinary times, when they are backed by the *vis inertiæ* of life-long prejudice, but they have little power in comparison with a sense of interest; and though, in peaceful times, it may be highly respectable to be conservative merely for the sake of being so, though without very clear notions of anything in particular to be conserved, what we want now is the prompt decision that will not hesitate between the bale of silk and the ship when a leak is to be stopped. If we succeed in saving the great landmarks of freedom, there will be no difficulty in settling our constitutional boundaries again. We have no sympathy to spare for the pretended anxieties of men who, only two years gone, were willing that Jefferson Davis should break all the ten commandments together, and would now impeach Mr. Lincoln for a scratch on the surface of the tables where they are engraved.

We cannot well understand the theory which seems to allow the Rebels some special claim to protection by the very Constitution which they rose in arms to destroy. Still less can we understand the apprehensions of many persons lest the institution of slavery should receive some detriment, as if it were the balance-wheel of our system, instead of its single element of disturbance. We admit that we always have thought, and think still, that the great object of the war should be the res-

toration of the Union at all hazards, and at any sacrifice short of honor. And however many honest men may scruple as to law, there can be no doubt that we are put under bonds of honor by the President's proclamation. If the destruction of slavery is to be a consequence of the war, shall we regret it? If it be needful to the successful prosecution of the war, shall any one oppose it? Is it out of the question to be constitutional, without putting the slaveholders back precisely where they were before they began the rebellion? This seems to be the ground taken by the opposition, but it becomes more and more certain that the people, instructed by the experience of the past three years, will never consent to any plan of adjustment that does not include emancipation. If Congress need any other precedent than *salus populi suprema lex* for giving the form and force of law to the public will, they may find one in the act of Parliament which abolished the feudal privileges of the Highland chiefs in 1747. A great occasion is not to be quibbled with, but to be met with that clear-sighted courage which deprives all objections of their force, if it does not silence them. To stop short of the only measure that can by any possibility be final and decisive, would be to pronounce rebellion a harmless eccentricity. To interpret the Constitution has hitherto been the exclusive prerogative of Slavery: it will be strange if Freedom cannot find a clause in it that will serve her purpose. To scruple at disarming our deadliest foe, would be mere infatuation. We can conceive of nothing parallel, except to have had it decided that the arrest of Guy Fawkes and the confiscation of his materials were a violation of Magna Charta; that he should be put back in the cellar of Westminster palace, his gunpowder, his matches, his dark-lantern, restored to him, with handsome damages for his trouble, and Parliament assembled overhead to give him another chance for the free exercise of his constitutional rights.

We believe, and our belief is warranted by experience, that all measures will be found to have been constitutional at last on which the people are overwhelmingly united. We must not lose sight of the fact, that whatever is *extra*-constitutional is not necessarily *un*constitutional. The recent proclamation of

amnesty will, we have no doubt, in due time bring a vast accession of strength to the emancipationists from the slaveholding States themselves. The danger of slavery has always been in the poor whites of the South; and wherever freedom of the press penetrates, — and it always accompanies our armies, — the evil thing is doomed. Let no one who remembers what has taken place in Maryland and Missouri think such anticipations visionary. The people of the South have been also put to school during these three years, under a sharper schoolmistress, too, than even ours has been, and the deadliest enemies of slavery will be found among those who have suffered most from its indirect evils. It is only by its extinction — for without it no secure union would be possible — that the sufferings and losses of the war can be repaid. That extinction accomplished, our wounds will not be long in healing. Apart from the slaveholding class, which is numerically small, and would be socially insignificant without its privileges, there are no such mutual antipathies between the two sections as the conspirators, to suit their own purposes, have asserted, and even done their best to excite. We do not like the Southerners less for the gallantry and devotion they have shown even in a bad cause, and they have learned to respect the same qualities in us. There is no longer the nonsensical talk about Cavaliers and Puritans, nor does the one gallant Southron any longer pine for ten Yankees as the victims of his avenging steel. As for subjugation, when people are beaten they are beaten, and every nation has had its turn. No sensible man in the North would insist on any terms except such as are essential to assure the stability of peace. To talk of the South as our future Poland is to talk without book; for no region rich, prosperous, and free could ever become so. It is a geographical as well as a moral absurdity. With peace restored, slavery rooted out, and harmony sure to follow, we shall realize a power and prosperity beyond even the visions of the Fourth of July orator, and we shall see Freedom, while she proudly repairs the ruins of war, as the Italian poet saw her, —

"Girar la Libertà mirai
E baciar lieta ogni ruina e dire
Ruine sì, ma servitù non mai."

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *General Butler in New Orleans. History of the Administration of the Department of the Gulf in the Year* 1862: *with an Account of the Capture of New Orleans, and a Sketch of the Previous Career of the General, Civil and Military.* By James Parton, Author of the "Life and Times of Aaron Burr," "Life of Andrew Jackson," etc., etc. New York: Mason Brothers. 1864. 8vo. pp. 649.

This book merits something more than a brief notice. It is not only entertaining, but it is interesting. Mr. Parton's previous biographies have been among the most popular works of their kind, and this new book will increase his reputation as a skilful biographer.

Tennyson's prophecy, written for England at the outbreak of the Crimean war,

> "Many a darkness into the light shall leap,
> And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,"

has found another fulfilment here. It is unsafe to deal in superlatives, but there is no fear of contradiction if we say that the war has made no greater change in any man's position before the country than in that of General Butler. When a nation is plunged into war, men look to its trained soldiers to lead its armies and to regulate the affairs of the territory it acquires by conquest and holds by military force. Three years ago General Butler was a lawyer well known to the Bar of Massachusetts, a politician well known to the leaders of the Democratic party, and a Brigadier-General in the Massachusetts militia. But the militia was not very popular in his State, and he did not hold the highest commission in it, he had scarcely any national reputation, and he was known to the public, so far as he was known, as an earnest partisan of one wing of the party which by its division had just lost the Presidential election, and seemed likely, by the threatened secession from the Union of the Southern States, to lose forever all the power it had once possessed. He is now one of the highest in rank of the military officers of the United States, he has been the pioneer of some of the most important changes of policy of the dominant party, he has commanded in several Departments, he has rendered most valuable assistance to the cause of the government, his name is universally known among Americans, and he is the man of all others of the North whom the Southern rebels most bitterly hate. He has a right to claim that the change in his position is his own work. He has not been one of those men who have greatness thrust upon them. He has thought hard and

worked hard and taken great risks, and his present reputation is one which chance and the doings of others have had little hand in forming.

Mr. Parton tells us in his book that he was drawn from a task on which he had been engaged by reading General Butler's Farewell Address to the Citizens of New Orleans, which produced such an effect upon him that he at once undertook a review of his administration. In the Preface he shows that the materials he procured were abundant and authentic, as they were obtained directly from inspection of all the original documents, and from full conversations with the General, and those who had been in the closest relations with him from the beginning of the war. He has used his materials well, and his book is one of permanent value and historical importance.

Mr. Parton usually writes English, and good, spirited English, but sometimes he permits himself to misuse the language, like an uneducated man. The vicious Websterian spelling, of which instances are not rare in the book, is probably the fault of the publisher rather than of the author; but Mr. Parton ought not, when he means the General's wife, to write, "the gracious lady who presided at his table," nor when he means his brother, to speak of "his fraternal aide-de-camp." He ought not to call a movement made with all possible precautions against noise, but made in a stormy night, "a thunderous march," nor use such phrases as "carpeted spheres of life," and "incipient flames," nor describe the subject of his praise as "vibrating," "under a full head of steam," and sending boats to "nose their devious way." If he would avoid such faults as these, and abandon the habit of leaving out his verbs, and the definite article before superlatives, — a style of writing well enough in such books as "Counterparts," — and not talk about "blue-coated soldiers, pausing in their investitures to cheer the arriving vessels," or call a prominent politician "obnoxious" when he seems to mean innocuous, our pleasure in reading his books would be greatly increased. He writes with humor sometimes, with spirit almost always. He sometimes does injustice by what seems to be a hasty sentence, and sometimes uses colloquial expressions which are flat; but his prevailing tone of thought is fair and manly, and his descriptions are usually animated and pleasing, sometimes eminently so. We are surprised to read, as inconsistent with the character of the author as it is indicated by his book, his rejoicing that "a gentleman of venerable aspect," imprisoned in Fort Jackson for cruelty to a slave, "died in a month." Whatever the guilt of a criminal, no man should exult over his grave. It is unfortunate, moreover, that the panegyrist of a man to whom severity is so commonly attributed should record his regret that the General did not hang a man "*à la* Wellington" for an unproved crime. In telling the story of the trial and execution of Mum-

ford, he says, "His life, moreover, was not a valuable one," — as if he thought the value of his life had some bearing on the question of his guilt or innocence. In another place, he praises Major Bell, Provost Judge, for assuming that Louisiana, when she went out of the Union, took her laws with her, and overruling an objection founded on one of those laws, and, on the next page, he praises the same magistrate for availing himself of another of these very laws, in order that he might do what he thought justice required. These may not be regarded as important matters, but justice is a real thing, right and wrong are real things; and, in reading a book full of praise of a man whom many believe to have been tyrannical and unscrupulous, we would rather see no signs of a spirit of inhumanity or indirectness on the part of the author; and the instances we have cited are not the only ones to be found in it.

Mr. Parton begins his book with a few paragraphs about General Butler's parentage, and then tells the story of his life from the cradle till his return from New Orleans. His plan seems to be to praise General Butler first, and then, and in less degree, everybody else he mentions, unless they have in some way, real or fancied, interfered with the General, or stood in his path. And yet, notwithstanding this display of partiality, his book is in the main to be trusted, and it affords internal evidence that he has used his facts with honesty and fidelity. He attributes, however, to General Butler qualities which he has not yet proved himself to possess, and his statements, therefore, need to be well weighed before they are accepted. For instance, he confidently assumes for General Butler's army that it was led by "a general endowed by nature with the ability to command." Undoubtedly General Butler is a man of remarkable energy, vigor, sense, industry, and capacity, and in many ways he possesses unusual "ability to command," but he has hardly ever had the command of troops in the field, and his soldierly ability, as such, is as unproved as that of General Halleck. It is much to Mr. Parton's credit, that, in telling the interesting story of the capture of New Orleans, where the temptation to give credit to General Butler must have been very strong, he indulges in no vague assumptions or deluding generalities, and gives the palm to the accomplished seaman to whom it belongs.

Our space does not permit us to give an abstract of his book. Nor is it necessary. We all of us know where General Butler has been, and we know enough of what he has done to be able to turn to whatever part of the book may possess especial interest, without aid from a reviewer. We all know that General Butler was one of the first to take up arms, that he went with our troops to Annapolis and Baltimore, that he held command at Fortress Monroe and planned the expedition to Great

Bethel, that he gave a new, ingenious, and humane meaning to the word "Contraband," that he went to Hatteras, Ship Island, and New Orleans, that he governed New Orleans with a strong hand, protected it against yellow-fever, published the famous "Woman Order," and was accused of making a fortune there. We wish that Mr. Parton had treated this matter of alleged irregular gain with more fulness, and especially with more dignity. There is a flippancy in a sentence of his on page 584, which is inappropriate to such a subject.

Here we must leave this book, cordially commending it to the public, as always interesting, generally satisfactory. It confirms our belief that General Butler is a far-seeing, foreseeing man; that he is energetic, manly, patriotic, and able; and that he deserves the confidence as well as the gratitude of his country.

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2. — *Notes on the Rebel Invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania and the Battle of Gettysburg.* By M. Jacobs, Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry in Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1864. 12mo. pp. 47.

In this little book Professor Jacobs has made a modest but valuable contribution to the history of our civil war. As a resident at Gettysburg, and actually there during the contests of the three days, he has a familiar and minute acquaintance with the topography of the battle, which adds uncommon weight to his statements. The absence, too, of all attempt to eke out his own knowledge with second-hand information which he could not verify, — though it gives a somewhat dry and meagre tone to his story, — renders it all the more trustworthy. The addition of a map founded on actual measurements enhances the merit of the book, and makes it a useful companion to other narratives of the great fight. We wish, indeed, that the author had enlarged his circle, and in a second map laid down the interesting points in Adams County and in that part of Maryland through which the opposing armies advanced towards Gettysburg. In the limited chart which he has furnished, the roads are so soon cut off, that they convey but a poor idea of what is almost as essential as the scene of the combat itself; namely, the relation of the battle to previous and to subsequent movements. Should Professor Jacobs, in another edition, have an opportunity to insert such a map, he might also do his readers good service by giving an exact table of distances in Pennsylvania and Maryland; — a point in which extemporary newspaper plans are sometimes provokingly deficient. We miss, in his otherwise excellent chart, a numerical state-

ment of the elevation of the ridges and hills within the circuit of the immediate operations of the battle. A few figures of this kind greatly help a reader to understand how and in what degree one station commands another; — a simple thing, which solves many difficulties. Another slight omission is that of the names of those streets of the town which he mentions in the text, but which must be conjecturally traced by their geographical titles and the connection in which they are introduced.

Professor Jacobs has done his work so well, that we wish he had been less modest about it. He might have described the whole surrounding region with greater accuracy than would be possible for a casual visitor. This would have made an apt introduction to his immediate subject. His own familiarity with the environs of Gettysburg has probably led him to underrate the ignorance of his readers. But, in justice to him, we ought not to forget that his book professes to be only "Notes" of the invasion and battle, and that it is free from all taint of that exaggeration to which our journalists have accustomed us, and of which foreign readers reasonably complain.

This unpretending volume does not affect to be more than one contribution to the history of this momentous battle; and it is to be hoped that, before the freshness of recollection has worn off, some one will undertake the task of writing its history, who can bring to it a quick eye, a ready pen, good taste, and an aptitude for gathering up the scattered traits of professional and local anecdote with which all such occasions abound, and to which unmilitary readers owe much of what impression they ever get of so confused and confusing a scene. The material is already rich; but it needs to be carefully collected, and still more carefully sifted. Instances of special heroism, the slight turns and changes of the fight, the alternations of hope and doubt (we will not say, fear), and all the thousand suggestive trifles that are no trifles, must fall into place about the central action. The horrors of the day should be strongly drawn, that a wholesome dread of civil war may be registered in the hearts of this people, and that daring men may not again deem it a light thing to melt down a nation's identity in the pit of discontent. All the noble and beautiful, all the harsh and rugged elements of the hour, should be scrupulously recorded. The difficulty of writing a good account of a battle is proverbial. The difficulty of understanding the best account, if you have not seen the ground, ought to be proverbial, that the historian may do complete justice to the ignorance of his reader. He must assume that it is total. He should lay hold of every circumstance which will take the reader to the spot and hold him there. The art of taking instantaneous photographs, it would seem, might be turned to excellent

account. When the smoke lifts, one such glimpse would reveal more than a page of narrative. And every picture should be dated to the hour and minute. Who does not know that even the stock illustrations, which fit Waterloo, Solferino, and Gettysburg alike, though they tell nothing of the battle in question, do yet quicken, in a rude way, the conception of a scene of violence to which our every-day life offers no analogy? Replace these by actual pictures or copies of them, and you render a lasting service to history. For weeks after the battle of Gettysburg, the striking line of breastworks on the right wing remained almost untouched; and before the natural turn of the leaf, the trees in that valley were blighted at the extremities, so that far away you might track a part of the line of fight by the premature color of the leaves. It is not an American exaggeration to say, that in one spot the woods looked as if a tempest of fire had swept over them. Art might have done much (may perhaps have done much) to preserve these effects. The scenery about Little Round Top, and particularly the wild mass of rocks opposite, among which more than one victim found his grave, are permanent monuments, which ought to be exactly copied. And, indeed, the whole site of the battle is so peculiar, that, half a century hence, a well-read traveller, provided with such assistances, might succeed in tracing with tolerable certainty from end to end the fortunes of those critical days.

Among the lesser sources of the history of the Gettysburg fight, we would call attention to a very brief pamphlet styled "Three Weeks at Gettysburg," which can be read in a few minutes, but will compare in interest with anything which has been written about the battle. It is a sketch (and only a sketch) of the hospital life of those benevolent nurses who hastened to bear to the sufferers their gentle sympathy and their generous care.

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3. — *History of the Sioux War and Massacres of* 1862 *and* 1863. By Isaac V. D. Heard. With Portraits and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1863. 12mo. pp. 354.

The more appropriate title for this book would have been simply, "The Sioux Massacres,"— massacres perpetrated on the Sioux as well as by them. The deeds of blood committed by both red men and white men, in the summer and autumn of 1862, were a war in no proper sense, but from the beginning to the end of the struggle a series of merciless butcheries. We shudder as we read the narrative of the horrible and shameful occurrences of those dreadful months. Lieutenant Heard, the author and compiler of the book before us, was

an officer in General Sibley's expeditionary corps against the savages he was recorder of the Military Commission which condemned three hundred captive Indians to death, and had every means of verifying the statements of facts which did not fall under his own observation. Though he took part in the tragedy, he has had the good sense to tell the story with few comments of his own; and though he does not characterize the deeds of the white people as they deserve, he at least does not join in the wild and senseless clamor against the savages, which is as unwise as it is inhuman.

We could, indeed, point out passages in this book which are not creditable to the author either as a Christian gentleman or a brave soldier, — passages which seem to indicate a disposition no less cruel than that of the savage himself; but we forbear, for we know not how much is to be pardoned in him who has been compelled to witness what Lieutenant Heard describes; and we do know that the fiendish policy of exterminating the savages by slow starvation, driving them to reservations whose sterile soil cannot support the lower forms of animal life, and there letting them die, was not confined to Lieutenant Heard. His commander openly advocated such a policy, and congratulated his soldiers that such was to be the fate of their foe; and General Sibley's proclamation to his troops, announcing such a termination of the strife, was but the echo of the public sentiment of Minnesota. There may arise, from the contagion of such a strife, some evil genius which deprives men of the faculty of reason, and robs them of every emotion of pity; and we cannot but hope so, for otherwise we could hardly be justified in excusing civilized beings for entertaining sentiments so abhorrent to every principle of human justice.

The book itself is written with decided ability; the clear and vigorous style of the author imparts additional interest to a subject only too interesting in itself, and we commend the volume to the attention of our readers, as one which will not only well repay perusal, but which, from the nature of the topic which it treats, almost demands it. The facts as given by Lieutenant Heard we unhesitatingly receive, since they are too well authenticated to admit of a moment's doubt; but the conclusions which he deduces from them we cannot admit.

What was the crime of which the Indians were guilty? Let us state it in all its enormity, without a word of palliation. About the middle of August, 1862, they burst upon the frontier settlements of Minnesota, and began an indiscriminate slaughter of the whites. They spared neither the old nor the young, but the helplessness of age and the tenderness of infancy were involved in a common massacre. For nearly three months havoc reigned supreme throughout all the Northern portion of the State. At the end of this time, seven hundred and thirty-

seven victims had been sacrificed to the demoniacal spirit of the savage, and of this number but ninety-three were soldiers who had fallen in battle. All the rest had been murdered at their homes, or in the swamps and woods whither they had fled for safety. Desolation fell upon "two hundred miles of the fairest country on the earth," and nearly one fourth of the habitable portion of the State had been reconverted into a desert, wilder and far more hideous than that natural one which the sweat and toil of the murdered husbandman had made to bloom like a garden. All this the savages did, and their cruel work was accompanied by those sickening horrors which have characterized every Indian onslaught upon frontier settlements. In view of such facts, can a word of excuse for the red man be spoken? Is not the policy of extermination the only just one which can be pursued towards them?

We need only present the other side of the story, the one with which the savage had become familiar. One sentence will tell all that need be told; only one fact need be mentioned, but that one ought to make every apologist for the policy of extermination hang his head in shame. During the winter of 1862,—the winter preceding the massacre,—the Sioux Indians were reduced to starvation; many of their number, the old and helpless among them, actually died of hunger; and to this condition they had been brought by the shameless rapacity of the whites. The system which had been pursued towards them for years by our government, through its agents, as well as by individual settlers, was nothing more nor less than methodical spoliation and rapine. The Indian agents stooped to every mean deceit, to every vulgar artifice which their superior culture had taught them, by which to impose upon the simple savage, to deprive him of his lands, and to cheat him of his possessions. This may seem strong language; but let us hear the excellent Bishop Whitney of Minnesota, who for years has dwelt among the Indians. "There is not a man in America, who ever gave an hour's calm reflection to this subject, who does not know that our Indian system is an organized system of robbery, and has been for years a disgrace to the nation. It has left savage men without government control; it has looked on unconcerned at every crime against the law of God and man; it has fostered savage life by wasting thousands of dollars in the purchase of paint, beads, scalping-knives, and tomahawks; it has fostered a system of trade which robbed the thrifty and virtuous to pay the indolent and vicious; it has squandered the funds for civilization and schools; it has connived at theft; it has winked at murder; and at last, after dragging the savage down to a brutishness unknown to his fathers, it has brought a harvest of blood to our own door." (App., p. 344.) If this reverend gentleman tells the truth,—and who will dare dispute his assertions?—

no term of opprobrium is too strong by which to brand such infamy. But glowing as is the language of the Bishop, it does not present the wrongs of the Indians so powerfully, or touch our hearts so deeply, as does a simple appeal coming from one of the savages; simple, but yet conveying all the meaning which words could convey. In a council which Governor Ramsey held with the Indians, and in which a dispute arose concerning the amount which government owed them, one of their number, named Red Iron, in answer to an official threat, made the following reply: "We will receive our annuity, but we will sign no papers for anything else. The snow is on the ground, and we have been waiting a long time to get our money. We are poor; you have plenty. Your fires are warm; your tepees keep out the cold. We have nothing to eat. We have been waiting a long time for our moneys. Our hunting season is past. A great many of our people are sick for being hungry. We may die because you won't pay us. We may die, but if we do, we will leave our bones upon the ground, that our Great Father may see where his Dakota children died. We are very poor. We have sold our hunting-grounds and the graves of our fathers. We have sold our own graves. We have no place to bury our dead, and you will not pay us the money for our lands." (p. 33.) It seems to us that human eloquence could hardly go further. For fifteen long years the Indians suffered, and only complained. At last, gaunt Hunger met them face to face; is it a wonder that they rose and massacred a race which had robbed, cheated, ruined, and insulted them? Is it not a wonder that the bloody scenes of 1862 were not enacted ten years earlier?

We say nothing of white men debauching Indian women, — for this was a practice too common before the war to excite much comment when hostilities were pending; we say nothing of civilized whites, officers in Sibley's army, who deigned to imitate their barbarous foe by offering a premium for every Indian scalp, for our author complacently tells us that the early settlers of New England did the same thing; but we repeat, that a massacre was perpetrated *on* the Sioux as well as *by* them. There was what was called a "grand military tribunal," which finally meted out what was called justice to the "conquered brutes." The Indians who were brought before it had nearly all surrendered themselves; military prowess had captured but very few. This military commission was composed of officers in the expedition which had marched against the Sioux, and was conducted, we suppose, according to martial law; at least we know not how else to account for the fact that these judges had been, but a few days before, the enemies in battle of those upon whom they were now to pass sentence. The Indians were allowed to testify against each other, or rather were persuaded to do so,

and a missionary by the name of Riggs, who knew their language, and was supposed by them to be their friend, was sent amongst them previous to the trial, to operate upon their hopes or their fears under the guise of friendship. On the strength of confessions made to his spiritual ear, Riggs was enabled to appear before the court as accuser in chief, or, as the author facetiously styles him, as "the grand jury." But the most prominent witness, and indeed the only witness, strictly speaking, was a villain named Godfrey, a mulatto, who had lived among the Indians, and who had played so conspicuous a part in the horrid tragedy, that they had given him the name of Otakle, signifying "one who kills many." This wretch seems to have played the part of an informer, and Titus Oates himself could not have done it more successfully. Upon such testimony as this, and by such a tribunal, more than three hundred human beings were condemned to die. It is said that, after the machinery of justice had got in good running order, as many as forty "reds" were convicted in a day. Five minutes sufficed for passing upon a single life. It was not required to prove that an Indian had committed a murder, it was enough if he had been present in some battle. The lives of most of those thus condemned were spared by President Lincoln's clemency; but on the 26th of December thirty-eight of these wretched savages were executed by hanging. Whether or not, in the estimation of this court, an Indian's life be of much consequence, we know not; but to those who have been accustomed to look upon Indians as human beings, this horrid mockery of justice which furnished the closing scene of the Sioux massacres will stand out alone and prominent before all others as the most atrocious, — in that long drama of horrors, the most horrible.

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4. — *Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.* By JOHN STUART MILL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 616, 603.

NEARLY two years ago, when the excitement occasioned by the Trent affair had not yet subsided, there appeared in Fraser's Magazine an article entitled "The Contest in America," written by Mr. John Stuart Mill, long distinguished as a political philosopher of the highest eminence. In this article, after discussing in the most liberal and dispassionate manner the origin, progress, and settlement of the misunderstanding which had temporarily existed between the English and American governments, Mr. Mill proceeds to treat of the questions suggested by the great struggle between civilization and barbarism which is now going on in this country. Clearly and powerfully,

though with necessary brevity, he describes the antecedents of the present conflict, sets forth its principal causes, and indicates its probable issues. He refutes the ludicrous assertion, that the rebellion was an outbreak of Southern indignation occasioned by the passage of the Morrill tariff; and shows that this, like all preceding lesser disputes between the Northern and the Southern States, has been excited and kept alive by slavery alone. Throughout the entire discussion he manifests the most hearty sympathy for our government in its efforts to preserve undiminished the honor and integrity of the nation; in this respect contrasting most favorably with the majority of his most influential countrymen, whose cold indifference and ill-suppressed dislike have been the occasion of bitter regret and disappointment to all loyal men.

The noble spirit as well as the logical acuteness displayed in this pamphlet of Mr. Mill are of themselves sufficient guaranties for the liberal tone and theoretic soundness of his work on Political Economy and Social Philosophy, which is now for a second time presented to the American public. That a work of such immense practical importance has not been even more generally read in this country, can be attributed only to the circumstance that many of the questions discussed in it have not hitherto been regarded as of immediate interest to ourselves. In a community like our own, where primogeniture and entails have never prevailed to any extent, Mr. Mill's remarkable and daring speculations on the subject of bequest and inheritance could never meet with the attention which they must necessarily command in England, — a country where those customs have prevailed for centuries, and have long been felt as real and distressing evils. His profound remarks on the best means of establishing colonies, and on the government of dependencies by a free state, have attracted little notice from a people who have entirely dispensed with what is properly termed colonization, and who have consequently no dependencies to govern. Although population in this country has increased so rapidly as to double itself in each successive period of twenty years, yet, owing to the vast extent of our attainable unsettled land, the Malthusian doctrine which Mr. Mill perhaps too unreservedly advocates has never obtained much currency among us. While, by reason of the same circumstance, Ricardo's brilliant discovery of the true nature of Rent, intimately connected as it is with the theory of Malthus, has been either superficially impugned or altogether disregarded.

These circumstances will explain why, after the reprint of the first edition of Mr. Mill's work had become exhausted, so long a period was allowed to elapse without any demand for a fresh reprint. But the time has gone by for regarding the writings of this great philosopher as

possessed of merely a speculative value. The best method of managing our inconvertible paper currency is a problem likely to engross the attention of the ablest financial minds for some time to come. The expediency of the income-tax; the comparative advantage of defraying extraordinary expenses by increase of direct taxation or by increase of the national debt; the influence exerted upon commerce by the sudden creation of bank-notes or other substitutes for money; the effect of the increase of an inconvertible paper currency on the exchanges and on foreign trade; the circumstances which determine the permanent demand and supply of loans and the fluctuations of the rate of interest; the benefits and inconveniences attendant upon confining the issue of bank-notes to a single establishment, as well as upon the adoption of any peculiar measures for the protection of holders of notes against failure of payment; the effect of great extensions and contractions of credit; and the influence of speculators on values and prices; — all these are rapidly becoming subjects of vital importance to us, and upon all these Mr. Mill has made suggestions of the highest value, and destined erelong to make their way into the public mind of this country, as they have already done into that of England. Those politicians who have hitherto been entirely indifferent to his loftier generalizations will nevertheless be no longer able to turn a deaf ear to his practical proposals. His influence must surely be felt, even by those who know not whence it proceeds.

But it is not alone for the light it throws on the vexed questions of finance, that we welcome the reappearance of Mr. Mill's Political Economy. The problems which have occupied us in the past must, in the future, give place to other problems of equally absorbing interest. When our Grants and Rosecranses shall have finally shattered the physical face of this rebellion, — when "that miserable garb of barbarism, which is flaunting its arrogance in the face of the nation to-day, shall have rotted and been buried in the contempt of the world," — a new order of things will arise. The fate of slavery having been thoroughly judged and decided, the disputes between its advocates and opponents will no longer be relevant. It will then be the part of our legislators to determine the channel into which the liberated current of negro labor shall be directed, — to decide whether they will best quit themselves as members of society in the capacity of peasant proprietors, of *metayers*, or of hired laborers. And we know of nothing better calculated to illuminate this dark question, than the admirable chapters of Mr. Mill on peasant proprietorship. Free trade will doubtless begin to find effective advocates, as, for the honor of our country, it should long ago have done. The difficult question of the repre-

sentation of minorities will assume a new importance; while the claims of woman to be admitted to her proper legal and social position can no longer be treated with unseemly disdain. Once freed from our military and financial troubles, topics like these will demand our attention, and the progress of liberalism, already rapid, will become still more so. It is as a symptom and aid of that progress that we hail with satisfaction the reappearance in America of Mr. Mill's great work.

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5. — *The Races of the Old World: a Manual of Ethnology.* By CHARLES L. BRACE, Author of "Hungary in '51," "Home-Life in Germany," "Norse Folk," etc. New York: Charles Scribner. 1863. 12mo. pp. 540.

MR. BRACE here comes before us in a new character. Long familiarly and favorably known to our reading public by his lively and instructive pictures of foreign travel and adventure and the life of foreign peoples, he ventures now into the field of science. His journeyings this time carry him up and down the ages, and from continent to continent; and he endeavors to set before us home-life upon the grandest scale, where nations are the individuals and the family is all humanity. That his book is the fruit of varied and interested study, no one who reads it will fail to perceive. Nor will it be questioned that his plan was formed in the real interest of the public, whom it greatly concerns to be furnished with a trustworthy introduction to a science so new, and claiming to have accomplished so much, as linguistic ethnology. We presume that the Manual will be well received, and valued for the considerable amount of information which it contains, and which is hardly otherwise accessible to the general reader, being scattered through whole libraries of books and periodicals.

It is perhaps hardly worth while to criticise closely a work of so popular character and small pretension. Its author does not claim to be a scholar, either linguistic or ethnological. He has done just what any man of culture, whose interest had been especially attracted to the bearings of race on history, might have done: he has examined with diligence all the authorities within his reach, of various character and value, and has assembled their opinions, — comparing and selecting from these when they disagree with one another, but not attempting to test and verify them by the evidence on which they are founded. We cannot, however, refrain from pointing out one obvious and fundamental fault, which lessens in no small degree the value of the Manual, and detracts from the confidence to be reposed in it; and the more, as the

author, in his Preface, claims to have avoided with particular care this very fault. He has aimed, as he supposes, "to separate the theoretical and the fanciful from the scientifically true": in our opinion, he exhibits a marked inclination toward fanciful theory, often even putting it foremost, and hiding his facts behind it. He seems not to have acquired that critical insight of second class fairly to be expected of a cool-headed and sensible compiler whose long dealing with ethnological authorities has taught him to distinguish sound deductions from wild speculations, sweeping generalizations, and elaborate fictions of false science. He has been too unmindful that, vast as is the progress which philological science has made in these days, as well in method as in positive acquisitions of knowledge, the number of those who want to outstrip its course, to tell more than they know, to draw vast conclusions from scanty data, is hardly less than it has always been. A chief part of the skill of every compiler must be shown in arranging his materials according to the degree of certainty belonging to them, putting the clear and unquestionable conspicuously forward, and the more and more doubtful in vanishing perspective behind it. In such proportional arrangement the Manual is very deficient. As an instance, we may note its treatment of the Etruscans. Mr. Brace first tells us that they are probably a fragment of some Aryan race, and came into Italy through the Alpine passes; the remainder of the very brief space which he is able to allot them he chiefly occupies with warning us that this is a very doubtful opinion, and with rehearsing a series of other hypotheses respecting them, each one more worthless than the rest. Why not first tell us what is really known about them, their position and traceable history, their culture, their influence on Rome, and then, in an added paragraph, deal briefly with the insoluble problem of their origin, if it may not be passed over with the simple declaration that it is insoluble? That the best ethnologists consider the Etruscans of Indo-European descent, as Mr. Brace alleges, is not true; here, as in many other cases, he leaves quite out of account the class of those who acknowledge that the truth is not and cannot be known, and gives ear only to those who pretend to know it. Every few years there arises a new adventurer, who chooses to exercise his ingenuity on the perfectly legible and perfectly unintelligible remains of the Etruscan language, and to make out for the race a new pedigree. The latest of the series irrefragably demonstrates them to be Semitic; and we regret to see that this absurd conclusion is blindly accepted by a popular work so widely circulated and so generally trustworthy as Appleton's Cyclopædia. The example we have thus cited is not exceptional, but typical. The tendency it illustrates, indeed, is conspicuous at the very commencement of the

Manual, where the author adopts, as the foundation of his ethnological history, the division of the human family (at least on the Eastern continent) into Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian races. The first two of these are, indeed, actual and well-established classes; but the third is a mere *et cætera*, in which it has pleased Bunsen and Müller — neither of them possessing any real scholarship in the languages with which they were dealing so summarily — to lump together the rest of mankind. It is the classification of ignorance, and can hardly fail to be utterly exploded by the increase of knowledge. Of the scholars cited by our author as supporting it, Caldwell is learned only in the Tamulian tongues, and a very weak philologist outside of their pale; Hodgson is a meritorious collector of vocabularies, and no authority on points of general classification. But Mr. Brace details to us even Müller's hypothesis respecting the order and direction of the various Turanian migrations; as if such guesses were of any value in a matter so obscure, when philologists are still so far from agreeing as to the interconnection, and succession of migration, of the branches of the best-known family, the Indo-European! Müller himself hardly ventures to claim the Chinese as Turanian; but Mr. Brace ropes them in, with the rest of the crowd, as seemingly "the preparation and first formation of it." Chinese monosyllabism is, indeed, the possible preparation of any polysyllabic tongue; but the evidence of its special Turanian connection is yet to be found. That our author has not the clearest idea of the peculiarities of Chinese speech is shown by the way in which he speaks of it on page 156: "Its distinction is, not merely that it is monosyllabic, but that each syllable is a substantial thing, a sentence in itself; as if the minds who used it never grew to the idea of a *sentence*, — of making various words, in their modifications, subservient to one logical expression. The Chinese has substantially no grammar; the arrangement of the words, and the musical tone, indicating whether a syllable is noun, verb, adjective, or particle. There is an average of eight words spelt and pronounced exactly alike for every sound which they possess." The first statement here is a palpable misapprehension: a Chinese syllable is, indeed, a word, but it is not a sentence, any more than a Greek or English word is one, — not even so much. The second statement refutes itself: the language, having means of distinguishing the different parts of speech, does possess a grammar substantially, though not formally; the clear apprehension and distinction by the Chinese of the categories of speech has even been made the subject of admiring comment by philologists. From the third statement we utterly fail, after faithful effort, to extract any intelligible meaning.

For the suggestion, made on page 161, that the Japanese is the

product of a mixture of Aino and Chinese, Mr. Brace refers us to no authority. A more noteworthy instance of baseless conjecture it would be very hard to find: the theory has not consistency enough to admit of being exploded.

The Egyptians, whom our author prefers to speak of as Hamites, are brought into the trinity of races by being pronounced "probably only the earliest appearance of crystallization of the Semitic." We greatly doubt whether his readers will derive any clear conception from such highly figurative expressions, which are better adapted to cover, while they betray, a want of distinctness in the author's ideas, than to edify those whom he addresses. Half the mysteries and misapprehensions of philology arise out of the substitution of the language of tropes for that of facts, in treating of linguistic phenomena. We heartily wish that Mr. Brace had left out of his book the name Hamitic, and all the theories therewith connected. Venturesome hypotheses are least out of place when given along with the evidence on which they profess to be founded, and addressed to scholars; presented barely, and in a work intended for general readers, they encumber the facts which they accompany, and blur the features of the ethnological picture. If Mr. Brace had begun with modern times and well-established and obvious groupings, and followed up each great family connectedly from its latest representatives to its remotest traceable past, putting known facts in front and reserving to the last the periods of doubt and darkness, he would have left a clear impression on his reader's mind, and taught much truth and little error, even though sketching in the unknown at the end, according to any authority he chose to select.

Decidedly the best part of the Manual is that in which its author is most original and independent, namely, the concluding book, devoted to the subjects of man's antiquity and unity. Mr. Brace presents and discusses, in a perspicuous and instructive manner, the lately discovered evidences, geological and archæological, bearing upon the age of our race, and the considerations favoring and opposing its derivation from a single pair. Here he fairly grasps and commands the subject he has in hand; his statements are lucid, and his reasonings ingenious, securing the interest of the reader even when they do not wholly convince him. His application of the Darwinian theory of natural selection to the history of races is a novel and interesting feature. His conclusion — drawn with all due modesty, and the freedom from dogmatism which befits a question of so much obscurity — is in favor of unity, and an antiquity vastly greater than is usually allowed.

The book is very handsomely and correctly printed, save in the matter of the punctuation, which is so uniformly bad as to call for

serious animadversion. The notes are also very unsatisfactory, hard to find, and, when found, much too indefinite to help the reader who may feel curious to trace to their sources the facts and opinions presented in the text.

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6. — *Christianity the Religion of Nature. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute.* By A. P. PEABODY, D. D., LL. D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1864. 12mo. pp. xii., 256.

THIS volume, in which Dr. Peabody's logical acuteness and felicity of illustration are amply represented, is a valuable and timely addition to the literature of the Evidences of Christianity. The title is interesting as a sign of the progress which the age is making towards the religion of reason, when an author of such cautious and conservative tendency of thought does not hesitate to call Christianity the religion of Nature.

Christianity is identical with natural religion so called, in the sense that "it is absolute, necessary, eternal truth." Such we understand to be the point of Dr. Peabody's reasoning. He sets aside the old strife between the champions of natural and revealed religion by the simple assertion that Christianity is *natural religion revealed.*

Religion, however, properly speaking, is a *sentiment*, and what is revealed is the truth which that sentiment craves. Natural religion is one thing, and natural theology, the *science* of religion, is another. Nature teaches much which man, in what is commonly called the state of nature, could not or would not learn. But when Revelation has come, and with its miracles has quickened man to see and feel the continual miracles of Nature, Providence, and the Spirit, then Nature can verify and illustrate with wondrous beauty what man could not, by the help of Nature only, discover and prove. Accordingly Dr. Peabody wisely and well devotes eight out of his twelve Lectures to the confirmation which Nature, human nature, human life, and human society afford of the benevolence, the providence, and the holiness of God, and to the intimations which, once awakened by revelation, we recognize in creation, consciousness, and conscience, of man's immortality.

In short, we think Dr. Peabody sustains the claim he makes in his Preface, that, though his idea of Christianity being natural religion is not new, yet his use of it as the basis of a treatise on the "Evidences of Christianity" is somewhat new; and we conclude with expressing our conviction that this volume is a worthy embodiment of its author's ability, scholarship, and moral wisdom.

7. — *A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life. With a Complete Bibliography of the Subject.* By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. — *Literature of the Doctrine of a Future Life: or, A Catalogue of Works relating to the Nature, Origin, and Destiny of the Soul. The Titles classified, and arranged chronologically, with Notes and Indexes of Authors and Subjects.* By EZRA ABBOT. Forming an Appendix to the History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, by William R. Alger. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 1864. 8vo. pp. 914.

PERHAPS so comprehensive a book as this on the subject to which it relates had never been written before. We know of none which at once covers so much ground and includes such a number and diversity of details. It should and could have been only a long labor; and though Mr. Alger is still a young man, it is due to him to say that his mind was strongly drawn toward this field of inquiry at an early period of his novitiate, and that his studies have had this prevailing direction from the very first, so that we have here the condensed thought and research of nearly twenty years, — the specific plan of this book having been held in view for more than half that time. And we have abundant evidence that these years have been spent with unusual diligence and with a concentration of purpose rare in one who bears at the same time the charge of constant professional duty. The author has sought access, wherever it was in his power, to original sources of knowledge; and when these were in languages in which he could not consult them, he has had recourse seldom to merely popular works, but almost always to writers confessedly of the highest authority. Copious references in the foot-notes and quotations in the text amply attest his fidelity in investigation; and though we have not attempted the verification of this part of the work, we are confident that it has been performed with conscientious impartiality and accuracy.

The First Part, entitled "Historical and Critical Introductory Views," contains a general outline of the theories that have been maintained as to the origin and destiny of the soul, the significance of death, and the nature of the future life. Part Second — "Ethnic Thoughts concerning a Future Life" — is a history of the various forms which the life beyond death has assumed in the belief and mythology of all non-Christian nations, including the Hebrews, whose place is rather, as seems to us, in juxtaposition with Christians than among "the Gentiles"; for orthodoxy and latitudinarianism alike place the Hebrew and the Christian religion in the relation of source and fountain, or of germ and fruit, or of part and whole. The Third Part — "New Testament

Teachings concerning a Future Life" — gives a detailed analysis of the distinctive characteristics in this regard of the several portions of the sacred canon respectively, and of the discourses of Jesus Christ, together with a summary of what the author deems the essential doctrines of Christianity on the subject in hand. The Fourth Part — "Christian Thoughts concerning a Future Life" — is a synopsis of the patristic, mediæval, and modern doctrines as to things beyond death and beyond this world. Part Fifth — "Historical and Critical Dissertations concerning a Future Life" — discusses several secondary phases of belief and minor dogmas — modes of or corollaries from the doctrine of immortality — which had not found an appropriate place in the preceding portions of the work.

The Second Part, while it demanded more labor, profounder study, and larger knowledge than all the rest of the book, is by far the best portion, and indicates the author's superior capacity of learned research, — at once of shaping inquiries and of ascertaining where and how they may best be answered. The Fourth Part, covering a large portion and comprehending a most important chapter of Christian history, deserves similar praise. Indeed, what merits great commendation throughout the entire volume is the writer's evident purpose to produce and compile, for the benefit of his readers, whatever lay within his reach that could have any important bearing on his subject. Thus, though his work is not in form and method precisely a "history," but rather a series of historical, critical, and dogmatic essays, it contains very ample materials for a systematic history.

In our last sentence we have intimated what may be deemed a fault. The book is not what it professes to be, — not less indeed, but more, yet other than its title promises. It lacks symmetry and unity. Still further, it has not the homogeneousness of style and manner which is expected in what purports to be a connected work. We are inclined to think that the author either shaped his materials as they came to his hand, or gathered them as he could put them to some immediate use, writing now a sermon, now a lecture, now an essay for a review, meanwhile ever and anon a chapter of the contemplated work; and that these various kinds of composition have been here brought together with very little change.

There is, in the parts of the volume which refer to modern states of opinion, an air of antagonism which hardly suits the dignity of history. And we feel by no means sure that the author is not sometimes hacking with stout arm and valorous intent at the prostrate forms of theological monsters slain ages ago. We think that those whom he professes to oppose would hardly recognize their own dogmas in his representations

of them. There is, withal, in these doctrinal discussions, we will not say a bitterness, for it is perfectly clear that the book is written in a kindly temper, but a matter-of-course, *ex cathedra* statement of certain views as self-evident in the light of reason, and of the opposite views as palpably absurd or ridiculous, — in fine, a tone which has struck us unpleasantly even when we entirely agreed in opinion with the author.

With this sharp assertion on matters at issue among the established sects of Christendom, we cannot but contrast a somewhat vague deliverance as to points in discussion between the advocates of historical Christianity on the one hand, and the various divisions of the naturalistic school on the other. Here the balance of the author's reasoning preponderates on the side of orthodoxy; but pains are taken to heap all the little weights that can be found to bring the other scale as nearly as possible to a counterpoise. This fancy is carried so far, that the book, consecrated as it is to the illustration and confirmation of "the hope full of immortality," closes with a labored, and, we must say, in our apprehension an utterly heathenish, attempt to demonstrate the comparative insignificance of that hope in its bearing on human character and happiness.

Mr. Alger's narrative and historical style is clear, sufficiently concise, and well suited to his subject. But in the rhetorical portions of his book, (and we include the argumentative parts, which are highly rhetorical,) there is a frequent turgidness, and we sometimes find a sentence which we cannot understand even on the third or fourth reading.

These criticisms we make in simple justice to our readers; but in spite of its defects, Mr. Alger's book is a work highly creditable to his ability, industry, learning, and perseverance, and adapted to be of great service alike to members of his own profession and to the more thoughtful and inquiring portion of the larger public.

Mr. Abbot's Appendix ought to be a volume by itself. We do not use the word *perfect* in its ordinary American sense of *imperfect*, when we speak of this work as perfect in its kind. In form, method, and execution it could not be better, and as to its completeness one cannot read Mr. Abbot's Preface, and see how many and various were the catalogues and bibliographical works which he consulted, without feeling sure that no book important enough to deserve commemoration has been overlooked, while even review articles and pamphlet essays are not suffered to pass without record.

The classification of this Catalogue is logical and exhaustive. The Nature, Origin, and Destiny of the Soul furnish respectively the designation of the three classes which form the primary division. Under the Second Class we have two Sections, the first comprising "Compre-

hensive Works," and the second works on the Pre-Existence of the Soul. The three Sections of the Third Class comprise respectively "Comprehensive Works on the Immortality of the Soul and the Future Life"; works on the "Doctrine concerning the Soul and the Future Life among Nations and Sects not Christian"; and works on the "Doctrine of the Soul and the Future Life in Christian Theology." Under the second of these Sections there are five subdivisions of the first, sixteen of the second, and six of the third order; under the third, six subdivisions of the first, seventeen of the second, and four of the third order. An Appendix follows on "Modern Spiritualism, or Spiritism, Ghosts, etc."; and another on the "Nature, Origin, and Destiny of the Souls of Brutes." The whole number of works and editions thus catalogued is but little short of five thousand, without reckoning reviews of specific works, which are named and described in notes appended to their respective titles.

Under each of these numerous divisions, the titles are arranged in chronological order. Each title is given in full, with a specification of the shape, number of pages, publishers, and place of publication of the work. Still more, whenever the rareness or importance of the book renders it desirable, a concise note is added to the title, containing a compend of its critical history, an estimate of its value, and often a summary of its contents. These notes are so numerous, rich, and full, as to make the catalogue singularly attractive to the reader, and the amount, not of mere book-statistics, but of curious and precious learning and of keen and searching comment, comprised in these pages, would alone secure for them a foremost place among standard works in the department of bibliography. An Index of Authors, Pseudonymes, and Anonymous Works, and an Index of Subjects, complete this monograph, and render it as easy of use as it is thorough, comprehensive, and systematic.

No description that can be given of Mr. Abbot's work is adequate to its merits. We doubt whether within the same space there has ever been a digest of more ripe learning, knowledge, and wisdom. It only meets the expectations of those readers who know its author; it must be a surprise to the greater number to whom he would have been earlier known had not his modesty exceeded his merits.

8. — *The Life and Times of* JOHN HUSS; *or the Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century.* By E. H. GILLETT. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1863. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xx., 632; xiii., 651.

THERE is need of a good life of Huss in English, and Mr. Gillett has not, we regret to say, supplied the need. The two thick octavo volumes in which he narrates the life of Huss and the history of the Bohemian religious controversies are striking illustrations of the shallow quality of much that passes for learning and scholarship in America. Mr. Gillett has not studied enough and does not know enough to write a good life of Huss. He is, moreover, deficient in the historic faculty. He has neither insight nor imagination. He rarely seizes the relation between character and circumstance; he fails in analysis of motive, and he has no pictorial skill. He seems to have undertaken the task without any special qualifications for it. In his Preface he says: "I have felt that the Bohemian Reformation was justly entitled to a larger share of attention than it has yet received; and such leisure as professional duties would allow, during a course of several years, and rare opportunities of access to the necessary documents, have been employed in elucidating a period in modern history but little known, yet scarcely inferior in interest and importance to any that preceded or that have followed it, with the exception of the Great Reformation of the sixteenth century." Whether Mr. Gillett means by "*rare* opportunities of access to the necessary documents," *infrequent* opportunities or *unusual* opportunities, we are at a loss to know. If *infrequent*, he should have doubted their sufficiency. If *unusual*, he mistakes their character, so far as appears from his statement of the authorities used by him in composing his book. No scholar would think of writing the life of Huss unless he had at his disposal all the authorities to which Mr. Gillett refers, no one of which is rare in the sense in which that word is used by learned writers. Mr. Gillett seems to have had access to the common sources from which the modern accounts of Huss's life have been derived, and to have had no others. He has made no strictly original investigations, and has not come into possession of any documents with which other writers on the subject have not been familiar.

The list which Mr. Gillett gives of books read and consulted for his work, affords a curious measure of his scholarship. It is made without any correct critical discrimination. One might suppose that an author would hardly undertake the life of Huss without a competent knowledge of German; but when we find him referring to Schmidt's

"History of the *Dutch*" as a work throwing light on the relations of Bohemia and the German Empire, we are compelled to believe that his knowledge of German, if not of English, is insufficient for any literary purpose. The work which he means to refer to is one that he afterwards cites as *Geschicht der Deutschen*, — and of which the proper title is *Geschichte der Deutschen von der ältesten bis auf die jetzigen Zeiten, von M. I. Schmidt.* This work was first published near the end of the last century, and has long since been superseded by later and more accurate histories of Germany.

Again, he refers, in his Preface, to "Oudin's Dictionary of English Authors," — a title with which we are unacquainted, and by which we suppose the author to refer to the well-known work of the learned and laborious Casimir Oudin, *Commentarius de Scriptoribus Ecclesiæ Antiquis.* But such carelessness or ignorance is inexcusable in a writer venturing on such a task as that undertaken by Mr. Gillett.

The pages of his book are throughout disfigured by mistakes in names. Thus, in the first hundred pages of the first volume, we have Steikna frequently for Stiekna; Bishopteintz for Bischofteinitz; Mulheim for Mühlheim; Boncicault for Boucicault; and other mistakes even worse. Thus, on page 16, "the church of St. Galli" is spoken of, — a saint unknown to any English calendar. Mr. Gillett has perhaps read "ecclesia S. Galli," and preserved the Latin genitive in his English sentence. Again, on page 35, reporting the phrases of the reformer Janow, he represents him as saying: "They [the pious] are reproached as Beghards and Turpins, Picards and wretches." Here Beghards and Picards are but different forms of the same word; while by Turpins is meant Turlpinii or Turlupini, — a name of doubtful meaning, by which one of the many heretical sects of the fourteenth century was designated. The words of Matthias of Janow (which are not quoted by Mr. Gillett) afford no justification for his errors. They are simply, "Propter quod tales homines devoti, qui similia vulgo profano non agunt, Bechardi vel Turlpinii, aut aliis nominibus blasphemis communiter jam nominantur."

But errors like these, although such as a genuine scholar could never make, might perhaps be pardoned if the book in which they are found gave evidence in other respects of special merit or ability. But Mr. Gillett's style is as inaccurate as his learning. A few sentences from his volumes will show the quality of his writing. In his account of the Council of Pisa, held in 1409, he says: "On the 15th of June the Council proceeded to take measures for the election of a new Pope. Towards evening, twenty-three cardinals *entered the conclave provided for their reception* in the episcopal palace. Their session continued

till the 26th of the month. According to the monk of St. Denis, *the conclave breathed nothing* but disinterestedness, piety, and zeal for the Church of God. But the more plain-spoken De Niem forces us to question somewhat the sincerity of *their* devotion. *Each of the electors had promised,* in case he should be elected, to remember *the cardinals' friends,* and grant their demands." (Vol. I. p. 116.) The Italics in the preceding passage indicate a confusion in the author's mind. The conclave appears at first as a suite of apartments; then we find it breathing piety; and finally it has to serve as the grammatical antecedent of "their devotion." In the concluding sentence, "each of the electors" means each cardinal; and, instead of "the cardinals' friends," we should perhaps read, "the friends of such of the cardinals as might have supported his pretensions."

On page 124 Mr. Gillett says, "One of the first acts of the newly-elected Pope was a bull in favor of the mendicants. . . . . This order of monks had been established in the beginning of the thirteenth century." Just afterward he speaks of "these brethren of St. Dominic"; and on page 127 he says, "The act of the Pope was evidently one of partiality and favoritism toward the mendicants, of which order he had been himself a member." Now the mendicants were not an order. The Franciscan mendicants were as numerous as the Dominican; and Alexander V. had belonged to the Franciscan, and not to the Dominican order.

These are but specimens of many similar exhibitions of careless statement and bad writing. Another fault in Mr. Gillett's style is his frequent repetition of facts of more or less importance. Thus, Vol. I. page 41, he says: "On June 7th, 1394, Anne of Luxembourg, wife of Richard II. of England, died. Her attendants returned to Bohemia; many of them, like their mistress, had imbibed the views of Wickliffe. They brought back with them from England to Prague copies of his books. The new opinions found adherents." On page 57 these facts are repeated in words slightly varied; but not satisfied with this, on page 67 Mr. Gillett tells us a third time of the return of the queen's attendants, and the spread of Wickliffe's doctrines through their means. We have not read the book carefully enough to assert that the same statements, for which, we believe, there is no sufficient historical evidence, are not repeated a fourth, and even a fifth time.

So on page 41 we are told that the University of Prague was founded in 1360; and on page 48 the same statement is repeated. In both instances the date is wrong. The correct date is 1347.*

* Mr. Gillett probably took the date at second hand, from some writer who had been misled by the circumstance that Trithemius, in the *Chronicon Hirsaugiense,*

We might extend the list of Mr. Gillett's mistakes to a great length, and give further specimens of the poverty and inelegance of his style. But we have done enough to show how far his work is from satisfying the just demands of criticism. It is not a pleasant task thus to exhibit the incapacity of an author who proposes to himself so respectable an object as the composition of an historical or biographical work on the scale of this Life of Huss. It is a painful task, indeed, to show that so much time has been wasted, so much effort thrown away, by an author, and such a hinderance as this big book put in the path of future students.

We do not doubt Mr. Gillett's desire to produce a work creditable to his own scholarship and to American letters. He has done the contrary; and the least reparation he can make is to fit himself by years of honest and careful study to rewrite the life of a man who deserves so well at the hands of his biographer as John Huss.

9.— *The History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.* By John Foster Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1864. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 615 and 543.

This important work reaches us too late to admit of an elaborate review in the present number of the North American. We are unwilling, however, to delay our welcome to it, and our congratulations of its author on having achieved a work honorable alike to himself and to American letters.

The reader who brings to the subject of this History the common impression as to the character and capacity of Charles of Burgundy may wonder whence the materials could be drawn for the two ample volumes already completed, and the third, of which we have the promise. But Mr. Kirk, by taking a broad European view of his theme, has with great skill and conscious power bound the fortunes of this hitherto discredited prince to great national and international movements, which testify to a dying past and bespeak a stirring future. Though as yet diplomacy on the grand scale had scarcely crossed the threshold of a new era, and no successor had yet appeared to vindicate the shades of Wickliffe and Huss, powers were at work, which were

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under the year 1360, says: "His quoque temporibus Carolus Imperator IV. ex Rege Bohemiæ, ut supra [an. 1346] diximus, factus . . . Gymnasium . . . Pragæ instituit, quod tam Papæ, quam suis privilegiis . . . mirum in modum decoravit." The general phrase, "his quoque temporibus," indicates that Trithemius did not intend to fix the exact date of the foundation. The Papal bull establishing the privileges of the University is dated on the 26th of January, 1347.

heaving up a new field of toil and battle for the forces of modern civilization. To the secular history of this destructive and formative period Mr. Kirk has made a very valuable contribution. The religious side, however, at least so far as these two volumes carry us, scarcely appears, except as a casual circumstance of the other; whether it is that the Papacy had not recovered from its struggle with the great Councils, or that the lull of apathy which prophesies and justifies reform was too motionless for the historian's stage, or simply that it is impossible thoroughly to trace the springs of popular feeling in times when there was no master mind to rouse the people to a sense of their wants and their rights. The absence of this element, and indeed of all lofty moral action, as it confines and lowers the level on which the author must move, throws him back in his other resources. He has turned to good account the contrast between Louis of France and Charles of Burgundy.

He takes no serious exception to the current verdict as to the former, but he brings forward many arguments to prove that Louis's rival was neither brute nor fool. He has no hero, for it was impossible to find one, but he gives some new readings of Charles's character, which tend to redeem him from the contempt and aversion which have often been lavished on him. He even seems to accept for him the title of "The Napoleon of the Middle Ages," and, with his usual brilliant ingenuity, succeeds in drawing a parallel quite as close perhaps as any other in which the genuine Napoleon has been made to figure. There is no opening for worship on the part either of writer or reader; no discoverer of new worlds, no royal patroness, no betrayed patriot, no heroic deliverer, no martyred confessor. All is masculine, save a single glimpse of Margaret of Anjou, as she leaves the scene in wan defeat and hopeless doom, the episode of the heroic Jeanne Laisné (La Hachette), and a touch or two of the conjugal felicities and infelicities of the time.

These are serious drawbacks to an historical subject, and Mr. Kirk has gained a positive victory in overcoming them. With so little of human sympathy to help him, he has written a book of which the interest flags scarcely for a moment. His reading is large, his estimate of the duties of an historian strict and conscientious, his view of social and national relations broad and clear, and his pen always quick and free. There are abundant signs of discriminating industry, and of familiarity with the needed accessible materials. And though there is no want of acute and ingenious observations, there is no offensive parade of philosophy, no suicidal attempt to banish human will from the very theatre in which it has most splendidly exerted itself.

Since History has taken upon itself, in part, the extinct office of the Historical Novel, it has a chartered right to the pomp and circumstance of narration. Our author has not used this license licentiously.

Mr. Kirk's vocabulary is very copious, too much so, sometimes, for the best effect. With uncommon command of expression, and a large fund of illustration, he tarries too seldom to condense his descriptions. His pictures are too communicative. They do not always give us the few representative traits, which are so much more telling than the whole. They rather fill than prompt the mind. He does not stop to choose the single shaft which is sure to hit the white, but even when he hits it, as he often does, he spends a careless bolt or two, as if to work off the exuberance of his ammunition. Or, if we may change the figure, he often prefers paying out his treasure in silver bulk to compact gold. Possessed as he is, in a high degree, of almost all the elements of descriptive power, and masterly as is his use of them in numerous cases, he is not invariably equal to himself. There are many passages, indeed, of high excellence, but there are others in which he has put on his book-spectacles, instead of looking straight out at nature's windows. In a word, he seldom fails to content the reader, and he often satisfies him.

Mr. Kirk is scrupulous in discharging one of the first duties of an historian, that of carefully naming his authorities. This is no less wise than conscientious; for no history, without merit absolutely unique, can hope long to retain the regard of judicious men, which is not frank enough to meet a cross-examination, and not generous enough to offer the use of its own oil to those who wish to travel on the same road. Jean Paul has praised one of his own created women, because she used to read the preface and notes as well as formal text. The male reader would be unwise who should neglect Mr. Kirk's notes. In these he flees from the constraint of a necessarily conventional text to the liberty of the area below, and scatters some of his best things on either hand. The passages of sustained facetiousness or irony, whether in text or note, are, however, little to our taste.

The interest of Mr. Kirk's volumes steadily rises with the progress of his history, and the volume which is yet to appear is not likely to fall off in this respect.

The typographical execution of these volumes (with some exceptions as to the punctuation) is excellent, and the correctness of the text is exemplary. But the book is deficient in auxiliary furniture. The omission of a minute analytical table of contents (like that which is prefixed to Prescott's Philip the Second or to Milman's Latin Christianity) is a serious inconvenience to readers, who must wait for the completion of another volume in order to enjoy the luxury of an index. A greater omission, perhaps, is that of a full historical map, accommodated to the political geography of the fifteenth century. Such maps have now be-

come moderately accessible to professed students, but they are almost beyond the reach of ordinary readers. Should these suggestions meet the eye of the author, we hope that in another edition (which is not far behind) he will insert a map in each of these volumes, particularly as so many persons borrow such books from libraries or take them in clubs.

Mr. Kirk, in his quiet Preface, has modestly referred to his relation to Mr. Prescott. That eminent man, in the Preface to his Philip the Second, had recorded his personal regard for Mr. Kirk, and his high opinion of his talents. The author of these volumes will deem it no small reward for his labors if they place him by the side (as they bid fair to do) of his honored friend and master.

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10. — *My Farm of Edgewood: a Country Book.* By the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." New York: Charles Scribner. 1863. 12mo. pp. 319.

This pleasant book deserves the warm welcome it has received from the public. Ten years of farming life have made Mr. Mitchell only the better author. They have not deprived his style of its old refinement and grace, and they have given to it new robustness and vigor. He writes now not like a sentimental youth, but as a man of practical experience, good feeling, and good sense; and if here and there in this volume, especially at the beginning, there is a strain of his former mannerism, it serves to give a zest to the fresher and better portions of the book.

Nor is the excellence of the book simply literary. It has substantial merit as a practical treatise on Farming Life in New England. It is for farmers to read, no less than for mere lovers of the country or of country books. Mr. Mitchell has unusual skill in putting his experience, his culture, his taste, his delicate perceptions, into such literary forms as to make them of use to others. His hints, suggestions, and advice are, moreover, enforced by his success. He has proved his right to teach, and he will not want hearers.

There is one blemish in the book which we regret, and which we trust Mr. Mitchell will remove as unworthy of his better sense, — an occasional sneer as of indifference to the national interests of this time. He says, (p. 77,) "The American eagle is (or was) a fine bird," as if it were the less fine now that its wings are loosed and it spreads them for freer flight. We, he says, (p. 196,) pit no gladiators against each other, "but we send our armies out, of a hundred thousand in blue and gray, and look at their butchery of each other very coolly, —

through the newspapers, — and dine on *pâté de fois gras*." The implied comparison is unworthy of the author. If our battles are no more to us than gladiatorial shows, Mr. Mitchell's work is useless. A country that is not worth fighting for is not worth cultivating.

We should care little for this blemish, if My Farm at Edgeworth were a less deserving book. It has the vitality which springs from love of and acquaintance with nature, and will long be read as one of the best and pleasantest pictures of a New England farm, and of the charms and drawbacks of our New England country life.

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11. — *Tales of a Wayside Inn.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. pp. v., 225.

IT is no wonder that Mr. Longfellow should be the most popular of American, we might say, of contemporary poets. The fine humanity of his nature, the wise simplicity of his thought, the picturesqueness of his images, and the deliciously limpid flow of his style, entirely justify the public verdict, and give assurance that his present reputation will settle into fame. That he has not *this* of Tennyson, nor *that* of Browning, may be cheerfully admitted, while he has so many other things that are his own. There may be none of those flashes of lightning in his verse that make day for a moment in this dim cavern of consciousness where we grope; but there is an equable sunshine that touches the landscape of life with a new charm, and lures us out into healthier air. If he fall short of the highest reaches of imagination, he is none the less a master within his own sphere, — all the more so, indeed, that he is conscious of his own limitations, and wastes no strength in striving to be other than himself. Genial, natural, and original, as much as in these latter days it is given to be, he holds a place among our poets like that of Irving among our prose-writers. Make whatever deductions and qualifications, and they still keep their place in the hearts and minds of men. In point of time he is our Chaucer, — the first who imported a finer foreign culture into our poetry.

His present volume shows a greater ripeness than any of its predecessors. We find a mellowness of early autumn in it. There is the old sweetness native to the man, with greater variety of character and experience. The personages are all drawn from the life, and sketched with the light firmness of a practised art. They have no more individuality than is necessary to the purpose of the poem, which consists of a series of narratives told by a party of travellers gathered in Sudbury Inn, and each suited, either by its scene or its sentiment, to the speaker

who recites it. In this also there is a natural reminiscence of Chaucer; and if we miss the rich minuteness of his Van Eyck painting, or the depth of his thoughtful humor, we find the same airy grace, tenderness, simple strength, and exquisite felicities of description. Nor are twinkles of sly humor wanting. The Interludes, and above all the Prelude, are masterly examples of that perfect ease of style which is, of all things, the hardest to attain. The verse flows clear and sweet as honey, and with a faint fragrance that tells, but not too plainly, of flowers that grew in many fields. We are made to feel that, however tedious the processes of culture may be, the ripe result in facile power and scope of fancy is purely delightful. We confess that we are so heartily weary of those cataclysms of passion and sentiment with which literature has been convulsed of late, — as if the main object were, not to move the reader, but to shake the house about his ears, — that the homelike quiet and beauty of such poems as these is like an escape from noise to nature.

As regards the structure of the work looked at as a whole, it strikes us as a decided fault, that the Saga of King Olaf is so disproportionately long, especially as many of the pieces which compose it are by no means so well done as the more strictly original ones. We have no quarrel with the foreign nature of the subject as such, — for any good matter is American enough for a truly American poet; but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Longfellow has sometimes mistaken mere strangeness for freshness, and has failed to make his readers feel the charm he himself felt. Put into English, the Saga seems *too* Norse; and there is often a hitchiness in the verse that suggests translation with overmuch heed for literal closeness. It is possible to assume alien forms of verse, but hardly to enter into forms of thought alien both in time and in the ethics from which they are derived. "The Building of the Long Serpent" is not to be named with Mr. Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," which he learned from no Heimskringla, but from the dockyards of Portland, where he played as a boy. We are willing, however, to pardon the parts which we find somewhat ineffectual, in favor of the "Nun of Nidaros," which concludes, and in its gracious piety more than redeems, them all.

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12. — *In War Time, and Other Poems.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. pp. vi., 152.

IT is a curious illustration of the attraction of opposites, that, among our elder poets, the war we are waging finds its keenest expression in the Quaker Whittier. Here is, indeed, a soldier prisoner on parole in a drab coat, with no hope of exchange, but with a heart beating time to

the tap of the drum. Mr. Whittier is, on the whole, the most American of our poets, and there is a fire of warlike patriotism in him that burns all the more intensely that it is smothered by his creed. But it is not as a singular antithesis of dogma and character that this peculiarity of his is interesting to us. The fact has more significance as illustrating how deep an impress the fathers of New England stamped upon the commonwealth they founded. Here is a descendant and member of the sect they chiefly persecuted, more deeply imbued with the spirit of the Puritans than even their own lineal representatives. The New-Englander is too strong for the sectarian, and the hereditary animosity softens to reverence, as the sincere man, looking back, conjures up the image of a sincerity as pure, though more stern, than his own. And yet the poetic sentiment of Whittier misleads him as far in admiration, as the pitiful snobbery of certain renegades perverts them to depreciation, of the Puritans. It is not in any sense true that these pious and earnest men brought with them to the New World the deliberate forethought of the democracy which was to develop itself from their institutions. They brought over its seed, but unconsciously, and it was the kindly nature of the soil and climate that was to give it the chance to propagate and disperse itself. The same conditions have produced the same results also at the South, and nothing but slavery blocks the way to a perfect sympathy between the two sections.

Mr. Whittier is essentially a lyric poet, and the fervor of his temperament gives his pieces of that kind a remarkable force and effectiveness. Twenty years ago many of his poems were in the nature of *conciones ad populum*, vigorous stump-speeches in verse, appealing as much to the blood as the brain, and none the less convincing for that. By regular gradations ever since his tone has been softening and his range widening. As a poet he stands somewhere between Burns and Cowper, akin to the former in patriotic glow, and to the latter in intensity of religious anxiety verging sometimes on morbidness. His humanity, if it lack the humorous breadth of the one, has all the tenderness of the other. In love of outward nature he yields to neither. His delight in it is not a new sentiment or a literary tradition, but the genuine passion of a man born and bred in the country, who has not merely a visiting acquaintance with the landscape, but stands on terms of lifelong friendship with hill, stream, rock, and tree. In his descriptions he often catches the *expression* of rural scenery, a very different thing from the mere *looks*, with the trained eye of familiar intimacy. A somewhat shy and heremitical being we take him to be, and more a student of his own heart than of men. His characters, where he introduces such, are commonly abstractions, with little of the flesh and

blood of real life in them, and this from want of experience rather than of sympathy; for many of his poems show him capable of friendship almost womanly in its purity and warmth. One quality which we especially value in him is the intense home-feeling which, without any conscious aim at being American, gives his poetry a flavor of the soil surprisingly refreshing. Without being narrowly provincial, he is the most indigenous of our poets. In these times, especially, his uncalculating love of country has a profound pathos in it. He does not flare the flag in our faces, but one feels the heart of a lover throbbing in his anxious verse.

Mr. Whittier, if the most fervid of our poets, is sometimes hurried away by this very quality, in itself an excellence, into being the most careless. He draws off his verse while the fermentation is yet going on, and before it has had time to compose itself and clarify into the ripe wine of expression. His rhymes are often faulty beyond the most provincial license even of Burns himself. Vigor without elegance will never achieve permanent success in poetry. We think, also, that he has too often of late suffered himself to be seduced from the true path to which his nature set up finger-posts for him at every corner, into metaphysical labyrinths whose clew he is unable to grasp. The real life of his genius smoulders into what the woodmen call a *smudge*, and gives evidence of itself in smoke instead of flame. Where he follows his truer instincts, he is often admirable in the highest sense, and never without the interest of natural thought and feeling naturally expressed.

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13. — *Alice of Monmouth; an Idyl of the Great War. With other Poems.* By EDMUND C. STEDMAN. New York: Carleton. 1864. pp. 151.

READERS of this little volume will desire to possess themselves at once of a former one by the same author, which they will find advertised on the fly-leaf. The leading poem has great and substantial merits, not the least of which we reckon to be that it is really interesting. It is not only American, but contemporaneously so in its scenery and incidents; while a hearty patriotism without bravado gives it a peculiar claim upon our liking. There may be here and there a reminiscence of "Maud," that most intensely characteristic of modern poems, but this is only in the externals of structure and versification. The vitalizing elements of the poem are its own, and it is a true birth of the author's mind, not an artificially congested *poemunculus*. The scene is laid in New Jersey, and the accessories of landscape and manners are in as

close keeping with literal fact as will consort with poetic treatment. The descriptions, whether of natural or social scenery, are vivid and picturesque. The author has absorbed the outward associations that naturally group themselves about his characters, and is able accordingly to give them back to us sufficiently imbued with his own sentiment to engage our sympathy. Mr. Stedman, like most persons of imaginative temperament, has felt that want of sharp contrast in the conditions of American life so essential to the picturesque. He has accordingly had recourse to the Old World device of an unequal marriage in order to give piquancy to his plot. We doubt if the mere inequalities of wealth, where there is no such thing as established and traditional rank, will fully answer the occasion; and perhaps our poets will some day find that the necessity which compels them to deal with the primal instincts of human nature, instead of its artificial upholstery, is a source of strength to them rather than a deprivation. And in Mr. Stedman's own case we find it to be so. One of the most distinguished merits of the poem is the sincere feeling of those passages where he shows the final triumph of the human over the educated sympathies, and brings father and daughter together on the higher ground of a common sorrow. We cannot say that we like some of Mr. Stedman's experiments in unrhymed lyrical measures. Collins has, perhaps, been more successful than any other who has made essays in that kind, and his examples are all short. Specimens of any great length always give us the impression of minced prose. It was, however, a matter of choice with Mr. Stedman, and not an expedient of poverty; for some of the rhymed lyrics in his volume (except where he occasionally drops an *r*, as in *broader* and *order*, *Goliah* and *fire*) are as remarkable for finish as feeling. But whatever friendly objections we might make here and there, we heartily welcome this little book as a permanent contribution to our genuinely native literature. Indeed, we have found it hard to criticise at all a poem which brought warm tears to our eyes more than once as we read.

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14. — HEINE'S *Book of Songs*. Translated by CHARLES G. LELAND, Author of "Meister Karl's Sketch-Book," and "Sunshine in Thought." Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. 1864. pp. 14, 239.

Si un Allemand peut être bel esprit? was asked by the lively French Abbé, triumphantly, and the question waited nearly two centuries, to be answered at last, not by a pure Teuton, but by a German Jew. No wittier man than Heine ever lived, nor any whose wit had more purpose in it. Tempered as it was with poetic sentiment, intensified by a

feeling half patriotism and half of the race that has no country, its cut was far deeper than that of Voltaire. If he often seemed the most careless of *persifleurs*, the real strength of Heine, as of Byron, lay in the sad sincerity which was the base of his humor. If his lyrical poems lack the *vivida vis* of nationality which marks those of Béranger, it may well be forgiven to a man of Jewish birth, and they are certainly the most graceful, easy, and pathetic of modern times. Heine is not a mocker from any want of deep and genuine feeling, so much as from disappointed and disillusioned enthusiasm. But this is not the place for a critical estimate of him, and Mr. Leland, in his present volume, and his translation, some years since, of the "Book of Songs," has done much to enable even such as cannot read the originals to form a judgment for themselves.

A man of various cultivation and genial temperament, himself the author of the most spirited lyric our war has called forth, and an ardent appreciator of his author, Mr. Leland certainly brought eminent qualifications to his labor of love. And he has fully justified the expectation of those who augured most highly of his success from their knowledge of his fitness. He would himself, we have no doubt, assent cheerfully to the axiom of Cervantes, that no translation of poetry can be made without sensible loss of that indefinable *aroma* which characterizes the writing of masters in their own language. But, granting that, we never read a volume of translations which had a higher, or even an equal merit, unless we except those of Mr. Brooks. Mr. Leland's versions are faithful, easy, and elegant, conveying with curious nicety the tone as well as the meaning of the original. He who has this book almost has Heine. In mere externals, the volume is a very pretty one, and we hope the publisher will be encouraged to give us others in the same line, not only because they would be entertaining, but because they are of real value in helping us to understand the modes of thought and feeling of a people destined to mingle its blood so largely with our own.

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15. — *The Two Legacies.* Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press. 1863. 16mo. pp. 71.

This beautiful little volume was among the most graceful and appropriate contributions to the recent fair in Boston for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. It deserves not to pass away with the occasion, for "The Two Legacies" is a story of rare sweetness, purity, and tenderness. It is not a story of actual characters and life; but the fulness of imaginative sympathy which it displays makes it, in a higher sense,

a story of real life, and of truth to nature. It is for grown people even more than for children; for its moral, most delicately conveyed, is one which the old, not less than the young, need to lay to heart.

A talent so individual, of such marked refinement, of such womanly quality, as that of which "The Two Legacies" gives proof, ought not to remain hidden hereafter.

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16. — *Substance and Shadow; or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life. An Essay upon the Physics of Creation.* By HENRY JAMES. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 8vo. pp. x., 539.

THE "Substance" is Morality, — the feeling of self-hood, of isolation; the attitude, in which the natural man stands, of indifference, neutrality towards good and evil, Heaven and Hell. The "Shadow" of this opaque self-assertion is Religion, — a sense of opposition to God, of forfeiture of the Divine favor.

It is somewhat startling to hear that *moral* means indifferent to good, and to find religion in the place which, in Goethe's epigram, is occupied by evil, as the shadow that dogs every created thing. But we soon discover that something more and something opposite is meant. Morality is an antagonism existing only that the Supreme Good may have something to overcome, in order therein to reveal itself. Religion is not mere darkness, but rather the negative power of light, creating a background for its own manifestation.

With this interpretation the statement becomes more acceptable, but still seems one-sided, needlessly paradoxical. Of course morality *includes* the power of self-isolation; religion *includes* the sense of unworthiness; but this is a very partial account of them. It is like saying that man is an animal. Certainly he is an animal, but to say this seems to assert that he is nothing more. This aspect of paradox comes from a vehement desire on the part of Mr. James to enforce at once what he considers to be the true meaning of finite existence, and to confute in advance the universal opposite error, — universal with the exception of Swedenborg. Indeed, throughout the book he steadily maintains an attitude of extreme contempt towards the reader; evidently considers him as besotted with old notions, not likely to comprehend what is said to him, nor even to attend to it, and accordingly plies him with paradoxes, sarcasms, lively thrusts, and pungent epithets, intent to keep him awake and alert, but without any hope of acceptance.

Swedenborg's service to Philosophy he holds to consist in his vindication of natural self-hood as the condition of subsequent spiritual evo-

lution, establishing the veracity of our knowledge and the veracity of Creation upon an inexpugnable basis, by proving the Creation to be the utter self-alienation of God, whereby the creature, having first received for his natural form or essence mere destitution, absence of reality, and thereby attained the needful projection from the Creator, is enabled again to resign this antagonism as the fruit of a separateness purely fallacious, — a beneficent illusion, momentarily established as the necessary prerequisite through which alone the ulterior design of God can be accomplished.

The distinctive element of the Finite is thus not mere limitation, but a limitation that is really affirmative, in the interest of the Finite, — the beneficent creative Will of God operating in his creature, — not the work of opposing malignity. The point of interest here is the element of Freedom. Swedenborg seems to be in general Cartesian.* His "correspondences," "marriage," &c., are only figurative forms of Spinoza's proposition, — that the order and connection of things is the same as the order and connection of thoughts. But in Spinoza's Substance all valid ground of distinction is wanting; the Existence which is said to be involved in Being is null, a vacuity, indistinguishable from Naught. But if the creature is nothing, then the Creation and the Creator are equally nothing. This is the true sense of the reproach of Pantheism, often brought against Spinoza, — not a mere pique at his denial of individuality, but a feeling that the Reality of the Universe is thus made to consist of dead Matter, a Body to which Spirit is wanting; for Spirit is the essentially creative, and implies utterance, that it shall reveal itself, and its meaning become outward, actual, — or, what is the same, the actual is a statement of the Infinite. Spinoza perhaps said this, but, not penetrating sufficiently the meaning of actuality, he derived it from merely outward limitation, thus implying a dualism, which, of course, being only apparent, and due to error, is *really* set aside, leaving Being non-existent. In other words, the Finite conceived abstractly, out of the living connection, leaves the Infinite equally abstract and lifeless. The next step must be to recognize that limitation is necessarily self-limitation, so that existence is no degradation to Spirit, but the Finite *is* the Infinite seen under the guise of self-negation, and the Infinite the self-affirmation of the Finite.

The difficulty in any such statement is, to hold fast the meaning of the terms, as involving identity *and* distinctness all the time, and not at one point or another to recur to the current abstractions. It is diffi-

* See "The Doctrines of Spinoza and Swedenborg identified, so far as they claim a Scientific Ground. In Four Letters. By [Maj. Gen. Hitchcock ?] U. S. Army. Boston. 1846."

cult firmly to exclude the notion, either that this self-negation is a mere juggle, or bo-peep, as Mr. James says, — or else that the Infinite somehow submits to a foreign influence. From the side of the Finite, its self-affirmation is apt to look like rebellion, a setting-up of the creature in opposition to the Creator. It is easy to show the absurdity of these notions: — it consists in taking the terms abstractly, and then forgetting that they are abstractions, wholly unmeaning by themselves. For example, the arrogant self-exaltation that is feared for the Finite goes upon the ground that there *is* some reality in it, outside of the Infinite, to be kept within bounds, and not allowed to limit its Creator beyond what is right and proper.

It is to escape such difficulties that the mind, in its endless effort to solve these high problems, takes refuge in mysticism, in symbols in which the failure to grasp the idea is masked by the interposition of familiar images that are felt to *contain* it. Swedenborg presents his philosophy as a revelation, — not as thoughts, but as symbols, requiring to be translated into thoughts. Not Thought directly, but Feeling, Sense, and Fancy are addressed. But since Thought alone is impersonal and universal, whilst Feeling is casual, the symbol is sure to be stretched beyond its capacity; the meaning it had for one age or condition vanishes, leaving only a dried-up, wearisome formula. Then, also, we have no criterion whereby to know whether the symbol before us is translatable at all, whether it indicates any general meaning, or only, for instance, a private indigestion.

It is as a philosopher and not as a seer that Swedenborg appears in these pages. In this, however, Mr. James is not quite consistent, but sometimes, when we need him most, vanishes as it were through the back door into the realm of visions and symbols, forsaking the clear light of thought. The temptation is indeed great; the familiar images give the reader the sensation of understanding something, or at least of something possible to understand, where otherwise he might see nothing but darkness. In short, it saves the reader, and the writer too, from the toil of thinking, yet gives him the sensation of a result. But is this not shirking precisely what we undertook? There is, doubtless, meaning in these symbols. So there is in a fungus. But what else is Philosophy than the endeavor to bring up into daylight the meanings that lie hushed and hid in the night of Sensation and Feeling? One may not feel called to this task. It may be doubted, indeed, whether ideas well drenched in flesh and blood do not make their way better than in their purer essence. It is like comparing Euclid and a treatise on bridge-building. Both are good, but different, and it is mere petulance to require of one the merits of the other, or to scold at it for defects

inseparable from its nature. No one can require Mr. James to give a philosophical account of the principle of Selfhood. But if he is minded to undertake this, it is a pity that he should not get the aid he might from the men whom he most blasphemes, — namely, Kant and his successors. The same road he must travel, if he would get on; the only question is, whether he has reached this point yet, or not yet.

The question with them, as with him, is an extremely practical one. What care we for this "Substance" that you describe, if it be not also *our* substance? If it be something wholly foreign, forever inaccessible, what matter how big it is, or how enduring? If it is nothing *to us*, we will treat it as such, — namely, as nothing. This is the true sense of Kant's *thing-in-itself*, &c. (whatever his *opinions* about it may have been), — a clumsy, inverted statement, mostly negative in its immediate result, directing by indirections, yet pointing out a way which, if it be patiently followed without prejudice, may be found to lead to something. In Fichte, for example, — if Mr. James will but dive into his meaning a little, instead of scoffing at its exterior, — he will find no such ferocious Egotism as he dreams, but a fellow-worker who had reached very much the same point with himself. Spinoza's Absolute is that which is not limited from without, — thus suggesting mere vacuity as a possible meaning. Fichte adds, that it is *self*-limited, and thereby real. The unrevealed essence of God reveals or realizes itself in an image, which is thus its reflex, its opposite. The world of phenomena, as God's image, — the Other-than-He wherein he beholds himself, — is in itself naught, mere destitution of Being, existing only to be set aside, to furnish the groundwork or material for God's manifestation of himself. In its separateness, apart from God, it is an outcast or *naughty* existence, to be redeemed or restored to the unity of its divine origin by giving up its antagonism, and this *freely*, i. e. as thereby accomplishing its *own* purpose, — as self-affirmation, and not mere yielding to fate. It is only when this point is reached in the free human intelligence, that the end of creation is accomplished. Here is the medium wherein the spirit makes the flesh its own, reconciles it to itself, and thus forever creates the world anew. It is a process, — the life of the world, wherein the organic unity is always accomplishing itself, but never completed.

In this Mr. James may recognize much that is familiar to him, and a parallelism much more in detail might be pointed out. The same difficulties occur, — for instance, the true position of the nature of phenomenal existence has the same ambiguity to each. Mr. James tells us that it would be the utmost error and the deepest misery to mistake natural existence for absolute reality, — yet again, that it is quite as necessary to the reality of the Creation as the Creator himself, and that unless this

is so, Creation confesses itself a sheer imposture, and slinks off at once into a despicable, cowardly Pantheism. — Here is the pinch. Matter is a descent, a degradation of the Spirit; it belongs only to the region of nature, — is mere opacity, falseness. Yet were it removed, *as it ought to be*, it is difficult to say what would remain. Complete Spiritual manhood is transparent, casts no shadow, — what substantiality, then, is left to it? One is reminded of those lines of Hafiz (or Daumer speaking in his name): "A shadow void of essence were he who should stand quite pure before the Lord. Sin alone liveth in the life; — life consists of sin." The Devil, Mr. James says, is the born prince of this world; and one sees not where, within the limits of reality, the boundaries of his realm are to be fixed. "The Divine love towards us naturally is eternally active, because it can never be satisfied. It could be satisfied only in thoroughly delivering us from evil; but as such deliverance would involve the destruction of our natural identity, it necessarily restricts itself to the perpetual delight of subordinating our evil to its own good; so vivifying human history, or making it immortal." Does God, then, keep us in evil that he may prolong the delight of delivering us? So, with Fichte, the absolute never comes to realization, but is to be carried into effect hereafter, in endless ages, by the aggregate efforts of countless multitudes and generations of men. In other words, it is not carried into effect at all. Nor does it help the matter to say that the failure is confined to the region of space and time, — for neither Fichte nor Mr. James would be at all satisfied with a Being void of actuality. Each zealously opposes a creation *ex nihilo;* each requires some absolute *prius*, a *terminus a quo*, — some material for the creative energy to act upon, — *in itself* nothing, a mere "obstacle" to be overcome; in short, some postulate, which being given, like the original shove to the solar system (*Anstoss* is one of Fichte's words), all goes on well.

Thus the two ends do not meet; the idea of reality, once grasped, is dropped again, and we have instead the abstractions from which we had escaped. Mr. James can hardly mention the name of Kant without execration, yet he calmly accepts Kant's worse mistake, namely, that space and time are only subjective, due to the limitations of finite intelligence, so that phenomenal existence is only relative *for us*, not real, and thus of no significance to philosophy, but only to science, — a most unfortunate distinction. At one end the identity in diversity is asserted; at the other, the diversity proves too strong; a weakness of faith supervenes, a fear lest the Infinite should prove too overwhelming, or the Finite usurping. This weakness lies at the root of the whole notion of "correspondences," "marriage" between these opposites, as when we

are told that things in heaven are like things on earth in all respects, but in form only, not in material. The kingdom of God upon earth, that is, in space and time, turns out, after all, to be impracticable. Space and time are not fit for it, cannot contain it, are forever trying to do so, but destined to fail to all eternity. The only possible heaven, or realm of reality, is a truly Norse one, an internecine conflict of phantoms, eternally slain and brought to life again, under penalty of the stoppage of the whole celestial economy, with the process whereby, in this perverse way, they get some momentary sensation of the reality they want.

But the universe is no such perennial failure. The Divine Spirit always finds means to exist, for it makes the means, and does not require that existence should be tacked on to it. Its realization does not need to be preceded, nor at any point antagonized, by unreality, in order to secure the distinctness of the creature; this is a material image, quite out of place here, as if spirit and flesh were different degrees of the same thing. The distinctness *is* the realization, naturally not *mere* distinctness. It is Creation, and not manufacture, that we are speaking of. What, then, is the ground of defect in the Finite, — the root of sorrow and death? Not Finiteness, but the denial of it, rejection of it as defect, as hostile to the Infinite. Thus it is held fast, and its living connection severed. The wise Alphonsos have each his little scheme to help out God in the excellent enterprise in which he has been balked so long. In their zeal they do not see that the Gracious Spirit is accomplishing every day before their eyes what they demand, and this by means of the very miseries that so oppress them. It is not the spirit, but the flesh in its abstractness, that cannot endure finiteness. In the living spirit this is the source of its life, the act whereby it creates for itself a worthy habitation.

This is doubtless what Mr. James means when he says that God's quarrel is not with our evil, because evil tends by its own limitation to punish and correct itself, — but with our good; that the sinner, and not the saint, is as yet God's best achievement in human nature; that God's love is in such flagrant contrast with what we call love, that it is wholly reserved for what is intrinsically and intensely hostile and negative to itself, namely, for evil. So that it must permit its creature to effloresce to the fullest possibilities of his natural finiteness and corruption, that it may be converted into otherwise unimaginable good. "It is the distinctive splendor of the Christian truth," he says, "that it alone has dared to make, not the saint, but the sinner, not the angel, but the Devil, not good, but evil, the inexpugnable bulwark of God's power." The Devil (we condense Mr. James's pages) has been from the beginning our only

heaven-appointed churchman and statesman. He is the gentleman and man of affairs, whereas no man of truly angelic possibilities is ever greatly up to the demands of the actual life. The method of the Divine Providence is to manumit the Devil, or bind him by his own lusts exclusively — which are the love of self and the love of the world — to the joyous eternal allegiance of man. In the unity of this regenerate natural personality, interest will spontaneously effect what principle has hitherto vainly enjoined, or self-love accomplish with ease what benevolence has only been able hitherto weakly to dream of accomplishing. The backbone of morality has long been providentially broken. The moral force men once had, the power of controlling natural appetite and passion, has abated, and in its place has come a sense of God's presence in Nature, and the aspiration to realize in life the infinite Beauty which she reveals. The social sentiment, the sense of a living, organic unity among men, is accordingly fast absorbing it into its own higher circulation, whence it will be reproduced in every regenerate æsthetic form. This perfection of man's destiny on earth comes about by such a manifestation to men's minds of the evils of our rudimentary unscientific methods of intercourse as will make them ashamed of themselves and sick of their sacerdotal and political guides. Moral and physical evils have this destination, and will increase upon us until we are driven to explore their true courses and get rid of them forever.

But what then? In getting rid of evil, shall we not snap the spring that drives the machinery of the world? What is the complaint against the existing state of things? Are our politicians and men of affairs too devilish, or not devilish enough? If the Devil both reigns and ought to reign in this lower sphere, we are already well as we stand. Here and throughout we catch the glimmer of the profound and most useful truth, that it is no defect in the things of earth to be earthy, but that evil begins when the earthly is infected by the poison of selfishness, prompting it to be somewhat of itself, and thereby thwarting its destiny, which is, to be means to something higher. It is the self-exaltation that is evil, however it be arrived at. Asceticism is in itself just as bad as sensuality; the appropriation of virtue, as the appropriation of money. Renunciation may be of the Christian kind, — the carelessness of an opulence to which the possession of this or that is indifferent; or it may be of the Goethean kind, for the better fortifying of what is retained. Purity may be the hopeless petrifaction of a Pharisaical egotism, existing only to keep itself apart from the world; or it may be the cleanness of high spiritual health. In short, sin does not consist in this or that line of conduct, but in whatever makes an idol of the paltry personality, whether by a vainglorious righteousness, by a pottering self-culture, or by mere sensual indulgence.

All this should be no novelty to us, for it is nothing else than the central idea of Protestantism, of Christianity, seen in its application to life. Yet, on this very account, it is endless as life, and can never fail of interest, either in its practical aspects, or in the attempt that has to be made to give it a general expression. In the work before us Mr. James makes this attempt; but the terms he employs, for greater ease to himself and his readers, are those of common life, denoting fixed relations, requiring, when used in a comprehensive statement, a constant interpretation. His language is a sort of hieroglyphic, to which he alone holds the key, so that we are never quite sure what *stage* the character before us has reached, — whether it is picture, symbol, or mere abstract sign. Thus, for instance, Evil, as "Good in the making," ceases to be Evil; — the Devil, manumitted and loyal, is Devil no longer; — self-interest, accomplishing the work of the world, is the angel of God. What is meant is, that all these discrepancies, even the highest conceivable, the moral opposites, are parts of one scheme, and embraced at last in one harmony. Mr. James does not wish to say that the particular John or Peter must effloresce in wickedness, as the only road to his salvation, but only that creation, and all spiritual life and growth, imply an element which abstractly, torn from its proper place, becomes what we call evil; and he uses the familiar terms because he fears that we are incapable of receiving the general meaning without letting slip the particular meaning, and thus losing the vital significance of the idea. But the advantage sought by the use of these pungent images is dearly bought. The result is only confusion worse confused, — a masquerade, in which the most opposite characters occasionally, without warning, exchange masks. We are required constantly to bear in mind that the figure before us, which a moment ago was Evil, is now Good, but ready always, when the proper point is reached, to become Evil again. It is a method, at any rate, that requires more solid coloring and more vivid individualization than we get here. We should not quarrel with these paradoxes if they met us, as in life, with *aplomb* and assurance, with less consciousness of paradox. Mr. Ruskin maintains that the complete statement of any truth necessitates contradicting one's self half a dozen times over. We do not expect of the artist's sketch that it shall give us all the sides of the house at once; — we are not shocked to see one corner highest, and each corner and side in turn predominant; — nor do we require light and shade or perspective in a geometrical elevation of the building. But to mix the two, — to attempt to sketch from a universal point of view, — or in the geometrical drawing to wish to make it as effective and as easily intelligible as the sketch, — is to spoil both.

16. — *The New Path.* Published by the Society for the Advancement of Truth in Art. Nos. 1 to 8. May to December. 1863. [New York.] 8vo. Monthly. pp. 16.

By far the most interesting and noteworthy American publication concerning Art, during the past year, is the little journal called by the somewhat vague and inappropriate name of "The New Path." Unheralded by advertisements, appearing without name of publisher, editor, or contributor, it makes no immodest claim to the attention of the public. It rests its claim, whatever it may be, upon its intrinsic merits. And in truth there has been no discourse or criticism upon matters of Art in America so valuable as its pages contain, since the essays by Mr. Stillman in the earlier volumes of "The Crayon." For among the writers in "The New Path" are men, not only of talents, but of serious convictions and of independent thought. Disciples of Mr. Ruskin, they are no blind followers even of that great master, to whom every true lover of art must confess his inestimable obligations. They are beholden, indeed, to him, not only for quickened perceptions of natural beauty, but for understanding that truth to nature is the test of all art, the most imaginative no less than the most literal. The opinions of the writers of "The New Path," even when far from popular, are expressed with manly frankness and honesty. There is occasionally in its papers a tone of dogmatism and self-sufficiency, occasionally also a crudity and want of completeness, which, being combined with singular sincerity and simplicity, not unpleasantly reveal the youth while indicating the capacity for growth of the writers. But "The New Path" has also contained essays which exhibit rare clearness and consecutiveness of thought, expressed in a style of not less uncommon transparency and unobtrusive beauty.

The fact that there is in this country so much empty, unmeaning, and ignorant talk about Art, is likely to prevent "The New Path" from receiving from the wearied public the attention it deserves. But a journal holding faithfully in view the object of promoting truth (that is, truthfulness) in Art, ought to fulfil an important part in correcting the prevailing false opinions, and in cultivating the undeveloped and too often misdirected taste of the community. "The New Path" may not gain a wide and general success, but it gives happy promise for the future of Art in America, by giving proof of the increase and ability of the school of thinkers and artists to which the truth-seeking reformers who contribute to its pages belong. It is a small school as yet, but it includes the most genuine artistic aspirations and most ardent feeling of the times. Its influence is already deeply felt, and if its leaders hold firm to their own

principles, they will finally be recognized as the redeemers of American Art from its present servitude to tradition and falsehood, and its subserviency to the popular preference for what is showy and admired to what is intrinsically worthy of admiration.

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17. — *Dream Children.* By the Author of "Seven Little People and their Friends." Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1864. 16mo. pp. 241.

Among the multitude of books for children published for the Christmas holidays, and for New Year's gifts, there will hardly be found any more charming than this little volume of stories. Its external form, the prettiness of its covers, the clearness of its finely-cut type, the appropriate originality of its initial letters, the excellence of its larger illustrations (better, however, in engraving than in design), are only the befitting dress and adornment of stories delightful alike in feeling and in fancy. Fancy is of all others the gift that the fairy godmother has most rarely given to the babies who were to become writers of stories for children. Hans Andersen's godmother gave him a large stock of it; and though there are said to be no fairies in the New World, Hawthorne got from somebody the precious gift in as full measure as if he had been born in the old country. Mr. Scudder will not think it a disparagement if we say that his stories sometimes remind his readers both of Andersen and Hawthorne, but that the best among them are those which are most original. If he will trust to his own fancy, seek the nourishment for it a little more at home, and if he will avoid a tendency to sentimentality which better suits German than American taste, he may take rank with the masters in the art of story-telling for children, and thus gain the happiest of literary reputations.

This book is not unworthily called "The Golden Treasury Juvenile," as forming one of that Golden Treasury Series the excellence and beauty of which are so well and widely known. No prettier books than these have been printed in America; and it will be a pleasure to the old as well as to the young, if, year after year, Mr. Scudder should add to the lengthening series a volume of stories as good as these "Dream Children."

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ART. I. — *Life and Correspondence of* THEODORE PARKER, *Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, Boston.* By JOHN WEISS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xiv., 478; viii., 530.

MR. PARKER'S biographer enjoys the singular advantage of writing about his distinguished friend while the traits of his character and the incidents of his personal life are still vivid in the minds of his contemporaries, and while at the same time, owing to the swift passage of events, he is thrust back into the shadows of a past generation, as belonging to which he may be treated with all the unreserve which remoteness of time alone allows. Not four years have passed since Mr. Parker was laid in his Florentine grave: it seems fifty since he walked Boston streets. The boys and girls who knew him are scarcely young men and women, yet they belong to another epoch and to a new country. A complete edition of his writings has not been published; yet his greatest thoughts are already nearly, if not quite, absorbed by multitudes in great states, and are taking organic shape in political and social movements. His words of warning and prophecy are still ringing in our ears; but the warning has long ceased to be necessary, and the prophecy is far on its way towards historical fulfilment. Our hand is yet warm with the grasp he gave it, and yet it has for some time clasped eagerly the hands of men who were his foes. Our civil war has done the work of half a cen-

tury at least in the way of revolutionizing popular thought and sentiment. Many a one with whom he did battle with all his might would be fighting shoulder to shoulder with him were he alive to-day; and causes in whose behalf he did such manly and, it often seemed, such hopeless service, are now riding triumphantly into power, a long train of his bitterest enemies cheering them on.

Mr. Weiss has skilfully availed himself of both the advantages we have alluded to. He presents with careful minuteness every detail of Mr. Parker's personal life and character, and at the same time he throws them back into a perspective which softens their outline and sets them in the light of actual events. His cordial sympathy with his subject does not seem in the least obtrusive. Many will read the book with intense interest, who would not have looked at it three years ago; and many who, reading it three years ago, would have complained of the biographer's eager partisanship, will now wonder at the moderation with which he has executed his task. In a few instances he has indiscreetly printed personalities which could not have been avoided in a correspondence like Mr. Parker's, but which Mr. Parker never would have indulged in except in confidence with his intimate friends, and on special occasions which made them pertinent or necessary to his purpose They were not meant for the public ear, and not for another time. The editor, we think, has done wisely in point of literary taste, kindly as regards the persons spoken of, and honorably towards Theodore Parker, in cancelling one or two passages, occupying in all some twenty lines, in the American edition. A delicate fastidiousness would perhaps have cancelled more, where the remarks are unimportant as throwing light on Mr. Parker's opinions or character, or where the compulsory substitute of a capital letter and a blank for a proper name deprives the criticism of all value by depriving it of all point. We read letters, especially such letters as Theodore Parker's, in order to get at the genuine opinions of the man who writes them; and passages in letters may about as well be withheld, as published with a reserve that leaves us in the dark in regard to those opinions.

But this is a trifling criticism, by the way. With all defects

of omission and commission, we have material enough for a full-length picture of Mr. Parker, drawn with the fidelity of a Millais. We have the man as he was, unveiled and unadorned. And a most remarkable man it is. A man remarkable, not as an exception to humanity, but as an expression of humanity; not for qualities which distinguished him from his fellows, but for qualities which identified him with his fellows; not as having gifts which others had not, but for having, in wonderful measure, gifts which all have. He was a man of his age; a man who summed up the tendencies and the genius of his generation, an American in every bone and muscle and nerve and drop of blood in his body. He was rooted deep in American soil, and drew sustenance from every element. His absorbing power was marvellous. How he drank up each drop of vital blood in his family connections! No quality in his fine ancestry remained unappropriated. His tap-root reached down a hundred years and more, and drew in fearlessness and great endurance and the love of *placidam quietem sub ense* from grandfather and great-grandfather. *Semper aude* was the motto of five generations of his progenitors, and the daring of all the five generations passed into him. From his father he imbibed the liking for metaphysics, psychology, mental and moral philosophy, geometry, and the mathematics, his passion for reading, his joviality and fun, his hatred of Paley and Jonathan Edwards, his independence of religious thought, his magnanimity, his care for the widow and the orphan, his Unitarianism, his suspicion of miracle, and even his administrative ability. He drew from his mother tenderness of conscience, moral earnestness, religious sentiment, charity, industry, and thrift. One of his rootlets searched out a kinsman who was famous for his knowledge of the Oriental tongues. The only one of the family whose disposition he altogether failed to assimilate seems to have been the solitary member who "joined the church." All the rest of the Parkers reappeared in him. Planted on Lexington Common, he absorbed the heroism of its bloody ground, and with it the whole genius of the Revolution as conceived by its most ardent and sanguine spirits. As he grew older, his roots extended farther, and laid wider fields under contribution. Trans-

planted to Boston, the West poured its hopeful energy into his views, and the secret forces that were at work in the heart of the continent, fashioning its peoples and its destinies, communicated to him their subtile influence in advance of history, and found expression in his thought and feeling, shaping his aspiration and animating his will. His powerful organism converted everything swiftly into blood, — men, women, facts, fancies, old books and parchments, dead languages and literatures, German metaphysics and criticism and theology, the ashes and crumbling stone of the Old World, the roughness and crudeness of the New. His immense organic vitality was always the striking thing about him. The strength of his physical constitution was prodigious. The lad could not only do the work of a day-laborer on the farm, beginning early, continuing long, plying strong and rapid strokes, and do night-work beside with his brain, but, as he says, "While working skilfully with my hands, I could yet think on what I would."

At the Divinity School he toils at his books fourteen hours a day, without exercise, and while boarding himself, which means eating sawdust. As we sat in "young Tom Crawford's" parlor, at the entrance of the Notch in the White Mountains, one evening in August, a dozen years ago and more, Mr. Parker came in from a tramp; he had walked that day to the top of Mount Washington and back, and seemed no more fatigued than we should have been after a walk of two miles. He went to his room, rubbed his legs, changed his dress, came down-stairs, chatted pleasantly the rest of the evening; and when we came down to an early breakfast the next morning, the landlord said he had been gone an hour or more on the road to Franconia. We have been told, and we believe it, that he walked on one occasion from New York to Boston, and composed a course of sermons on the road. The grasp of his hand was like the grip of a vice. Most intellectual men complain that railway travelling confuses, deadens, and exhausts the brain; but with him, "the railroad cars gave a pleasing and not harmful stimulus to thought, and helped him work out difficult problems of many kinds." An invalid at Santa Cruz, doing the work of a scientific explorer, besides writing a book,

he yet speaks of himself as being in "a molluscous condition," never opening his mouth upon oyster or even shrimp without fearing he was committing the crime against nature by devouring his own kind. In London, an invalid, "too feeble to do much," he does such superfluous feats as visiting the Queen's stables, the bookstores, Billingsgate, the Tower, the Museum, the Reform Club, and many historical sites in the great city. In Switzerland, an invalid, he fells a large fir-tree with an axe, in half an hour, and is not injured by the effort; in fact, gains flesh under that kind of exercise. In Rome, still an invalid, he walks four, five, six, or even seven hours a day, without fatigue. About two months later, he visits nearly a dozen sites and ruins in a single day, and the day after that, though troubled with a cold, goes mousing about in churches and the Quirinal gardens. Three months before his death, he hopes to stand next winter well in Boston. "In all my illness, and it is now in its third year," he writes in London, "I have not had a single sad hour." A sure indication of great organic vitality.

This tide of natural force mantled up in his understanding. There was no end to his intellectual energy. We have no space to catalogue even his boyish achievements. Nine languages were studied in the Divinity School, among them Icelandic, Chaldaic, Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and Ethiopic. His knowledge of Hebrew and Syriac was so minute, that the Professor consulted him. Think of three hundred and twenty volumes, all solid and in various tongues, read in fourteen months! The young man, visiting Paris for the first time, attends lectures on Arabic, Corneille, Cicero, the philosophy of Gassendi and Descartes, the law of nature and nations, ancient history, Alexandrine mysticism, the unity of the human race, Italian literature, and vultures, and makes an analysis of every lecture. On moving to Boston as minister, not satisfied with the usual professional maxim, that one at a time is enough, he lays out sermon topics for four years in advance. In six winter months, not exceptional months either, he lectures eighty-four times, preaches at home a new sermon every Sunday, has six meetings a month at his own house, writes more than a thousand letters, "besides a variety of other work belonging

to a minister and a scholar." He goes to Rome a sick and doomed man, and in a few days has begun his work: — (1.) To study the geology of Rome; (2.) its flora and fauna; (3.) its archæology; (4.) its architecture. In Switzerland among the *savans* he indulges in pleasant mental excursions into the domain of meteorology and chemistry, the geologic formation of the Jura, habits of marine animals, and so forth; digressing agreeably now and then to pick up all that could be known from books, maps, statistics, newspapers, and soldiers' letters, about the Italian war then raging in Lombardy. In Rome his eyes are everywhere. He sees every new kind of nut or fruit in the stalls, and stops to learn what he can about it. Facts crowd to the magnet of his mind. "Feeble to-day, languid, can do nothing." No matter; the caravans come in just the same, and the porters push open his doors to bring in the goods, while the automatic powers catalogue them and store them away.

Were this all, it would be prodigious, but it is not half. The tendrils of his heart were as forthreaching and tenacious as the fibres of his brain. There was no satisfying his longing for love. At funerals he wept as heartily as the mourners. His carpet-bag, crammed with books, always had also a store of comfits for the uneasy children, and his closet had the nicest toys for the little people who climbed up to the top of his house to see "Mr. Parkie." He liked the little people whom he could fondle and kiss and hug. The boy school-teacher "was never without a poor girl or two who could not pay for her education"; and we may add, the man minister was never without a young man or two who had no means of going through college. He keeps a friend's "kind, sweet letter" two days before venturing to read it through. He "could not trust the emotional part in such affairs." "Do not speak of what you feel for me," he said to one whom he had known only by interchange of letters; "it makes me too unhappy to leave you." No man in America was the recipient of so many human sorrows and joys; no man rejoiced so much in the wealth of his sympathies, or suffered so much from stings inflicted on his heart. On the eve of his departure for the West Indies he dropped his little pencil-notes like tears among

his acquaintances; and more than one of them fell tenderly on men who had been counted among his foes.

No one doubts now the vitality of Mr. Parker's conscience, the depth of his moral conviction, or the tenacity of his grasp on the elemental instincts of justice and the primitive rock of truth. Here he seemed absolutely inseparable from the Eternal, a piece of primeval humanity. Every instance of heroism appeared familiar to him. The State Trials of England and the Bollandist Collection of Lives of the Saints were alike tributary to his moral sense. The power which held his childish arm when he would strike a spotted turtle by a pool, held his arm till the end, with an impalpable, but irresistible grasp. His passion for duty was as exhaustive as his hunger for knowledge or his thirst for love. Instead of saying, as most men do in their impatience of the demands of charity, "Have I not a right to do what I will with my own?" he was always ready to say, "Nothing is my own: all that I have and can do and am — my pleasure, my power, and my will itself — belong to truth and justice and humanity; the moral law owns me and my possessions"; and he held his life in his hand, ready to lay it at any moment on the altar of obedience. He could sacrifice anything to a conviction, and he could welcome the conviction that demanded the sacrifice. We recall no chapters in biography more impressive and touching than those which, in this memoir, tell of his devotion to the Antislavery cause. A scholar of the style that learned Europe would have rejoiced in, a scholar of the grand order, a man passionately fond of books and the study of books, zealously devoted to the accumulation of knowledge by patient research, fond of abstract philosophical speculation and of the quiet which is most congenial with it, entertaining vast intellectual schemes whose scope embraced nothing less than a history of the religious development of the foremost races of the earth, feeling that he, as a thinker, was called to lay broad and solid the historical foundation of the structure of pure Theism, as the religion of the most advanced nations of the globe for the next thousand years; he laid these immense and absorbing projects all by, or thrust them away into the fast diminishing moments of leisure, and postponed indefinitely the dearest hope and purpose of his

life, as well as his dearest personal tastes, in order that he might do the duty of the hour, as he understood it, to his country. The very opposite of Goethe, who thought it more patriotic to give his country an undying literature than to give it a transient political liberty, Parker thought it more patriotic, nay, more human, to free a slave than to write a theology. It was no desire for money or fame or popularity that sent him off, winter after winter, on those frightful lecturing tours through the Northern States; it was a profound sense of the importance of educating the people in the principles of liberty, with a view to the impending struggle which he clearly foresaw, and on which, as he believed, the future civilization of the country depended. For this he came down to the level of the stump-speaker; for this he became an occupant of platforms in small country towns; for this he became politician and member of vigilance committees; for this he shortened his life probably by a score or more of years. "We must respect the law of God," he cries. "What is a fine of a thousand dollars, and jailing for six months, to the liberty of a man? My money perish with me, if it stand between me and the eternal law of God." "The Fugitive Slave Law has cost me some months of time already. I have refused about sixty invitations to lecture, and delayed the printing of my book — for that!" In those few terrible years from 1850 to 1858, he sacredly devoted his whole being to the cause of his country and universal liberty.

All this, it may be urged, was done under the ardent impulse of a passionate temper fiercely stimulated by the general and prodigious excitement of the day. Too many elements came in to allow us to recognize the action of pure conscience bent on doing its simple duty, with no desire but for the praise of God. What, then, shall we say of the conscientiousness that he put into his literary work, and into departments of it where few would discover it, where very few indeed would appreciate it, and where none, perhaps, would chide the omission of it? Turn to page 402 of the first volume, and see with what painful fidelity he translated and edited De Wette's "Introduction to the Old Testament." "It cost me $2,000 to stereotype it; I have received about $775 back again. So, adding my interest to my

principal, — and that to my outlay for books on that specialty, — it makes a pretty little sum, not to speak of my toil. But if I were to live my life over again, I would do the same." To the same friend he writes, "I took Eichhorn's 'Introduction to the New Testament,' and prayed (kneeling) that I might not be led astray by one whom some called an infidel, while I sought after truth." To another he writes, "I aim to find out all the new truth I can, not known to anybody. Then, to take all I can get from each sect, party, or class of men, and put all together, the new and the old, and set it before men." In reviewing a book he avoided prejudice, not in Sidney Smith's fashion, by declining to read the book, but by carefully reading all the literature out of which the book grew. See, for instance, his articles on Mr. Prescott's Histories, in the "Massachusetts Quarterly," March and September, 1849. When it became apparent, long before it became apparent to most, that the career of Daniel Webster was ended, and that he must die, Mr. Parker, anticipating the necessity of drawing a public lesson from his life, made a thorough review of his whole political course, from end to end, carefully read every one of his speeches, searchingly scrutinized and analyzed every one of his important votes, dropped his plummet as deep as he could into the motives and purposes of the man, gathered up the threads of passion and principle in him, and to the best of his ability cleared from the lenses of his own mind the dust of preconceived opinion and the film spread over them by his tears. On the decease of Mr. Webster, he took this burden of memories with him into the country, set them out in the sunshine, aired them in the breath of the hills, let the truth and sweetness of nature pass into his own spirit; then, returning to town, shut himself up in his room and wrote his memorial sermon. Many said it was hasty and reckless, and expressed the heated feeling of the hour. He had done his utmost to make it the judgment of posterity and of the truth.

Wonderful as Mr. Parker's understanding and heart were, we incline to think that his moral sense was more wonderful still. "I have invested for various persons some hundred or hundred and fifty thousand dollars in my life. I never invested one dollar without consulting at least two judicious men, so as

to know what the facts were." There was in him an excess of the moral sentiment above the spiritual, that gave an ethical character to all his instruction on the highest themes, and indeed to his whole being. His religious feeling was natural affectionateness and dutifulness carried up to the Supreme; it was his lovingness and obedience overflowing the sphere of ordinary duty, and pouring out in gratitude, joy, hope, and aspiration through the fields of the Infinite. Hence it had the tenderness of the child and the truth of the prophet; but it lacked adoration, awe, mystery, — it had no twilight, no stormy midnight skies. It was poetic and heroic, but not mystical or saintly. The instrument with which he swept the heavens was always firmly planted on the ground, nor did he leave it for a moment to explore the heavenly place on wings of the spirit.

"I saw the need of Piety," he said, "religious feeling toward the Divine, — that instinctive, purely internal love of God, which I think is not dependent on conscience. I was led to this partly by my own disposition, which, I confess, naturally inclined me to spontaneous pious feeling — my only youthful luxury — more than to voluntary moral action; partly by my early culture, which had given me much experience of religious emotions; and partly, also, by my wide and familiar acquaintance with the mystical writers, — the *voluptuaries of the soul*, — who dwelt in the world of pious feeling, heedless of life's practical duties, and caring little for science, literature, justice, or the dear charities of common life. . . . . From these I not only learned much of the abnormal action of the human spirit, and saw how often mere fancy passes for fact, and a dreamer's subjective whim bestrides some great harbor of the world for a thousand years, obstructing the tall ships, till an earthquake throws it down, but I also gleaned up many a precious flower which bloomed unseen in those waste-places of literature."

The author of "The Religious Demands of the Age," in the Preface to the English edition of Mr. Parker's collected works, admits, though one of his warmest and most earnest disciples, that on the side of some of the deeper mysteries of experimental religion he said and wrote but little, and she refers to Mr. Newman's book, "The Soul," as supplying this deficiency in Parker's work. He held the grandest truths of religion in the interest of daily morality, and subsidized them in the cause of

ordinary justice and decency. "If to-morrow I perish utterly," he said, "then my fathers will be to me only as the ground out of which my bread-corn is grown. I shall care nothing for the generations of mankind. I shall know no higher law than passion. Morality will vanish." He often speaks to that effect, betraying the ethical character of his mind, and its tenacity in the soil of fact. In short, he was an intense realist, strong of bone and blood: his feet were planted fast on Plymouth Rock; his hands never loosed their grasp of facts; his understanding, his affections, his conscience, his faith, all blossomed from the soil like natural flowers, and had in them the juice of nature. His God was personal, definite, and human, — his father and mother raised to the power of infinity, — and he loved him in the concrete, in his earthly and human gifts, as a child loves its mother. His religion was simple naturalism; it was the organic vitality of his being passing as far as it could into the Infinite; it was an exhalation to the skies from the ground where he daily worked. His very prayers bloomed with wild fancies from the woods and fields, and were more fragrant with the smell of the new-mown hay and with the breath of the morning than with the odors of a purely spiritual sanctity. "I wish to stand on the earth, though I would look beyond the stars. I would live with men, but think with philosophers." "It yet remains for us to apply good sense to religion." He advises a young friend who was unhappy to become skilful in all housework, and noted for making good bread. "I should rather be eminent for bread and butter than famous for straddling about on platforms, and making a noise in public meetings, and getting into the papers, as many women do." He found the Christian Church no more divine than the British state, a Dutchman's shop, or an Austrian army. Facts only were divine; the concrete was the consecrated. It was this realism that gave him his powerful hold on men and women. This gave him his tremendous force in practical affairs. This breathed vitality into his discourses on the most abstruse questions, and gave a wholesome vigor to his discussions of metaphysical theology. His sermons on Theism and Atheism, Providence, and even on Communion with God, are full of the red blood of ordinary human nature.

"The fine arts," he says, "do not interest me so much as the coarse arts, which feed, clothe, house, and comfort a people. I should rather be such a great man as Franklin than a Michael Angelo; nay, if I had a son, I would rather see him a great mechanic who organized use, like the late George Stephenson, in England, than a great painter like Rubens, who only copied beauty. In short, I take more interest in a cattle-show than in a picture-show. Men talk to me about the 'Absence of Art' in America (you remember the stuff which has been twaddled forth on that theme, and what transcendental nonsense got delivered); I tell them we have cattle-shows, and mechanics' fairs, and ploughs and harrows and saw-mills, sowing-machines and reaping-machines, thrashing-machines, planing-machines, &c."

He regarded everything with the moral rather than with the æsthetic vision, and sought the palpable rather than the hidden truth. All this was very good for popular, practical, immediate human effect, but it was dearly purchased by the loss of the delicate spiritual apprehension and the nice feeling for works of pure imagination. It is to this defect, we think, more than to his controversial habits, that we must ascribe his singular blindness to the poetical beauty of the Old Testament myths, and the poor literalness with which he interpreted the grand symbolical creeds of Christendom. He dislikes Schiller heartily; finds fault with Emerson, that "he never appeals directly to the conscience, still less to the religious faculty in man"; "cannot believe in Swedenborg's interpretations of Scripture, if he were to move mountains"; to the last charged the Hebrews with believing in a God who "ate veal" with Abraham in a tavern, and who tried to kill Moses in a mountain pass. All literature would lose its bloom and its aroma, if subjected to such criticism as he passed on the Hebrew Scriptures. Serviceable no doubt it was in breaking down and destroying dogmatic beliefs, which had lost their fine poetical character, and become very dismal and cruel and oppressive as unintelligible prose; but it failed wholly to appreciate the poetic truth which once was in them, out of which they were born, and by force of which they lived so long as they lived to any purpose. Fine scholars would say that Mr. Parker's rationalism did immense injustice to the real character of the Oriental literature; no theologian will accept Mr. Parker's reading of his creed; and

many a "liberal," who dissents from the popular theology, in its dogmatic statements, as heartily as he did, cannot read his descriptions of it without a feeling bordering on resentment, that symbols, magnificent even in their extravagance, should be so abused. Spiritual things are not to be ethically discerned. The forms of ancient religions may be spiritual things to us no longer; that may be our fault, not theirs, and we cannot fairly deal with them as if it were theirs, not ours. To us who are reflective, critical, prosaic, moral, they may seem nonsensical or absurd. So, however, they did not seem to the people whose genius originated them; and the grand myths and legends of religion are true as their originators held them, not as we interpret them. To insist on trying them by our rigorous understanding, and then to discard them because they will not answer the questions of our common sense, is to miss the splendor of the antique genius, and it is to stigmatize the human mind for entertaining gross absurdities it never dreamed of. Realism is great in a realistic age; but one does not like to see the marks of Cromwellian halberds in a cathedral. Of course, Mr. Parker meant none of the injustice that he perpetrated; he had no thought of misconstruing Bible or creed; he would have cut off his right hand sooner than pen a line which he knew would misrepresent the actual and full sense of the Jewish writings, or the genuine intention of the Christian formularies. He did not write merely or mainly as a controversialist, or as a polemic; he sought the truth; he wrote and spoke under a deep persuasion of his responsibility to the Spirit of Truth; but he sought the truth with the powers of the practical understanding and the earnestness of the moral sense; and he wrote and spoke it with the directness of the Reformer, — as a realist, aiming to accomplish an immediate purpose, not as an idealist, who seeks for, is satisfied with, the manifestation of truth in Beauty. Mr. Parker was not an ethereal or celestial, but a human and terrestrial man; strong, healthful, racy, sweet, purifying the very atmosphere about him with his mental and moral cleanness, and shedding virtue from the very hem of his garment, but still a creature of nature, a child of telluric influences, and of course subject to the limitations of the telluric currents. There were moments

when, in the fierce whirl of his active life, he caught glimpses of high interior truths; but he could not pause long enough to make them clear, fixed views, and the sweep of his practical tendency, the necessity of teaching multitudes of people the most indispensable truths of life, the demand that was made on him incessantly for plain, popular, and rhetorical statements which the uneducated could comprehend, carried him irresistibly away into the turbulent region of affairs.

In saying that Mr. Parker was not an idealist, a spiritualist, or a poet, but a sturdy and stubborn realist, we do not mean to detract in the least from his merit or his fame. His realism was of no common stamp. It was, as we have said, a realism of mind, heart, and conscience. It was not merely earthly, but human, we had almost said superhuman; for some of its manifestations were so remarkable, that we regard them with a kind of awe, as indicating a prodigious elemental force. It seemed to give him an insight into the processes of history, and a feeling for the subtile, underground laws that control events, which may fairly be called prophetic, and which would in a less scientific age have given him the reputation of a seer. In 1856 he predicted explicitly that, in the event of Mr. Buchanan's election to the Presidency, the Union would be dissolved by civil war before the close of his term of office. He wrote this in June to Horace Mann; in August, to Edward Desor; in October, to John P. Hale; in November, to Miss Hunt in Europe. It is not conjecture, it is prevision; it is not guess, it is assertion. He acts on his prophecy with a sure instinct that things will come out according to his foretelling. "I have been preparing for civil war these six months past," he writes to Mr. Hale. "I buy no books except for pressing need. Last year I bought fifteen hundred dollars' worth. This year I shall not order two hundred dollars' worth. I may want the money for cannon." In November he has not orders out for fifty dollars' worth. On the evening of the election day he enters on his journal: "Of course we shall fight. I think affairs may come to such a pass that my own property may be confiscated,— for who knows that we shall beat at the beginning,— and I hung as a traitor! So I invest property accordingly. Wife's will be safe." This prescience he owed to the depth and quickness of his sympa-

thy with the popular feeling. Living close to the ground, he heard the electric currents course through the grass; human in every atom and pulse of his being, he felt flowing through him the unconscious transmissions of energy, caught by instinct the secret drift of affairs, knew what the people purposed better than they knew it themselves, could read their thought in their stammering, could tell their direction from the working of their anatomy though they seemed to be moving towards another quarter, could trace the law that swayed their clumsy limbs and gathered their incoherent masses, and in their political action could note the footfalls of their fate. His illumination proceeded from his conscience, which, like that of the Hebrew prophets, never lost hold of the thread of the moral law that linked cause to effect, and from his heart, which could measure accurately the rising of the flood of popular indignation, and indicate the moment when the tide of wrath and shame and sorrow would fill the people's breast, and endurance would be possible no longer. The causes that hastened the crisis lay in the undeveloped tendencies of the masses, and no man knew those tendencies so well as he.

To this realism, on which we have dwelt so long and so emphatically, Mr. Parker owed his *common sense*. He was no visionary, no speculator or theorist in any department of thought. He could not be. The balance of his faculties forbade. No quality in him could dominate the rest, except it were the will, which could dominate them all. He was deliberate in weighing arguments, careful in estimating opinions, slow in coming to conclusions. He could not accept a position till all his powers had surveyed it in turn. He was an average Unitarian in the Divinity School; remembered that "nations are by the Divine permission visited with earthquakes and pestilences, — why may not the sword be employed for similar purposes?" as in the case of the Canaanites. His two sermons on the historical, scientific, and moral contradictions of the Bible he kept in his drawer a whole year before he judged it wise to preach them, and then he took counsel of his friends. In 1840, he had no doubt that Jesus Christ wrought miracles. In 1843, he had no philosophical objections to a miracle, in his definition of it, but only demanded more evidence than

for a common event. In 1845, he thinks miracles are entirely possible; thinks God can reveal himself in a thousand ways in which he never did reveal himself, and remands the whole question to the historical evidence. He went to the anti-Sabbath convention in 1848, feeling that he was "not a bit of a reactionist," that he was too radical for the conservatives, and too conservative for the radicals. We all know how he spoke about the Old Testament, but he always read a lesson from it on Sunday. "I love," he said, "to read the deep things of the Old Testament and New Testament. They are dear to me, because dear to my fathers, and precious to whole nations of men." He had an unbounded respect for the Associationists, but could not forbear his sly humor at their plans. He was an earnest and powerful and persistent preacher of Temperance; but the "Maine Law" seemed to him an invasion of private right. "Wine is a good thing; so is beer, rum, brandy, when rightly used. I believe it will be found on examination that, other things being equal, men in social life who use stimulants moderately live longer and have a sounder old age than tee-totalers."

He bore mighty testimonies against war; never preached, he says, against the non-resistants; and yet "the wrathful emotions also are an integral part of humanity, and with both nations and individuals have an indispensable function to perform, which, in the present state of civilization, must sometimes be with violence, even with shedding aggressive blood." "All the great charters of humanity have been writ in blood, and must continue to be so for some centuries." He "knows nothing to justify the hypothesis of Spiritualism," is not successful in his investigations, drives off the "spirits" by looking at the table, gets any answer he wants, but he complains that scientific men give "Spiritualism" the go-by. His Sermons of the Perishing Classes, of Pauperism, and kindred topics, are among the most powerful that were ever delivered, and his interest in the poor was intense; but his charity never ran away with his judgment. "Our Society for the Prevention of Pauperism we are making a society for the promotion, diffusion, and organization of pauperism." The school at Westborough, he said, was a school for crime, and must

graduate villains; he was not quite sorry when it was burned down.

Slavery had no more vehement or persistent enemy than Mr. Parker. To the crusade against it he devoted the best years of his life. His abhorrence of it stirred his fiercest indignation and pointed his sharpest invective. His hatred of it made him more hated than even his heresy. The blows of his hammer on that old evil rung all over the land, and the gallows on which he hung its abetters and apologists might be seen from the White Hills to the Rocky Mountains. While Wendell Phillips drove the fine blade of the American principle to its heart, while Garrison confronted it with the majesty of the moral sentiment, Parker hurled at it everything that came in his way, — libraries of statistics, heaps of facts and figures, treatises on political economy, volumes of history and social philosophy, tons of sciences, — ethnology, anthropology, philology, physiology, comparative geography, — ethics, Old Testament and New Testament. He stabbed it, kicked it, spit on it, stamped on it, overwhelmed it with indignation and obloquy. But the lava stream of his moral conviction never scorched the plain of his common sense or withered the force of a single fact. He saw ugly things as they were, and could make allowances. He clung to Union and Constitution, and voted with the best party there was. He admitted that freedom was not always a pleasant thing to the blacks; and when they went back to bondage, he simply said, "We must bear as much from *this* untoward generation as Moses from his nation of slaves, who wanted to go back to Egypt." He felt great sympathy, he said, with slaveholders. He had no romance about the negro. "He is the least acquisitive of all men: he is an equatorial grasshopper." In voluptuousness "only the negro beats the Shemites." "The negro is slow, a loose-jointed sort of animal, a great child." Never was man so powerful and passionate, yet so temperate. Never did man have such hold of principles, and at the same time such perception of the limitations of their working. Never did man so bravely launch out on the deep sea of moral truth, or commit himself so entirely to the current of moral sentiment, all the while keeping the lead in his hand and noting

every change of the weather in his log-book. His star must always be hitched to a wagon. He always looked well to the string of his kite, and seemed to fear lest his airy principle would soar away out of sight and be lost, if it were not surely fastened to a well-planted fact. He relied greatly on history. His great arguments were historical arguments. His speeches and sermons often bristled with quotations from the census.

We do not under-estimate Mr. Parker's intellectual force when we say that it was inadequate to the task of holding in subjection these immense organic powers of his, of making each do its work, of extracting and combining their results, of reducing to philosophical theory and statement the vast material for thought they brought in. His will was proportionate to his other faculties; it could gather them up and use them at its pleasure, could make them serve his moral purpose with perfect obedience. But his intellect failed in the effort to make them tributary to pure thought. Hence he was far less a philosopher than he was a man of affairs, and far less a theologian than he was a practical reformer of society. The huge masses of his knowledge and experience were never organized in a system, or made to revolve in beautiful order about some central thought. The treasures amassed by his acquisitive power, and stored in the several departments of his mind, lay in separate heaps. He was a sturdy Puritan of New England, laden with the erudition of a German professor; but the Puritan could not absorb the professor, nor could the professor absorb the Puritan; nor could the Puritan and the professor combine in a single human consciousness. The Yankee and the transcendentalist could not quite coalesce. The realist by nature and the idealist by culture could not cordially embrace. The elements of opposite systems seemed to be side by side in his mind, and now one and now another of them had a preponderance. Here you would say decidedly he was a Pantheist, immersing the whole universe in God; there you would say with equal confidence that he was a Theist, separating the Maker in essence from his world. There are passages in which he speaks of the controlling influence of law, linking all events in a chain of destiny so closely woven that no room is left for an

independent thought or a volition along the whole line of human development; and there are passages that speak of Providence, and the Divine care of the smallest things, with the tender unction of an old-fashioned Christian. His reason, sweeping off into broad generalizations, taking in with comprehensive glance the facts of organization, the forces of circumstance, the determining influences of age, climate, ancestry, parentage, material condition, social environment, notes the vital connections that hold past and present together, and the law of transmitted life that makes the experience of the past to be the destiny of the present, and, seeing everywhere the terribly exhaustive action of cause and effect, loses everything, even the human will itself, in the majestic movement of the One Supreme. He is inextricably involved in the meshes of the beautiful necessity, "The All is God." Presently his own titanic will asserts itself, and he believes in freedom, responsibility, individual care and power, and is ready to echo Luther's bold saying, that "God needs good men almost as much as good men need God." Allowing his intuitive sense of the absoluteness of the Divine Justice to exert its full effect on his judgment of the moral world, he seems at moments to admit no injustice as possible in any part of the universe; he pleads that, if we knew all, we should see that all was good, was best, here and now; that every living thing has its place and its deserts from moment to moment; that God balances his books every instant so fairly, that, if the affairs of the world were wound up at a second's notice, no mite of injustice would remain, no claim would be unsatisfied, no want would be unfulfilled, no prayer would be unanswered. His doctrine of the Infinite and Absolute God would lead him to the magnificent optimism that sees a perfect world in every atom of matter. But he could not rest in such fine faith; he could not hold his divine abstraction; he saw the actual misery on the earth, he heard the groan and the sob; his heart was wrung by the agony the creatures suffered, and with intense earnestness he maintained that, unless there were another life after this, when the evil should be punished and the suffering innocent be rewarded, there was no justice. He demanded an individual and conscious immortality for the horse that dropped dead in the

street under the blows of his brutal driver, and for the hare that was torn in pieces by the dogs. He made Justice an attribute of the Eternal, and then made time a condition of its display. He made Equity a quality of the Infinite, and then made the actual working of it depend on a change from one sphere to another. Had he been only a great, wholesome, human realist, he would have said nothing about the ideal justice of God; had he been only a fine intellectual transcendentalist, he would have said nothing about the disorders of Nature; but being both realist and transcendentalist, and being both strongly, he stated each side of the problem forcibly, and let the two grand contradictions stand side by side, with scarcely an attempt at reconciliation.

His philosophical method suffered from the same cause that left so defective his philosophical results. His projected work, his life's work as he designed it, on the Development of Religion, for which he collected such vast material, and laid out such a comprehensive scheme, was planned according to the modern historical method, which drops the study of metaphysics, and, instead of delving into the experiences of the individual consciousness, collects facts from the general development of mankind. Yet even his studies for this work, ample and admirable as they were, had a very seriously impaired value, from the fact that they were really conducted on a preconceived theory with a deliberate theological intent; and that this theory was not derived from a generalization of the facts in the history of the Development of Mankind, but from a reading of the supposed "facts of human consciousness." It has all the clearness, the positiveness, the dogmatic strength, of the old English method in theology, which argued from a few picked individuals, or took some single individual of marked characteristics as a representative, just as he was; of human nature, judged the experiences of the race by his experiences, their beliefs by his beliefs, their hopes by his hopes, their fundamental convictions by the results of his thinking and living. He could not get away from individuality; he could not give historical criticism its full sway; he could not yield himself without reserve to the scientific spirit. Like the son in the parable, he said, "I go, sir," and went not.

His theological scheme expressed simply the mental and moral facts of his nature. It was noble, for his nature was noble; it was rich and copious and varied, for his nature was rich and copious and varied; it was comprehensive and many-sided, for his nature was comprehensive and many-sided; it was earnest and glowing with vitality; it was lofty; it was tender and loving; for he was a terribly earnest man, he was full of vitality, his soul was lofty, his heart was tender and loving. Still it was at bottom the theology of an individual soul. And he suspected this himself.

Thus, in his "Experience as a Minister," he writes: —

"From the primitive facts of consciousness given by the power of instinctive intuition, I endeavored to deduce the true notion of God, of Justice and Futurity. Here I could draw from Human Nature, and not be hindered by the limitations of Human History; *but I know now, better than it was possible then, how difficult is this work, and how often the inquirer* mistakes his own subjective imagination for a fact in the universe. It is for others to decide whether I have sometimes mistaken a little grain of brilliant dust in my telescope for a fixed star in heaven."

We think others will decide that he did here and there make this mistake, — a mistake free in his case from the mean and deplorable consequences which too often result from such an error; a mistake that in his case did indeed change a deal of brilliant dust into stars of faith and hope and charity; while a similar mistake in the case of a Calvin, for example, reduced by fire stars of faith and hope and charity to vanishing sparks in the embers of a martyr's stake. Mr. Parker's theology had the peculiarities and the limitations of his rugged personality. The experience out of which it grew was profound, but it was private. Here are his three grand postulates: —

1. The instinctive intuition of the Divine. The consciousness that there is a God.

2. The instinctive intuition of the Just and Right. The consciousness that there is a Moral Law which we ought to keep.

3. The instinctive intuition of the Immortal. A conscious-

ness that the essential element of Man, his Individuality, never dies.

The appeal to consciousness is of course an appeal to individual consciousness, for the collective consciousness of mankind has no expression; nor can an individual be said strictly to be conscious of a being outside of himself, or of a condition of existence with which as yet he has no acquaintance. We are conscious of thoughts, feelings, sentiments, from which we may or may not infer the existence of a Deity, of a Moral Law, of an Immortal Life. Of those things themselves we are not conscious; nor are all people conscious of the thoughts or the feelings which originate them. But Mr. Parker's personal consciousness was so active and strong, his thoughts were so palpable, his feelings so tangible, his sentiments so solid, there was so little break between his conception and the outward object corresponding therewith, that for him to be conscious of a want was to be conscious of the source of its supply; to be conscious of an aspiration was to be conscious of a person to whom it was directed; and to be conscious of a huge hunger for existence was to be conscious of the existence that should satisfy the hunger. Other people we can conceive of as being conscious of a devil or of fate, conscious of annihilation, conscious of the utter indifference of action. He had a soul to aspire; he had a conscience to purpose righteously; he had a hope to look endlessly forward for the perfection of his individuality. And yet this method of arriving at universal truths is illusive. The truths so discovered belong to a single great soul, and to those who accept that soul as normal in its development. Mr. Parker appealed to history as testifying to a universal consciousness consentaneous with his own. But this appeal was an afterthought, and was never strengthened by adequate inductions. In his "Experience as a Minister," where he passes his life and opinions under review, he says: —

"For these three great doctrines I have depended on no Church and no Scripture; yet have I found things to serve me in all Scriptures and in every Church. I have sought my authority in the nature of Man, — *in facts of consciousness within me*, and facts of observation in the human world without. To me the material world and the outward history of Man do not supply a sufficient revelation of God, nor warrant

me to speak of Infinite Perfection. It is only from the nature of Man, from facts of intuition, that I gather this greatest of all truths as I find it in *my consciousness*, reflected back from Deity itself."

Mr. Parker, then, made his consciousness the test of human nature. We submit that he had no right to do so, for the experiences of men are infinitely varied, and the facts of consciousness vary with the experiences. Let us not be understood as casting any suspicion on the validity of the three great truths enunciated by Mr. Parker, or on the evidence he adduces for them. We believe them to be essentially truths of human nature, revealed in the human consciousness, and deriving their certitude from that revelation; but we believe that they are revealed, not to the universal consciousness of mankind, nor to the average consciousness of mankind in all generations, or in any single generation, but to the consciousness of the chosen souls of noble birth, unusual endowment, or rich experiences. They are truths to the great souls, not to the small ones; to the pure souls, not to the impure; to the earnest souls, not to the flippant or the mean; to the causing and creative souls, not to the inefficient and idle; to the souls that have great power of life, not to the souls which, having no root in principles, have none in immortality. As we grow in moral and spiritual stature, these great truths come to light in us; and the man who could appeal to his consciousness in demonstration of them, as Theodore Parker could and did, with such assurance and emphasis, has attained a moral and spiritual stature that is attainable by few in this life, and to the many is utterly inconceivable. Well may the multitude take the readings of his consciousness instead of their own. Wisely will they accept him as their prophet, and receive his declaration of what he knew as a prediction of what they shall know by and by. But they will do wisely also to remember, that the special form which these noble truths assumed to him was imparted by the shape of his very strong and peculiar personality. "As for my theology," he writes to his old teacher and friend, "it has grown out of *me* as unavoidably as my arm has grown with my body." Thus his Deity is an inference from himself, — a projection of his own image on the walls of the universe. It is a grand shadow.

"I have taught that God contains all possible and conceivable perfection, — the perfection of being, which is Self-subsistence, conditioned only by itself; the perfection of power, All-mightiness; of mind, All-knowingness; of conscience, All-righteousness; of affection, All-lovingness; and the perfection of that innermost element, which, in finite man, is personality, All-holiness, faithfulness to himself."

This rather mechanical formula recurs again and again, with endless iteration and reiteration, in sermon and book; it is the formula of a stout Anglo-Saxon mind, with healthy and balanced faculties working with perfect ease and satisfaction, and with no misgiving as to their scope or direction. So far the Theism is clear and definite. But, singularly enough, having asserted his intense realism in this robust way, he pushes it to an extreme of conscientiousness, and topples his Theism over into Pantheism again.

"I dare not attribute personality to God, lest I invest the Deity with the limitations of my own, ending in anthropomorphism; nor impersonality, lest I thus affix the limitations of mere matter, and abut in Hylism or in Pantheism. Yet infinite self-consciousness must belong to God, only I can have no adequate conception of any consciousness but my own; so I know thus that I cannot know the mode of the consciousness of God. The consciousness that I ascribe to God must be as alien and as unlike as the bear of the strolling bear-tamers is to the constellation called the Bear in heaven."

This illustration, as Mr. Weiss reminds us, is from Spinoza the Pantheist. We will not criticise this passage with a view to showing its inconsistencies; we will not ask why the same thing that is said of God's self-consciousness might not be said of his all-knowingness, his all-righteousness, his all-lovingness; why, in fact, it might not be said of the whole conception of Deity, to the entire confusion of the theistic idea. We are quoting Mr. Parker's opinions with a purpose to illustrate the character of his mind, not with a purpose to discuss the opinions themselves. They show a profoundly practical, but not a finely speculative intelligence.

The personal character of his belief in immortality is even more striking.

"I have no more doubt of my eternal life," he says in a letter bearing date May 5, 1848, "eternally *conscious*, eternally progressive, than

of my present and mortal condition. Since I believe the entire *goodness* of God, I have no fear, no desire, to know more about the form of the next life, or rather of the next stage of this life. If I had only reason, which cares little about persons, and deals more with ideas, I should not think nor care, I suppose, about meeting my friends in the next stage of life; but as I have affections, more powerful too than reason, I cannot doubt that I shall see and know my friends in heaven. *Once I did not think so; but at the grave's mouth, as it closed on a sister,* I could not doubt. Where my logic had failed me, Nature came in and completed her work."

In another place he says: —

"I often find I can *feel* further than I can see, and accordingly I rest the great doctrines of Christianity, not on reasoning, but reason on intuition."

The sentiment may be excellent, but the philosophy is unsound. We remember with what tremendous effect the subjective argument from experience has been used to maintain the authority and the credit of the whole scheme of the vicarious atonement, and we cannot see that Mr. Parker's argument has any substantial advantage in point of strength over that of his adversaries. What the needs of the heart may be, it is perhaps impossible to say. It may be fed on spiced food so long that its appetite becomes perverted. It has been so often told and made to believe that it needed the unnatural, that it would die without the preternatural, and that the supernatural was its meat and drink, that it has perhaps forgotten what the natural is, and may possibly, when in a normal condition, be satisfied, if not with very much less than is commonly supposed, yet at least with what is very different from that which has been fancied to be indispensable to content its spiritual needs.

That this intense individuality of Mr. Parker, this stubborn realism, this positive, absolute, and persistent self-assertion, added immensely to his influence, cannot be questioned. Mankind love strong personalities. They love strength of natural qualities. Dogmatism is always fascinating to weak and timid minds, who are thankful to be spared the pain of thinking for themselves. The prominence which Mr. Parker gave to his three elemental truths, the frequency with which he advanced

them, the emphasis with which he enunciated them, had an effect very similar to that of the Five Points of Calvinism, which once no sermon was complete without. The sharpness of their outline stamped them more deeply on the memory. The massiveness and rhetorical exuberance of their statement increased wonderfully their weight. Their very inconsistencies lent them vigor. They were not so much a theology as a heap of theologies, one for every species of man, — one for the moral, one for the intellectual, another for the affectional, and yet another for the spiritual. There seemed to be something in them for every soul to feed on, and each soul as it took what belonged to it was content with its portion, and asked not what others had.

Mr. Parker's popular method of exposition, his habit of applying his abstract ideas to concrete topics, and to the practical interests of life, helped also to give his views currency. At the bottom of every social reform, as he interpreted it, lay his philosophy. He carried dietetics back to his original principle. He seldom made a speech, however short, at an antislavery convention, or a woman's rights meeting, without a statement of his theology. Every matter that interested him with the public was an opening out of his religion and an opening into it, so that vast multitudes of people who were drawn to him at first by his humanities imbibed with them his divinity and became his converts. They saw that he was wholesome, and felt he must be true. Leaving orthodoxy because it was not philanthropic, they hailed "Parkerism" because it was. They were advocates of temperance; so was he. They were friends of liberty; so was he. They were champions of the social and civil rights of woman; so was he. They were agitators for the deliverance of the slave; so was he. They came to hear the powerful preacher of a very noble morality in private, domestic, social, and political life, behind every sermon. They saw the framework of his religious philosophy; they did not comprehend it; they could not in all respects agree with it; they shook their heads at this or that heresy; but after all, they said, the tree must be judged by its fruits, and the tree that produced such fruits as these could not be radically unsound. There must be love of God where there was so much love of

man; and if there was the love of God, there must be something of the knowledge of him too, perhaps all the knowledge of him that was needed. They saw that nine tenths of his preaching was positive; that the denial was only the reverse of his affirmation, — the "no" that was necessary to complete his "yes," — the broken shell which the bursting truth must leave behind, the Bethany on which he must turn his back when he set his face towards Jerusalem. They bore him witness that he denied vehemently because he more vehemently asseverated, and that he put his denial out of the way the instant the force of the asseveration was felt. If he blotted out the morning star, he blotted it with the morning sunlight, which made stars unnecessary. His aim was to plant great truths. He could not, of course, even define the truths, without contrasting them with what he regarded as errors.

"I have broken up wild land," he said, "and ploughed also anew the old, which was foul with weeds. No doubt I have sometimes crushed down a tender, useful herb; but whenever I saw such before the coulter, I lifted my plough out of the ground, and spared a whole square yard of baneful weeds for one sweet flower they girt about with their poison; nay, after the share had passed, I felt the furrow with my hands, to reserve some little herb of grace which might have been turned over in the general stirring of the ground."

The vitality of Mr. Parker's nature, indeed, forbade his being a denier. His capacity of belief was enormous. He extended to all literature the inspiration that Christendom limits to the Bible. He attributed to mankind in all ages the power of discerning and receiving spiritual truth which Christendom claims for the few as a special grace. He believed not in a single revelation, but in numberless revelations, in revelations numerous as are human souls. He believed in the inspiration, not of a few elect persons, but of all just men and true. He believed of human nature what Christendom believed only of the Christ. He believed that all rational beings had an inner witness of the Deity, whose name Christendom with much grammar and dictionary spelled out from a Greek text. He believed that all men were immortal by nature, and not by peculiar gift; that the demonstration of their immortality was the stir of noble purposes and pure desires in

their hearts, not the stir of the dead body of Jesus in his stony grave; and that the promise of immortality was life and blessedness for all. He believed more in heaven than most Christians believe in heaven and hell both. He believed as much in God as others believed in God, Devil, and Nature combined. He believed so prodigiously in truth, that even error was, in his judgment, but an attempt to find it. He believed so exorbitantly in good, that evil was but the absence of it, or, better still, the raw material from which it was made. His belief in an immanent God left the believer in miracle in the position of one who enjoyed but the minimum of faith, and was afraid lest Biblical criticism should annihilate that, and exegesis render the world godless; and his belief in the Eternal Law made the sitters at Moses' feet look like a group of sceptics. Mankind love great believers, not great deniers. They loved him as they never loved, and never will love, a Voltaire, a Gibbon, or a Thomas Paine. He believed more than other men: believed where they doubted; believed where they feared; believed where they dared not speculate; believed where they had not courage to conjecture. He answered with assurance questions which they did not even venture to ask; and built homes for them from airy sentiments and dreams which they had sadly taken to be vapors exhaled from their tears. Multitudes by the strength of his belief expected to be dragged out of sorrow, desperation, shame, and sin. It attracted the afflicted to him in crowds; it made his study a confessional; it drew hands towards him from the great darkness, and brought letters full of prayer and gratitude from lands beyond the sea. The sunshine of it made the wicked smile, and shed a morning radiance over the hearts of the dwellers in the outer darkness. He was all belief. Not satisfied with cramming every atom of this world with the living verities of God, he claimed every hour of eternity and every inch of infinity for the Divine benignity, and was hardly satisfied with that. Nothing would make him a disbeliever in the moral laws of the world. No calamity, no suffering, no sorrow, no sin; not the degradation he pitied; not the furious passion he deplored; not the vice he condemned; not war with its frenzies; not slavery with its abominations; not barbarism with

its ages of blood; not our civilization, with its frightful pitfalls for men and women; not materialism, not atheism, whatever their form of manifestation; not blasphemy or hypocrisy,— could daunt this man's faith in God and the soul, or shake his Christian optimism for an instant.

In estimating Mr. Parker's work and influence, we must distinguish between the eternal men who live aloof from actual affairs, devoting themselves to the elaboration of great principles, which are to serve as foundations for future art, society, faith, and the temporal men who live for their generation, spending themselves, body and mind, heart and soul, substance and accidents, in the immediate service of their fellow-creatures. To this last class Mr. Parker belonged. We say this in no temper of disparagement. Both classes are needed, and it is impossible to say which is needed most. Both have their greatness, and between the two kinds of greatness who would trust himself to choose? Both have their satisfactions and their insufficiencies; both have their ecstasy and their depression; both have their sunshine and their midnight. The first have more serenity, the last more warmth; the first a wider horizon, the last a more passionate life; the first a stiller watch-tower, the last a richer existence. Men distantly admire, respect, worship the first; they fervently love and gratefully embrace the last. Mr. Parker sometimes spoke of himself as being abused and hated. "No man in America since Adams and Jefferson has been so abused in public and private." Yes; but no man in America has been so widely, so cordially, so devotedly loved; and his lovers were ever on the increase. He lived in his generation, and his generation, on the whole, appreciated him and loved him. In his heart he knew and felt that it did. Its kindness was harder to bear than its scorn. There are those who regret that Mr. Parker allowed himself to be absorbed in special causes, to the postponement, and finally to the relinquishment, of the great purpose of his life as a scholar and a thinker; that he should have sacrificed the instruction and the good of posterity to the demands of the hour. But we cannot think this a mistake, for we think it was inevitable; we cannot regret it, for it was precisely what he was called by Providence to do. His powers all tended to the con-

crete and the practical, and they exhausted themselves in that. His work was done when he died. He had said all he had to say; he had done all he had to do. He had no system which years would have helped him to unfold and establish. His great work on the Development of Religion would have been interesting, learned, and attractive; but we doubt if it would have possessed a permanent scientific value, for it would have been written, after all, in defence of a doubtful thesis. It would have been a longer Sermon of Theism. To the positive school in philosophy, his method would have seemed loose, uncertain, and unscientific, because based on the illusive facts of individual experience, instead of the solid data of history. To the theological school, it would likewise have seemed loose, uncertain, and unscientific, because based on the illusive facts of consciousness, instead of the everlasting principles of spiritual truth divinely revealed. It would not have been inductive enough for Herbert Spencer, nor deductive enough for Mr. Mansell. It was not needed to meet the wants of this century; for as far as he could do this, he had already done it by the sermons and speeches which were scattered all over the land, each with a pretty large piece of his book in it; and other men will be raised up to meet the want of the century to come.

Theodore Parker was emphatically and pre-eminently a man for his time, a man for an emergency. His task was to construct a strong bridge, by which the multitude of men in this country could pass safely from the old intellectual and social epoch to the new. He built the bridge of the best material that lay within his reach. He built it sufficiently well. There was no lack of good timber. The stones were firmly set. The buttresses were sound. The people crowded over it, and that was enough. No matter if it is taken down now, and its rafters used in another structure of more strictly architectural proportions and form. He was the popular interpreter of the Higher Law in politics, ethics, philosophy, and religion. No other man, no ten men, no hundred men, perhaps, did so much to effect this grand work as he. He translated transcendentalism into common sense. He planted the old beliefs whose ground was giving way upon new foundations which were palpable to

all men, and effected the transfer of thousands from animalism to spiritualism without giving them more than a momentary jar. They found themselves on another shore before they knew it.

In the first place, he did an immense service in recovering, restoring, and in many instances creating faith in a living God. In all our Western States that faith was dying out. Materialism was spreading fearfully, under the influence of an all-absorbing practical life. Mental restlessness was fretting the old systems of belief away, and unsettling the bases of tradition. The principle of individuality, fostered by the necessary self-dependence of the people, and spreading wherever the people spread, was rapidly destroying authority, and crumbling the stones of the Church, in whose ruins the ancient faiths were buried. There was no high education to counteract the eagerness of the senses. The power of abstract speculation was greatly enfeebled; the habit of generalization was lost; respect for prescriptive opinions was gone. The old ideas of God were repudiated, and all things were adverse to the formation of new ones. At this juncture came in Theodore Parker with his rational Theism, and his appeal in its behalf to the understanding, the affections, and the conscience, — with his wealth of information, his faith in science, his hopeful humanity, all supporting it, — with his manly criticism and his childlike faith, his distinction between theology and religion, — and the fading sense of the Infinite and the Eternal revived in the bosoms of these reckless repudiators of the world's old beliefs. Here was a man who knew everything, who was brave enough to ask questions, who had answered more questions than they had asked, who criticised the Church, excommunicated pope and bishop, would have none of the creeds, said harder things about the popular religion than they had ever thought, was hated by churchman and minister, and yet believed in God, — in a conscious God, — in a God who made the world for a purpose, and guided it to an end, and kept it in his care, — a God he could love and pray to. Verily, here was something to think of; and men did think of it; they were blessed with a new belief, suited to their actual needs.

Mr. Parker did another great service to his generation in

restoring the belief in personal immortality. That belief, too, was fast declining over vast regions of our country, not in consequence of the spread of historical or philosophical scepticism, for that was unknown among our busy, industrial people, whose little reading-time was consumed by the newspaper or the light magazine; but in consequence of the absorbing character of material pursuits, and the necessity of fixing the attention exclusively on the affairs of the present life. People lost first their practical interest in another state of existence, and then their faith in it. Residents in the Western cities particularly, and visitors there, even transient lecturers and preachers, reported a prevailing disbelief in immortality, which was becoming more and more stolid every year. It had not yet reached the point at which a reaction towards another extreme became inevitable, as was seen later; "Spiritualism" had not set in with its indignant protest, and its crowd of spirits rending the veil and swarming over the border. The unbelief was unrelieved even by fanaticism; and many saw signs of recklessness, sadness, sensuality, creeping over the surface of society. Theodore Parker saw them more clearly, noted them more sorrowfully, dreaded them more heartily, than anybody. He was a great believer in personal immortality; there was none greater; we never saw one so great in his time. He not only had the belief, — he clung to it; not for himself alone, but for mankind. He was persuaded that civilized society would be impossible without it.

"There is a God of Infinite Perfection. The soul of each man is destined to Eternal Life. These are the two greatest truths which human consciousness as yet has ever entertained. They are the most important; and if the human treasures were to go to the ground and perish, all save what some few men grasped in their hands and fled off with, escaping from a new deluge I should clutch these two truths as the most priceless treasure which the human race had won, and journey off with them to pitch my tent anew, and with these treasures build up a fresh and glorious civilization. . . . . If I know that mankind will still survive with ever greatening faculties in some other life, directed by the same Infinite Mind and Conscience and Heart and Soul that made us first, and guides us in our heavenward march, — if I know that each beggar in the street, that every culprit in the jail, or out of it, or hauling men thither, has an immortal soul, and will go on greatening

and beautifying more and more, — then I shall take the highest qualities which I know or feel, and work with them; and I shall feel that my personality is one of the permanent forces of the universe, and shall work with conscious dignity and loving awe."

In this faith he labored. Sermon, prayer, lecture, funeral address, letter, conversational speech, made known everywhere, in public and in private places, the earnestness of his feeling. We have heard it from his lips in the hall of the lyceum. How many he converted to his opinion we cannot, of course, say; but it was something for such a man to bear such a testimony; it was more for him to appeal to the human heart in witness of its truth. He must, at all events, have deeply stirred the best affections and aspirations of men and women, and so have made this life infinitely richer, even if he made the next no more real. He must have made many conscious of the immortality of their souls. When he preached as scathingly as he did against the popular views of immortality, he did so in the interest of other views, which he thought would commend themselves more to the reason and the heart of his fellow-men. When he so ruthlessly plucked away its usual supports, he did so in order that he might lay broad foundations for it in human nature. His wish was that the great doctrine should stand, not that it should fall. There are letters in these volumes that prove the wish to have been not altogether vain. He did save some, and some who were well worth saving, from the disbelief in immortality. There is no published evidence that he awakened such disbelief in any.

One more palpable service it must be conceded that Mr. Parker rendered to religion in his day. He proved that what is loosely, popularly, and mistakenly called scepticism, unbelief, "infidelity," is not of necessity irreligious; that free-thinking is perfectly consistent with fervent piety; that naturalism may be as warm, tender, glowing, as supernaturalism; that a man may discard completely any and all systems of theology, and yet be a deeply devout man. He held knowledge and aspiration together, and he exhibited them both in full proportions. If any were chilled by his sermon, they were sure to be melted by his prayer. While his head was dealing audaciously with

the problems of the Infinite, his heart was always kneeling in the Infinite presence, or nestling like a little child in the Infinite bosom. Thus science and faith found in him a practical reconciliation, and that went further with men than a speculative reconciliation would have done, perhaps will ever do. His personal embrace held together the intellect of the modern world and the devoutness of the ancient world, the understanding of the West and the sentiment of the East, — held them together mechanically it may be, but held them, made them acquainted with each other, made them friendly against the time when a nobler and more comprehensive philosophy should make them friends in a vital bond of union. Theodore Parker did much to save a searching, critical, speculative, sceptical age from irreligion, to rescue an industrial age from materialism, a questioning age from the denial of the soul. Many will accuse him of having unsettled their faith in tradition, and set them adrift on the shoreless sea of speculation; more will bless him for having thrown them manfully back on their reason. Some will regret what they will call his show of piety, as giving an illusive attraction to opinions that ought to be detested. They would rather he had openly been a cold and heartless mocker, as they believe he at heart was. But many will thank him for revealing the perfect consistency of rationalism and worship, and for kindling their intellectualism into a flame of love.

Of Mr. Parker's work as a reformer in social ethics and institutions it is unnecessary to speak here or anywhere, for it is known by all men. Indeed, it is better known than anything else about him. Many, even now, hold him in no good repute for this work; but it will, by the multitude, be acknowledged as most valuable service. If the increase of the antislavery feeling is good, he merits praise, for he probably did more than any man to create that feeling in the West, and as much as any man to confirm and deepen and make it intelligent in the East. If there is anything noble in our struggle, he predicted it and helped to bring it on, and generated much of the spirit that makes it what it is becoming or has already become. Were he alive, he would throw into it his property, his endeavor, and his life, if needful, with as much devotion as any of its martyrs.

If the country reaches the Promised Land of liberty through its Red Sea, no spirit will rejoice more cordially than his. He carried into his struggle with slavery a large element of the extravagance and grotesqueness that he carried into all he undertook. His singular interest in the habits and dispositions of bears, which the letters betray, and which Mr. Weiss pleasantly alludes to, sprung from an ursine quality in his own nature, which often gave infinite amusement to his friends. It frolicked in his wit, it capered in his humorous mimicry, it gambolled in his discourses, and it exhibited its ungainly movements in many a grotesque public performance. There was something of this shaggy, ursine element in his moral sense. It shows its uncouth strength in those great handbills, which Mr. Weiss has preserved, advising the Bostonians of the advent of the kidnappers, in the ceremony at the marriage of William and Ellen Crafts, in the speeches during that fearful time of the Fugitive-Slave Bill. But he did love liberty cordially and profoundly, and he may fairly claim that something of rudeness be pardoned in him to the spirit of it. He was at heart a stern Puritan and Covenanter. He loved the early New-Englanders, and perpetuated their spirit; and it was not an amiable spirit, when dealing with human rights and wrongs. They, however, exercised this spirit in their own behoof. He exercised it in the cause of the miserable and the despised, who could render no return for his service, and did not know even that he was giving it.

Theodore Parker's forte was, after all, *character*, in the sense that Novalis gives it, of disciplined will. He had an immense personal energy; his opinions were but expressions of it; his convictions were but the moral weight of it; his deeds were but the practical movement of it. He put himself into every act; and that self was just what God made it. We are not concerned to vindicate him from the charge of possessing qualities which were indispensable to the work he was called to do. He was positive to the extreme of dogmatism, but dogmatism was necessary to his success; without it he would have been a scholar and a critic; he would not have been a reformer either in theology or in morals. He went about with a sharp and heavy axe on his shoulder; but there were trees at whose roots

it must be laid. We do not use Damascus blades to fell gnarled oaks. He wielded a terrible invective, but there were pachyderms whose thick hides took ordinary spear-thrusts without feeling a prick, and shed common bullets as if they were drops of rain. He sometimes confounded the evil man's motives with his deeds, and struck through the sin into the sinner's heart; but the dialectics which distinguish between acts and motives belong to the casuist, not to the prophet. Sin is a sinner; evil is not a mask, it is a man; and one may as well not exhibit it at all, if one does not exhibit it as thinking, purposing, planning, breathing vengeance and compassing ruin. The commonplace about hating the sin and loving the sinner is well enough, hypothetically; but if the love for the sinner finds utterance in speech, it will be very hard to make men believe in the hatred of the sin, still harder will it be to make them hate the sin. All that can be asked is, that *personal* hate towards the sinner shall not be mistaken for *moral* detestation of the sin; that abhorrence of the sin shall come first, and that the sinner shall suffer only on account of his implication in it. Now we aver, not only on the strength of his own reiterated and earnest private asseveration, but on the assurance of his most intimate friends, and as the result of long and close personal observation, that Theodore Parker carried no private malice or rancor into his battle with his direst foes; he fought to gratify no private passion; he bore no private ill-will or personal grudge; victory was not his victory; defeat was not his defeat; he could forgive any insult or wrong offered to himself; he could make reparation for any insult or wrong offered to another; the tear came as quickly to his eye when he found that he had done an injustice, as when he felt that he had suffered one. But he had one enemy, — Satan; and if the man whom Satan had possessed was killed by the sword-thrust aimed at Satan's heart, he was sorry, but he could not help it. The Archfiend must be reached, though the way to him was hewn through human heart and flesh. He loved not the sight or the smell of blood, but he could bear it. "I was born," he said once, in a tender note to a friend, — "I was born to thunder and lighten and break things down to the ground. It is no pleasure for me to do it. Think yourself happy, that you were

called to shed your sunlight and dew on men's hearts, to make the grass and the flowers grow there." Let us remember that his work brought him many a bitter sorrow, and caused him more tears than he caused. He was a sensitive man, and felt the reaction of his own blow. Men thought him tough; he was only too tender: they thought him overbearing in the assertion of his own opinions; but few men were ever more respectful of the conscientious opinions of others, or more careful not to infringe their liberty of thought and speech. Men thought him overweening in his self-esteem: he was indeed aware that he had great gifts and great opportunities and a great responsibility; but he was also aware that they were God's endowment, not his earning, and his heart was full of poignant humiliation at his failure to do justice to his commission. Was he arrogant? Nay, his friends found him exceedingly humble; he had a kneeling spirit in his closet. He claimed little from man or from God; he did not expect, apparently, to leave behind him a very long or deep memory. "I am only one little spirt of water running into the great ocean of humanity; and if I stop here, I shall not be at all missed there." "If it turns out that I can serve no more in this warfare, the cause will not suffer. Some one quite different from me, but better, will yet for the great principles of religious freedom take my place. Humanity is so rich in ability, that the man of greatest genius for the highest function is never missed by the race of men."

Theodore Parker probably fell into the usual mistake of supposing that his greatest work was his least, and that his least work was his greatest. He expected to be remembered where he will be forgotten, and to be forgotten where he will be remembered. As a thinker, philosopher, theologian, we anticipate for him no immortality. His works will constitute no permanent part of American literature; for, however rich and able, they were devoted to questions of the day, and to transient phases of thought. His winged words went directly to the hearts of living men and women. There they nestled, and there they will rear their broods of blithe and happy songsters. His theology will be superseded by a grander system, which, allowing as much to common sense, to sentiment, to the criti-

cal understanding, and to natural affection, will allow more to reason and imagination, and will more successfully reconcile nature and the supernatural, science and faith, philosophy and religion. His theology served its end as a stepping-stone to something better, and will presently be left behind. But the man Theodore Parker, as a moral force, as a character, as a noble human soul, will live, as such always do, and will be immortal, as such always are. He will live in his friends as a part, and the better part, of their life. He will live in their children and their children's children as an inherited power of principle. He will live in the moral sentiments he stimulated, in the moral causes he aided. He will live in the wiser laws of the future time which he aimed at introducing, in the worthier customs which he did his best to implant, and in the nobler institutions at whose foundations he worked with such manly and self-sacrificing energy. He will not be celebrated among the great masters of philosophy, or among the great authors of religion. His life will be hid; but it will be hid in the deep heart of humanity.

Art. II. — 1. *Lectures on the English Language.* By George P. Marsh. First Series. New York. 1862. Lecture XXII. *Orthoepical Change in English.*

2. *The Works of* William Shakespeare, &c. By Richard Grant White. Boston. 1861. Appendix: *Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era.*

3. *The English of Shakespeare illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Cæsar.* By George L. Craik. London. 1857.

It has come to pass that in our day we have two separate languages, — English spoken and English printed. The works of some of our authors were composed on paper; when they are read aloud, they sound almost like translations; they may not lack rhythm and euphony, but it is a rhythm and a euphony that the eye can see. Another class, on the other hand, among

whom Shakespeare is pre-eminent, can only be quite comprehended, appreciated, and accompanied in the spoken language; the print may give an indication of what that is, but it is only in that that the words breathe and are quick. It cannot, then, be useless to point out precisely how Shakespeare pronounced. It may be a small portion of the commentary upon his works, but no sincere disciple of his will despise labor bestowed even on this small object. And a knowledge of the old pronunciation is not merely a curious thing; it leads to other knowledge, highly important. It suggests many corrections of the text, and renders many previous emendations far less credible. By showing, in many places, puns hitherto unnoticed, it gives us an understanding of lines hitherto unintelligible. Besides this, it helps us in discovering the derivations of words; and finally, it renders clear and indisputable the fact that our forefathers possessed a more rational, though less constraining, system of orthography than our own.

Two methods of investigating this subject have been proposed. One is by means of rhymes, puns, misspellings, and other such indications. This is the process of Mr. White and Professor Craik. Its value is best estimated by applying it to the literature of our own day. Thus Thomas Hood is a peerless master of puns, yet, excluding those which present an identity in spelling, one out of three of his are imperfect in sound. So the "Voices of the Night" and "In Memoriam" will compare in point of polish with any poems of Shakespeare's day; yet in the former the proportion of imperfect rhymes is one in nine, and in the latter one in seven. We are aware that a notion is rife that such rhymes were not allowed in the Elizabethan era; but some extracts from Spenser, printed phonotypically by the tutor of Milton, display fully the modern proportion of them; that is to say, the lines frequently do not rhyme to the eye, as they should do when so printed, and as they are sometimes forced to do by the editor's spelling one of the words differently from his usual way. As for bad spelling, it is usually utterly irrational, or, if it be phonetic, it is the phonetics of a man whose pronunciation and ear are as rude as his spelling. Doctor Johnson observes that every language has two pronunciations: one, which is regular and sedate, is its

true orthoëpy; the other, existing in colloquial and vulgar use, is merely a corruption of the former. Now it is to this latter only that researches like Mr. White's can be directed, and it is an extremely interesting subject of antiquarian research; but it must be evident to every reader that the study of that which is irregular and various can only be successfully prosecuted when founded upon a thorough knowledge of that more stable thing about which it shifts and veers. Moreover, the conclusions to which this method has led have been very strange, and have been very frequently corrected or reversed by their authors.

The other method consists in collecting the positive statements of original orthoëpical and phonetical writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This is the process of Mr. Marsh, whose chapter on this subject is admirable both for the skilful conduct of the inquiry and for the undogmatical manner in which its conclusions are presented. Let it not be supposed that authorities are wanting for such an examination. No less than six phonographical systems of Shakespeare's day are preserved to us.* Here are their titles: —

1568. Sir Thomas Smith. De recta et emendata linguæ Anglicæ scriptione Dialogus. Paris. 4°.

1569. John Hart. On Orthographie: conteyning the due order and reason how to write or paint thimage of mannes voice, most like to the life or nature. London. 8°.

1580. [William] Bullokar's Booke at large, for the amendment of Orthographie, for English speech; wherein a most perfect supplie is made for the wantes and double sound of Letters in the Olde Orthographie, with Examples for the same. With easie conference and use of both Orthographies to save expence in Bookes for a time, until this amendment grow to a generall use, for the easie, speedie, and perfect reading and writing of English, (the speech not changed, as some untruly and maliciously, or at least ignorantly blow abroad,) etc. London. 4°.

Æsops Fables in true Ortography with Grammar Notz. Herunto ar also cõioined the shorte Sentencez of the wyz Cato, imprinted with lyke form and order, etc. London. 1585. 8°.

* A seventh, by one Wade, is referred to by an old writer as exhibiting a very vulgar pronunciation; writing, for instance, 'Lŭnŭn' or 'Lūūn' for 'Lundon,' — "like the linkboys and bargemen."

1590. Peter Bales. Writing Schoolemaster; conteining three Bookes in one; the first, teaching Swift Writing; the second, True Writing; the third, Faire Writing. London. 4°.

1619. Alexander Gil. Logonomia Anglica. Quâ Gentis sermo facilius addiscitur. London. 4°.

1633. Charles Butler. The English grammar or the institution of letters, syllables, and words in the English tongue. Oxford. 4°.

The Feminin‘ Monarchi‘, or the histori of bêes. Shewing their admirable Natur‘, and Propertis; their Generation and Colonis; their Government, Loyalti, Art, Industri; Enemi‘s, VVars, Magnanimite, &c. together with the right ordering of them from tim‘ to tim‘ and the swêet‘ Profit arising ther‘of. Written out of experienc‘. Oxford. 1634. 4°.

It is often said that from these works we can ascertain what words were pronounced alike, but not what sounds they had. The mode of removing this difficulty is as follows. We should first consider, in a general way, the amount of change that the language has undergone in two hundred and fifty years. This certainly is not very great. We find that almost all words which now have a peculiar pronunciation are peculiarly represented in these phonetic systems. Such, for instance, as *lieutenant*, *Coteswold*, *iron*, *subtile*, *of*, *borough*, etc. Hence, no very great amount of change can be admitted. We must also consider in what directions the language is changing, and how its present pronunciation differs from the Saxon. Then, with regard to each sound, we must consult the grammars from our own time backward to the time of Shakespeare, noting what changes have occurred in their rules for the sounds of the letters, and in their statements of the equivalency of our sounds with those of other languages. This process can hardly ever deceive us. Let us exemplify this mode of procedure by an actual study of the sounds. We shall be able to refer to but three of the above-mentioned phonotypical authors, — Smith, Butler, and Gil; the last is, however, probably the best of them all.*

* The last work we found in the library of Harvard College, which is very rich in school-books, new and old. The tract of Smith, and the Feminine Monarchy of Butler, were kindly lent to us by the trustees of the Boston Public Library. Mulcaster's Elementarie, and Coote's English School-Master, were obtained from private libraries.

In this article, words will be put under one head, which, *with us*, convey the same sound. The mode in which we shall indicate the vowel-sounds is that of Mr. Jennison, in his admirable introduction to Hillard's Reader; it is best explained by an example: '*plain*' means the vowel-sound in 'plain.' Let the reader understand, therefore, when a word is enclosed in single quotation-marks, with certain letters italicized, that what is denoted is simply the sound of the italicized letters.

Of the Consonantal Sounds.

J. The substitution of *y* for *j* in old authors has occasioned the assumption that *j* was pronounced by them, as in some parts of Europe now, with the force of *y*.[1] Gil's testimony is very exact. He says: —

"*G* before *a*, *o*, or *u*, is pronounced with the pure and German sound, as it is before consonants, in *gloria* and *gratia*; before *e* or *i*, for the most part, as by the Italians in *gentile* and *giovane*; for even so we sound a *giant*, a *gibet*, *ginger*, *gentle*, *changed*, and other words. Some nations may perhaps express this sound by *dzy*, we by simple *g* before *e* or *i*, but before *a*, *o*, and *u* always by *j* consonant; for in *Jason*, *Geffrey*, *Ginger*, *Joseph*, and a *Judge*, the *g* and *j* have the same pronunciation; the *dg*, even, following the *u* in the latter word, having the same sound as the *j* preceding it."[2]

Judah was pronounced 'Yuda.'

Q. Mr. White has taken the ground that *qu* was pronounced "like simple *k*, and often represented by it in many words in which the full sound of the former combination is now heard."[3]

Sir Thomas Smith summarily ejects the letter from his alphabet, as beggarly, false, servile, infirm, and lame, having no power without its staff *u*, and with *u* no better than *k*.[4] Baret in his "Alvearie," or Bee-Hive, doubtless the most charming dictionary of our language, leaving the alphabet to be reformed "by better learned men," contents himself with the following animadversion: —

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[1] White's Shakespeare, Vol. VII. p. 141.

[2] Logonomia Angl., p. 2. See also B. Jonson (Gifford's ed., 1816), IX. 265; and Wallis, p. 38.

[3] White's Shakespeare, II. 320 and XII. 430.

[4] fol. 29.

"Q hath long bene superfluouslie used in writing English wordes, whereas the Greekes never knew it, neither could the English Saxons ever abide the abuse thereof, but alwaies used K when such occasion served. . . . . And surelie, I thinke reason, and the verie judgement of the eare will teach a young beginner, that Quest, Quarrell, etc. maie be as well, and as easilie spelled with K, as Kuest, Kuarrell, &c., for it appeareth that Q is no single letter, but compounded of K and U, which soundeth Q."[1]

Ch. There is abundance of testimony that this digraph was pronounced precisely as at present. "It is the peculiarity of the English tongue," says Gil, "to express by *ch* that sound that the Italians give to *c* in *piacevole*."[2] White thinks that in *speech*, *beseech*, &c., it had the *k* sound; but Mulcaster observes, "The strong *ch* is mere foren, and therefore endeth no word with us, but is turned into *k*."[3] He speaks here of his own system of orthography. Now he has *speche*, *beseche*, *eche*, *breche*, *leche*.[4] He also says, "For *ch*, where it is strong the number is not manie, and therefor it maie well abide the perpendicular accent over the coplement, as 'charact, ar'changell."[5] Now he does not use this accent over any *ch* not now pronounced *k*. Mr. White must have come upon a provincialism of "the Scotch and Transtrentane English" noticed by Sir T. Smith.[6]

Gh. The sound of this guttural must have been atonic and faint, for Baret, Smith, and Jonson make it equivalent to *h*.[7] But Bulloker and Gil assign to it a separate character. Its sound must have been disappearing in Shakespeare's time, for in 1653 it was a provincialism.[8] Smith and Gil sound it in almost all words, but never in *delight* and not always in *high*.[9] Coote, in his "English Schoole-Master," 15th ed., 1624, one of the most valuable of our authorities, says: —

"(*Gh.*) Comming together, except in *Ghost*, are of most men but little

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[1] Alvearie, 2d ed., 1580, *sub lit.* Q. See also Gatakerus de Diphthongis [1646], ed. 1698, p. 20 E; Gil, p. 9; Wallis, Grammatica Linguæ Anglicanæ, 1653, p. 40.

[2] Smith, fol. 21 *et seq.*; Gil, p. 2; Jonson, IX. 285; Wallis, p. 39.

[3] p. 127. [4] p. 128. [5] p. 152. [6] fol. 23.

[7] Baret's Alvearie, *sub lit.* H; Smith, fol. 25; Jonson, IX. 285.

[8] Wallis, p. 31.

[9] For *delight*, Gil, pp. 21, 114, 141. For *high*, Gil, pp. 21, 34, 74, 98, and 24, 34, 83, 100.

sounded, as *might, fight*, pronounced as *mite, fite:* but in the end of a word some countries sound them fully, others not at all: as some say, *plough, slough, bough:* other, *plow, slow, bow.* Thereupon some write *burrough*, some *burrow:* but the truest is both to write and pronounce them."[1]

Gil mentions that the common pronunciation was in many respects ambiguous; and instances *enough* and *enuf*.[2] Smith sometimes spells 'laugh' *laf*.[3] It is probable that *f* was frequently substituted for *gh*.

Sh was equivalent to the French *ch* and German *sh*.

"I say," says Smith, "that its sound comes nearer to *s* and *y* than to *s* and *h;* and that you may understand more clearly what I mean, first sound our word for the infernal regions. Quintus. *Hel.* Smith. Preserve that sound entire, and prefix an *s*. Quint. *Shel.* Smith. You see that that does not make our word for conch. But now sound *y-e-l*. Qu. *Yel.* Smith. And prefix an *s*, preserving the former sound and making one syllable. Qu. *Syel.* Smith. I put it to you now, Quintus, which of these sounds comes nearer to the word *shell*."[4]

The pronunciation of *tion, sion, tial*, &c. is shrouded with difficulty and doubt. They seem in many instances to be dissyllabic in pronunciation; but Professor Craik inclines, with some hesitation, to the belief that such lines as

"But for your private satisfaction"

are to be regarded as truncated lines; and has, on the whole, no doubt that words ending in 'tion' and 'sion' had in the age of Shakespeare already come to be sounded exactly as at the present day.[5] The unabbreviated notation of these endings in the phonetic system of Gil shows that he regarded them as dissyllabic, and we are not therefore surprised at his statement that words of these terminations are *sometimes* contracted by synæresis. Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesie," also gives 'motion' and 'potion' as instances of English dactyls, and Puttenham instructs us that 'remuneration' makes two *good* dactyls.[6] Are we then to infer, with Mr. Marsh, that 'motion' and 'potion' were pronounced 'mo-shi-on' and 'po-shi-on'? To this Mulcaster would answer: —

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[1] Coote, p. 21. [2] p. 19. [3] fol. 24.
[4] fol. 40. [5] English of Shakespeare, p. 168. [6] *Apud* Marsh, p. 530.

"*T* kepeth one force still saving where a vowell followeth after, *i*, as in *action*, *discretion*, *consumption*, whereas, *t*, soundeth like the full *s*, or strong [weak] *c*, so the words where it is so used, be altogether strangers."[1]

In fewer words, Wallis: —

"*T* before *i* followed by another vowel is sounded like the hissing *s*, ... but in *question*, *mixtion*, and wherever else *t* follows the letter *s* or *x*, it retains its pure sound."[2]

These authorities, with a number of others, seem to bear out the view that *t* was pronounced in these words as in modern French.[3] It seems improbable that 'tion,' even in its contracted form, was pronounced 'shun,' as the forms *shon* and *shun* are never met with in the old books and manuscripts, although we continually meet with *scion*, *syon*, *cyon*, and *son*. Could the present aspirated pronunciation have existed in the popular speech, and have failed to manifest itself in the infinitely varied cacography of the time, — especially when it is considered that in 1675 the aspirated spelling of 'tion' was the prevalent form in which the juvenile depravity manifested itself?[4] We must, however, confess that the weight of direct authority upon this point is weakened by the following consideration. The whole vocal interval between *sh* and *si* is filled up with innumerable possible sounds, which, both with respect to their formation in the mouth and the sound itself in the ear, differ not at all in *kind*, but only in *degree*, resulting from the greater or less proximity of the tongue to the palate and teeth. The sound of *tion* was once undoubtedly *si-on*, but during the progress to *shun* it probably rested for generations on some of these intermediate semi-vocals. Now, in all grammars and dictionaries, down to the *middle of the last century*, '-tion' and '-sion' are still described as sounding *shon* or *syon*, although, from a chance remark in De la Touche's *L'Art de bien Parler Français* (Amsterdam, 1704), we discover that ever since that was written, at the least, they have been pro-

[1] Elem., p. 122. [2] p. 47.

[3] Baret, Coote, Ben Jonson, Gataker, and Gil. See also Percival's Spanish Grammar, edited by the English Minsheu, and prefixed to his Spanish Dictionary, London, 1623, p. 8. Also, Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1607.

[4] Nat Strong, English Perfect School-Master, 10th ed. (enlarged), 1704. Licensed, 1675.

nounced exactly as they now are. Moreover, the orthoëpists of those days used ordinarily to describe *sh* as equivalent to *sy*.[1] How natural, then, for them to call what was really near *shi*, *si*. We therefore conclude,—1st, that *-tion* and *-sion* are dissyllabic, but could be contracted to one syllable; and, 2d, that they had nearly, if not quite, the modern French sound.

Th. The arguments used by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, Vol. III. p. 241, seem to us to demonstrate that this "couplement" had its two modern sounds. Wallis, whose descriptions of the sounds, renowned as they are, are even more accurate than has been imagined, says:—

"In pronouncing T, if the breath go forth more thickly, the Greek Theta is formed, the Hebrew *Thau* aspirated, and the Arabic *The;* this is the English *Th* in the words *thigh*, *thing*, *thin*, *thought*, *throng*, etc. The Anglo-Saxons used to write it with a Spina..... In pronouncing the letter D, if the breath breaks forth more grossly, and as through a hole, the Arabic *Dhal* is formed, the aspirated Hebrew *Daleth*, and the Spanish *d* soft as that letter is used in the middle and end of words, as *Majestad*, *Trinidad*, etc. The English represent this sound in the same way as the one mentioned above, namely by *th*, as in the words *thy*, *thine*, *this*, *though*, etc."

Mr. White thinks the sound of the French *t* in *meurtre*, and the Irish *th* in *further* is the sound indicated. But it cannot be a French or Irish sound, for both those peoples are represented, both in the plays and grammars of the period, as unable to pronounce the *th*.[2]

Th was probably vulgarly and provincially interchanged with *t*. At least the cacography of the period seems to indicate this, and Gil says, "Certainly, where the dialect varies, I readily suffer the writing itself to be least consistent; as, *further* or *furder; murther* or *murder*."[3] But this looseness must not be exaggerated. Of the hundred words given by Gil in which the *th* sound now occurs, only *author*, *Arthur*, and certain ordinal numerals have the *t*; while *murder* is the only word in which his *th* would now be *d* or *t*. Mulcaster's general table contains one hundred and sixty-five words now sounded with *th*. Of

[1] Wilkins's Essay towards a Real Character, p. 372. Wallis, pp. 38, 65.

[2] See Davenant's "Playhouse to Let," and Jonson's "Irish Mask"; also, Palsgrave, p. 20; and Smith, fol. 5, where, however, the phrase is ambiguous.

[3] Gil, Preface.

these only *author*, *authority*, *authentic*, and some ordinals, have the *t*. And the only words he gives with *th* which now have the sound of *t*, are *nostril* and *t'other*. These authorities are entirely independent; the later of them speaks of the other as a man who had "wasted much time and good paper."[1] Their agreement demonstrates that, notwithstanding the popular looseness, there *was* a correct pronunciation of words containing *th* which very nearly coincides with the orthoëpy of our times.

We will pass over the other consonants, and proceed to the

Silent Letters.

E final was, of course, silent. It remained silent when the word it ended was compounded with another; to this rule the only well-established exception was *commandement*. The vowel of the termination *-ed* was familiarly omitted, but was also frequently heard. The notion that the "usual pronunciation" of *shuffled* was "shuffleëd" is entirely unsupported, except by an argument which, if valid, would show that that was the usual spelling also. 'Handès' for 'hands' is mentioned by Gil as a poetical license.[2] The *l* in such words as *talk*, *calm*, *folk*, *half*, &c., had long been silent, (though Gil says that certain "eruditi non ejiciunt *l*,") and this rule extended to *fault*.[3] The sound of *l* lingered much longer in *would*, *should*, *could*.[4] A *b* following an *m* at the end of a word, or preceding a *t*, was silent, as now. The same may be said of a *g* before *n*, but Gil sometimes writes *benign* and *condign*, *beningn* and *condingn*. *H* was silent in *honor*, *hour*, *honest*, and also in *hyssop* ("īzop"), but apparently was sounded in *herb*. In *ha'penny*, *two*, *whole*, *Worcester*, the same letters were silent that are so now. But *k* before *n*, and *w* before *h*, would seem to have been invariably sounded.[5] *Iron* was sounded as at present.

The Vowel-Sounds.

The use of the final *e* to lengthen the preceding vowel was even more common then than now. All those words we have now, in which, though the spelling indicates a long vowel, the pronunciation is short, such as *logic*, *valor*, *spirit*, etc., were

[1] Gil, Preface. [2] p. 137. [3] Preface.
[4] Smith and Gil. [5] Ibid.

short then; and to these we must add *ăge*[1] (sometimes long), *chănge*,[2] *cider* (?),[3] *dĭămond*,[4] *divers* (?),[5] *făvor* (?),[6] *ŏver*,[7] *sĭlent*.[8] *Saturn*, however, *been*,[9] sometimes *have*, *mischief*, *mĭnūte*, sometimes *ire* final, *ai* in a final syllable, and a number of words in *ea*, had their vowels long. So, on the other hand, words now pronounced long, though spelt short, were then long; but to this we except *angel*[10] and *chamber*.[11] *Challenge* was spelt with one *l* and had the *a* long.

Short Vowels. 1. '*G*ood.' All words spelt with *oo* had the long sound, and properly took the final *e;* except *blood*,[12] *flood*,[13] *good*,[14] *hood*,[15] *wood*,[16] and *wool*.[17] *Woman*[18] and *Worcester*[19] had the '*g*ood' sound; but *could*, *would*, *should*, were long.[20]

2. '*U*p.' There is ample evidence that, in the reign of Charles II., *ŭ* had the same sound we now give it; and Mr. Marsh is of opinion that it was so pronounced in Shakespeare's day. This scholar, whose reasons are usually so direct and unerring, seems here to have made a curious mistake. He founds his conclusion solely upon the following words of Gil: "V, *est tenuis*, *aut crassa: tenuis* v, *est in Verbo* tu vz **use**: *crassa brevis est* u, *ut in pronomine* us *nos*." He does not translate this, but he evidently understands it thus: "*U* is thin or thick; the thin *u* is in the verb 'to use,' the thick *u* is short, as in the pronoun *us*." But had he turned over the page, he would have found the sentence finished thus: "*aut longa* ū: *ut in verbo tu* ūz **oose** *scaturio*, *aut sensim exeo more aquæ vi expressæ*." Gil is in this chapter describing his own orthography. Now he has three characters for *u*; namely, v, which takes the place of our *u* long, u (short), which takes the place

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[1] Gil, pp. 92, 98, 112.
[2] Ib., pp. 12, 20, 28; Smith, fol. 44.
[3] Gil, p. 38.
[4] Ib., pp. 79, 91, 107.
[5] Ib., p. 93.
[6] Ib., p. 82.
[7] Ib., pp. 24, 30, 70, 98, etc.
[8] Ib., pp. 48, 110.
[9] Ib., pp. 56, 57, 58, 63, 65, etc. For the three following words see Gil.
[10] Ib., p. 24.
[11] Ib., pp. 23, 24.
[12] Ib., pp. 4, 38, 106, 110; Smith, fol. 24.
[13] Gil, pp. 119, 124.
[14] Ib., pp. 12, 25, 39, 68, 115, etc.; Smith, fol. 25, 43.
[15] Smith, fol. 25.
[16] Gil, pp. 10, 22, 39, 113, 142; Smith, fol. 19, 42.
[17] Gil, pp. 39, 70; Smith, fol. 19
[18] Gil, pp. 41, 94, 117.
[19] Ib., pp. 70, 81.
[20] Ib., pp. 55, 56; 17, 24, 53; 54, 85.

of ŏŏ and of ŭ short, and ū (long), which takes the place of o͞o long. He says, then, "*U* is thin or thick; the thin '*u*' occurs in '*use*'; the thick, when short, is 'u' as in 'us,' when long, is 'ū' as in 'ooze.'" He thus states directly that the *u* in 'us' is the short sound of the *oo* in 'ooze.'[1] In another place he says: "So in *Bucke* and *Booke;* nor have these any other difference in sound but that which is perceived in quantity."[2] The reader must remember that the *oo* in Book was long. In these statements Gil is fully supported by the other authorities.

Ben Jonson. "In the short time more flat and akin to *u;* as

cozen, dozen, mòther,
bròther, lòve, pròve.

Note. *Ut* oo, *vel* ou Gallicum." (IX. pp. 266, 267.)

Coote. "You shall find some words written with (e) and (o) single, when they should be written with the dipthongs *ee*, *oo*, as he, be, she, me, do, mother; for hee, bee, mee, doo, &c." (p. 22.)

Butler. "For as *i* short hath the sound of *ee* short, so hath *u* short of *oo* short." "U short into oo short (which sound is all one)." (pp. 8, 9. *Apud* White's Shakespeare, Vol. IV. p. 101.)

This sound of *oo* short extended to all the words which we now pronounce with '*u*p,' whether spelt with *u*, *o*, or *ou*.

The only exceptions that we have met with are *among*, *nothing*,[3] with the sound of *o* short, and *none* and *one* with the sound of *o* long. It is noticeable that this class of words includes nearly all those which end with *om* and *on*. The French *o* nasal was anciently pronounced '*soon*.' It is by means of this tendency to pronounce *om* '*oom*,' that the puns between *Rome* and *room* are to be explained. At any rate, it is certain that, when Pope wrote these lines, —

"From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome," —

he meant both words to be pronounced '*ooze*,' for Granville Sharp's "Short Treatise," an excellent work on English orthoepy, (London, 1767,) says, "in *lose*, *move*, *prove*, and *Rome*,

[1] Marsh's Lectures, 1st Series, 4th ed., p. 484 *et seq.* Gil, pp. 7, 8.

[2] "Sic in *Bucke* hic dama, et *Booke* liber: neque in his ulla soni differentia est, præter illam quæ in quantitate percipitur." — *Log. Angl.*, p. 3.

[3] Gil, pp. 32, 38, 39, &c.

o is commonly pronounced like *oo*." The word *one* was commonly pronounced as spelt, down into the middle of the last century. Nevertheless, the pronunciation of the *w* is very ancient.

In 1650, *u* short had acquired its present sound, and even those words spelt with a *oo*, mentioned under the last heading, changed into 'gud,' 'hud,' 'sut,' 'blud,' 'flud'; but *good*, *hood*, *soot*, (*wood*, *foot*, and *wool*,) afterward recovered their regular pronunciation, to correspond with the many words in *oo* long, which, in consequence of the omission of the final *e*, were becoming short.

3. '*o*n.' A Yankee pronunciation of 'whole' and 'coat' bears the same relation to their true sounds that "b*u*ll" does to "r*u*le," and the question arises whether *o* short, as well as *u* short, has undergone a change in sound. One thing is very clear, that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, '*o*n' had the same pronunciation as now, for Wallis and Wilkins describe it without ambiguity as the short sound of *a* in 'fall' and 'ball.' The latter author also states that no short sound corresponding to *o* rotund existed in the language.[1] Previous to the Rebellion, Gil is our sole authority. He makes no distinction in his phonotypy between the *o* in 'hop' and 'hope,' except by the long mark, but still he fails to tell us expressly that they are the same in sound, although he *does* say so of *e* short and *e* long, of *i* short and double *e*, of *u* short and double *o*. He remarks, in general, that, "although in a long or short syllable the time in pronunciation is different, the vicinity of the sound is not; still the same vowel sometimes sounds broader, sometimes sharper, as in *hall*, *hale*, and *Hal*."[2] Perhaps by *vicinity* of sound he did not mean *identity*. This matter must, therefore, remain in doubt.

Words in which *a* now has the sound of *o* short, as 'was,' 'what,' and 'quality,' were formerly pronounced regularly.[3] Numerous words, as 'hot,' 'moth,' 'cloth,' which are found in books of about the date 1600 spelt 'hoate,' 'moathe,' and 'cloathe,' were nevertheless, in the year 1621, as we learn from Gil, pronounced as at present. Mr. White would place more reliance on the spelling, as an indication of the sound,

[1] Essay toward a Real Character, p. 363

[2] Log. Angl., p. 3.

[3] Gil.

than on the orthoëpist. *O* short following *i* short was silent in a few words, as in the lines,—

"A carrion crow sat on a tree."

"To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels."[1]

"In the last syllables," says Ben Jonson, "before *n* and *w*, *o* frequently loseth its sound; as in *person*, *action*, *willow*, *billow*." These last words remind one of Chaucer's *herberw*, and the Yankee pronunciation 'willer.'

4. '*ca*n.' Ben Jonson, following Mulcaster, whom indeed he ever closely copies, distinguishes *a* short from *a* long by calling the former flat and the latter sharp.[2] Wallis describes the present sound in an unmistakable manner.[3] It may be safe to assume that the sound has not changed for three hundred years. In this case, it is a defect in Gil's system, that it does not distinguish between the *a* in 'cat' and that in 'cart.' This error is an easy one, for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary gives to 'grass,' 'dance,' etc. the sound of '*ca*rt,' while his smaller Dictionaries assign to the same words the sound of '*ca*t.' *Have* was sounded either long or short. *Shall* was sounded generally as at present, but sometimes with the *au* sound. *Than* was spelt and pronounced with an *e*.

5. '*E*nd.' This sound has undergone no perceptible change. *Any*[4] and *many*[5] had the sound of *a* short. *Friend*[6] had the sound of *i* short, and so generally had *yet*,[7] *yes*,[8] and *yesterday*.[9] These are now all Hibernicisms.

6. '*I*n.' Words to which we now give this sound had in general the same pronunciation in Shakespeare's day. *Women*,[10] *busy*,[11] and *breeches*[12] were sounded as at present. *Build* was pronounced either 'byūld,' 'bīld,' 'bo͞old,' 'bĭld,' or 'beeld,' according to Gil.[13] *Y* or *ie* at the end of a word had indifferently its present sound, or that of the long diphthongal *i*.

Long Vowels. 1. '*oo*ze.' This sound we derive from the Saxons, and it has been in the language ever since. Wallis describes it accurately, and Baret remarks:—

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[1] Gil.
[2] B. Jonson, IX. 261; Mulcaster, Elem., p. 110.
[3] p. 8.
[4] Gil, p. 95.
[5] Ib., pp. 34, 39, 75, 87, 91, etc.
[6] Ib., pp. 69, 81, 90, 117, 139, etc.
[7] Ib., p. 10; Smith, fol. 18.
[8] Gil, pp. 149, 150; Smith, fol. 17, 18, 37.
[9] Gil, p. 77; Smith, fol. 17.
[10] Gil, p. 41.
[11] Ib., p. 91.
[12] Ib., p. 17.
[13] Ib., pp. 4, 19, 105, 111.

"But that which we call double *o*, (*oo*) I thinke in English is much mistaken, and abused. For how can *oo* have the name of *o*, when it chaungeth his sound (which is as it were his name) and doth degenerate into the nature and name of an other vowell? hop, hope, hoop. A diphthong, I thinke, it cannot be: for that no vowell can be compounded in a diphthong with itselfe. . . . . Some thinke such wordes should be rather written with *u*."[1]

As Mr. White says, the original use of a doubled vowel was the expression of the long, pure sound. This was one of the uses of the *oo* in 1530, for Palsgrave says of the French: —

"The soundyng of the *o*, which is most generall with them is lyke as we sounde *o* in these wordes in our tonge, 'a boore, a soore, a coore,' and such lyke, that is to say, lyke as the Italians sounde *o*, or they with us that sounde the latine tong aright."[2]

'Move,' 'tomb,' 'prove,' 'lose,' 'do,'[3] and 'two,'[4] were sounded as at present. And 'who' was called '*whoe*'[5] the *w* being sounded.

2. 'herd.' A difference seems to have existed between the sounds of 'fur' and 'fir,' for Coote tells us that 'durt,' 'gurt,' 'hur,' 'sur,' in place of 'dirt,' 'girth,' 'her,' and 'sir,' were a part of "the barbarous speech of your country-people." So with Wallis, *ter ter* is different from *turtur*, and *iter* from *itur*. This was owing to the distinctly consonantal pronunciation of the *r*. 'Heard' is pronounced 'hārd' by Gil, but 'hărd' by Baret, Coote, and others. 'Worm,' 'work,' 'word,' 'worth,' 'worse,' were pronounced 'wŏŏrm,' etc.

3. 'dance,' 'd*au*nt,' 'd*aw*n.' These three vowels, which, in Mulcaster's phrase, "entermedle with each other" so much, will be conveniently considered under one head. Indeed, the three words given as their representatives all had the same vowel-sound in 1600. The sound 'd*au*nt' did not exist unless in such words as 'car'; for *father*,[6] *rather*,[7] and *water*[8] (in the last century 'wahter') took the sound of long *a*, while *aunt*, *daunt*, *calf*, *half*, etc. had the vowel of 'd*aw*n.'[9] Words now

[1] Alvearie, *sub lit.* O.
[2] p. 7.
[3] Gil, pp. 50, 53; Smith, fol. 42.
[4] Gil, pp. 13, 37, 70, 89; Smith, fol. 12, 24.
[5] Smith, fol. 20; Gil, *passim*.
[6] Gil, pp. 76, 80, 81.
[7] Or *răther*, Gil, pp. 121, 122.
[8] Sometimes *wăter* and even *wauter*, Gil, 10, 23, 24, 38, 69, 81, 118.
[9] Gil, Preface.

sounded like 'dance' had indifferently the *a* of 'fat' and 'fall.'[1]

What, then, was the sound of *au* which belonged to all these words? The grammars will tell us that it was that of the French and German *a*. Here follow a few citations, with dates and authors prefixed.

1633. *Ben Jonson.* "When [*a*] comes before *l* in the end of a syllable, it obtaineth the full French sound, and is uttered with the mouthe and throate wide opened and the tongue bent back from the teeth."

1653. *Wallis.* "Neither do the *Germans* alone, but the *French* and some other nations most commonly pronounce their *a* with the same sound." — p. 6.

1673. *Festeau* says that the French pronounce their *a* like the English *aw*. (p. 7.)

1698. *Berault.* "A se prononce encore comme en Français quand il est fermé par une ou deux consones: Example. *Fal*, gras; *mad*, enragé; *all*, tout; *call*, appelle." — p. 214.

It is established, then, that our *au* and the French *a* were nearly enough alike to be described as equivalent. The next step is to obtain some further information respecting the French *a*, and here we shall find that though the resemblance to the English *au* is still perceived, yet that, aside from that statement, the grammarians, after the year 1700, tell a very different story from those previous to that date. Thus: —

1710. "Les Anglois donnent quelquefois à *oi* le son de *ai* comme *toil*." De la Touche, L'Art de bien Parler Français, (Amsterdam, 9th ed.,) Vol. I. p. 44. Here French *a* is made equivalent to our *o* short.

1745. "A is pronounced as in English in these words, War, that, tall; as academie, Academy; abattre, to pull down, &c. they must always be pronounced full and plain, as *aw*." — Taudon, French Grammar, 4th ed. p. 1.

1767. "*a* in *Water* is commonly pronounced like the French *a*, or English *aw*; in *Father*, and the last syllable of *Papa*, *Mamma*, it has a medium sound between *aw* and the English *a*." — Sharp on the English Pronunciation, p. 5.

1784. "It is the legitimate sound of the long *a* in the French language; but I do not know that it is to be met with at all in the Italian." — Nares on Orthoëpy, p. 7.

[1] Mulcaster, pp. 128, 129, 137; Gil, Preface. The following is from Coote: — "*Robert.* What spelleth *b, r, a, n, c, h*? *John.* Branch. *Robert.* Nay, but you should put in (*u*). *John.* That skilleth not, for both ways be usuall."

We thus see that, after 1700, the French *a* was not the Italian *a*, but was the *o* in 'toil,' or *fully and plainly* aw. Now let us consult a few of the older grammarians.

1530. "The soundyng of *a* whiche is most generally used through out the frenche tonge, is . . . . . lyke as the Italians sound *a*, or they with us that pronounce the latine tonge aryght.

"If *m* or *n* folowe next after *a* in a frenche worde, all in one syllable, than *a* shall be sounded lyke this diphthong *au*, and something in the noose, as these wordes *ámbre*, *chámbre*, *mandér*, *amánt*, *tant*, *parlánt*, *regardánt*, shall in redynge and spekynge be sounded *aumbre*, *chaumbre*, *maunder*, &c." — Palsgrave, p. 2.

And on the next page he lets us know what this Italian *a* is: —

"If *m* or *n* folowe next after *e* all in one syllable, than *e* shall be sounded lyke an Italian *a* and some thynge in the noose." — p. 3.

1623. "A is sounded plainly with opening the mouth, as in Latine, French, and Italian, as in English man, can, so in Spanish manada, ensalada." — Rich. Percival, Spanish Grammar affixed to the Dictionary, edited by Minsheu.

1650. "A in the *English* Toung, and in no other, hath two differing sounds, the one open and cleer, as *Balaâm*, the other pressing and as it were halfe-mouth'd and mincingly, as *Stale Ale;* In French 't is alwaies pronounced as in the first, cleer and ouvert." — Cotgrave's Dictionary, by Howell.

It is true that Strong (1698), E. Coles (1701), and Bailey (2d ed. 1733) say that *Baal* and *Bawl* are pronounced alike, but this proves but little with regard to Balaam; and is it probable that, with *Bawl*, &c. directly in his path, Cotgrave would have sought out an uncommon proper noun to illustrate the French sound, unless he had perceived that it answered his purpose better?

1660. "*Of the Pronunciation of the Netherdutch Letters.* *a* is pronounced more fully and broader than ours, as the French *a* with an open mouth, or as *ah* in English." — Hexham's Dictionary.

There are three reasons for thinking that Hexham here meant to give the French *a* nearly its present sound. The first is, that he refers to the French *a with an open mouth* as though he wished to distinguish it from some other sound of *a* in French. This can only mean the nasal sound (which is even now pronounced *aw*, though some of the modern grammars do not say so). But this would not differ from the ordinary *a* if

the latter was *aw;* therefore the orthoëpy must have been like that of Palsgrave's time. The second reason is, that this French *a* is made equivalent to our interjection *Ah!* Is it credible that this was ever *aw*? Thirdly, it is said to equal the Dutch *a*. For the sound of that see Sewel's Wegwyzer, 1705: "In some words, however, *a* in English is pronounced nearly as in Dutch; as, *Man*, *animal*, *bastard*, *singular*, *particular*, *mutual*, ... *apply*, *arrest*, *assist*, &c." (p. 8.)

1690. "A is the most open of the letters, as well as the simplest and the easiest to pronounce; whence it comes that it is with this that children begin to form sounds."—Pomey's Royal French Dictionary.

We have now collected authorities of every generation, from 1600 to 1800, and from them we conclude: — 1. That in the time of Henry VIII. the French *a* was pronounced as it is now. 2. That as we advance into the seventeenth century, the statement that it is pronounced '*d*aunt' is less and less distinctly enunciated, and its equivalency to the English *aw* is more frequently noticed. 3. That from 1700 until after the Revolution, it was pronounced '*d*awn.' But what conclusion shall we draw respecting the English *au*, which the grammarians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries alike concur in representing to be the same as the French *a*? The inference that it also changed, and that at the same time as the French *a*, would be preposterously improbable. For inferring a change at any other time sufficient reason is wanting. We must, therefore, endeavor to explain our facts on the presumption that its sound underwent no change. Now this can only be done by supposing that the French *a*, from 1620 to 1690, represented such a sound as might at once be described as 'daunt' and be made equivalent to '*d*awn.' Such a sound is, perhaps, given to 'b*a*lm' in Georgia and Alabama. Soon after 1690 it took another step in the same direction as that which was taken after the wars of the Huguenots, perhaps, and now bore no resemblance to the *a* in *father*. It appears, however, that this change had not struck completely into the provinces, for, as the Revolution gradually passed off, this orthoëpy also died out, and left the pronunciation as it was during the reign of Francis I. If we accept this theory, our conclusion respecting

the English *aw* will be that it was always pronounced as at present.

The '*d*aunt' sound we have always had in English in a few such words as '*c*ar' and '*st*ar'; probably also in one mode of pronouncing *dance*, *France*, &c.; but its present use in *daunt*, *aunt*, *father*, and others arose between 1660 and 1737, when Saxon[1] first states that the *u* in *aunt* is silent. The remarkable absence of original grammars during the fourscore years before the last date renders it difficult to assign any particular period to this change,[2] but it is natural to think that it took place after the Revolution, when many new customs arose, and when other vowels altered their sound. Still later, and in fact very recently, the sound we give to words like *dance* branched off from that of 'daunt,' and now the prevalent vulgarism is to call *dance* like 'damsel'; in all which stages one tendency of growth is manifest, — 1. '*d*awn,' 2. '*d*aunt,' 3. '*d*ance,' 4. '*d*amsel.'

4. '*A*le,' '*a*ir.' *A* long had a sound nearly like '*a*le.' A single extract will suffice to show this. It is from "An Introductorie for to lerne to rede, to pronounce, and to speke the French trewly," 1532, by Giles Du Guez, the tutor of Queen Mary Tudor.

"Ye shal pronounce your *a*, as wyde open mouthed as ye can; your *e*, as ye do in Latyn, almost as brode as ye pronounce your *a* in englysshe."[3]

A in '*A*le,' as now sounded, ends with a very short *i* sound, as *o* in '*o*ld' does with a *oo* sound; and it is an important but difficult question to determine whether this vanish existed or was invariably used in Shakespeare's day. Gil uses three characters in places where we sound '*a*le'; they are, ā, ai, āi. The two latter, which are used indifferently where the *a* is followed by an *i* or *y* in common spelling, he regards as diph-

[1] English Schollar's Assistant, 2d ed., p. 10.

[2] Sewel (Korte Wegwyzer, p. 8) gives the sound of *particular* to *water*, *was*, and *altar*, and the sound of '*dawn*' to *aunt*, *daunt*, *August*. Strong (Perfect School Master, 1698) gives the '*dawn*' sound to Draught, Haunt, Laugh, Taunt, Vaunt (p. 35). In his table of words of like sound he has "*Walter* came by *Water*" (p. 56). But he makes *aunt* different from *ant*. These authorities are not sufficient to fix the date.

[3] Same vol. as Palsgrave.

thongs. And in speaking of the peculiarities of the Lincolnshire speech he says, "*In ai, abjiciunt i, ut pro* pai *solvo*, pā; *pro* sai *dico*, sā." [1] This shows that he really distinguished the sound of *pale* and *pail*, *pain* and *pane*, *gait* and *gate*. Sir Thomas Smith's remarks are even more explicit; thus: —

"The consideration of the diphthongs follows the vowels. Now a diphthong is any sound compounded of two vowels: as AI, *pai*, *dai*, *wai*, *mai*, *lai*, *say*, *esai*, *tail*, *fail*, *fāin*, *pain*, *disdain*, *claim*, *plai*, *arai*. In these both letters are short among more cultivated speakers. The country-folk produce a dense, odious, and too greasy sound, by sounding both vowels, or at least the latter one, long. *Pāi*, *dāi*, *wāi*, *māi*, *lāi*. So those who pronounce these words very delicately, young ladies especially, exhibit plainly the Roman diphthong *æ*. *Æ Latin diphthong*. *Pæ*, *dæ*, *wæ*, *mæ*, *læ*. Scotch and some Transtrentane English pronounce these words with the improper Greek diphthong ᾳ, so that neither *a* nor *e* is heard, unless very obscurely. *A, improper Greek diphthong*. *Pā*, *dā*, *wā*, *mā*, *lā*." [2]

There was then a decided difference between *ai* and *a*. Had, then, the latter a diphthongal termination as now? Sir Thomas Smith, speaking of the relation of *mad* and *lad* to *made* and *lade*, says: —

"It is certain that there is no difference between these words except in the length and shortness of the vowel, as any one who is willing to listen and consult his ears, unless his are more ἀμούσας than those of an ass, can readily understand." [3]

And Wallis, whose knowledge of phonetics is not to be questioned, says: —

"With the larger opening is formed the *a* of the English, that is, *a* thin, such as is heard in the words, *bat*, *bate*, *pal*, *pall*, *Sam*, *same*, *lamb*, *lame*, *ban*, *bane*, etc. This sound differs from the German *â* thick or open; in that the English raise the middle of the tongue, and thereby compress the air in the Palate; while the Germans depress the middle of the tongue, and thereby compress the air in the throat. The French almost give *that* sound where *e* precedes the letter *n* in the same syllable, as *entendement*, &c. The Welsh are accustomed to pronounce their *a* with *this* sound." [4]

Now the Welsh *a* is 'cat' when short, and when long the

[1] p. 17. [2] fol. 14, *et seq.* [3] fol. 10. [4] p. 8.

same elongated without a vanish, or nearly '*ca*re.' There was then no vanish to the long *a*, and *ai* was a true diphthong, more resembling our *a* long than our *i* long. *Ea* had a peculiar pronunciation, which we shall presently consider.

5. '*o*ld,' '*o*re.' Having seen that *a* wanted the vanish, we are ready to believe that the same was the case with *o*, since we find the old phonotypists indicating it. There was, besides, the diphthong *ou*, formed of the long *o* and *u*, which was heard in all those words in which *ou* and *ow* are now sounded '*o*ld,' and also wherever *o* long was followed by *l;* this sound must have been the same with which the Irish now pronounce the word '*bold.*' *Court* was pronounced *cōōrt.*[1] *Door*,[2] *quoth*,[3] *shew*,[4] *pour*,[5] were sounded exactly as spelt, the last word differing only from 'power' in spelling.

6. '*E*ve,' '*e*er.' There can be no doubt that this sound was heard in almost all the words where it now occurs, including 'people'[6] and '-shire'[7] in combination, for Gil gives to all these words the long sound of the short *i*. The principal exceptions were words in *ea*, several in *ei*, *Cæsar*,[8] *cedar*,[9] *equal*,[10] *fierce*,[11] *Grecian*,[12] *interfere*,[13] *these*,[14] etc., which had the peculiar sound of *ea*.

The sound of ea. It was a great puzzle to Mr. White, when considering rhymes and puns, to decide whether *ea* was sounded like long *a* or double *e*. Mr. Marsh, looking at the grammars,

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[1] Gil, 22. So *courteous*, p. 67, *courtesy*, p. 82. With reference to the distinction between *o* and *ou*, Mr. White quotes Shakespeare's "Not on thy soale: but on thy soule, harsh Jew," and argues from this that the two words were pronounced alike. What does the reader say to this inference? Will some future antiquarian apply the same reasoning to Hood's lines on the learned pig?

"Of what avail that I could spell
And read just like my betters,
If I must come to this at last,
To litters, not to letters?"

[2] Gil, p. 95; Smith, fol. 24. But the present pronunciation also existed. Gil, pp. 118, 122.

[3] Or '*koth.*' Gil, p. 64.

[4] Gil, pp. 12, 98.

[5] Also like '*poor.*' Gil, p. 21; Smith, fol. 43.

[6] Gil, pp. 21, 22, 41, 78.

[7] Ib., 70, 81, etc.

[8] Or with *e* short. Gil, pp. 43, 78, 82.

[9] Ib., 105.

[10] Ib., 84.

[11] Ib., 99.

[12] Ib., 73, 74.

[13] Ib., 33.

[14] Ib., 13, 14, 45, and Wallis quoted below.

at once discovered that it was neither one nor the other, but an intermediate sound, like the *e* in *met*, prolonged. This view is sustained by the following extract from Wallis: —

"In the same place, also, but with a *middling* opening of the mouth, is formed the *é* masculine of the French: which sound the English, Italians, Spanish, give to this letter; a vivid and sharp sound. It is a sound intermediate between the preceding vowel and that which is to follow [*ā* in *pane* with a *greater* opening, and *ee* with a *less* opening of the mouth]. This sound the English express by *e*, and when long not infrequently by *ea*, and sometimes *ei*. As *the, there, these, sell, seal, tell, teal, steal, set, seat, best, beast, red, read* (lego), *receive, deceive*, &c."[1]

Many words in *ea*, which now receive the short sound, in Shakespeare's day were long. Of these we have noted the following: *bread*,[2] *deadly*,[3] *death*,[4] *deaf*,[5] *dread*,[6] *heavy*,[7] *lead* (the metal),[8] *meant*,[9] *pleasant*,[10] *pleasure*,[11] *spread* (present tense),[12] *sweat* (present tense),[13] *threat*,[14] *weapon*.[15] The following were pronounced both ways: *dead*,[16] *health*,[17] *heaven*,[18] *ready*,[19] *sweat* (noun),[20] *thread*,[21] *tread*,[22] *treasure*.[23] The following were, as now, short: *breadth*,[24] *breast*,[25] *breath*,[26] *cleanly*,[27] *cleanse*,[28] *endeavor*,[29] *feather*,[30] *head*,[31] *leads* (noun

[1] p. 9.

[2] Gil, pp. 24, 37, 73; Smith, fol. 11, 41. So Coote also.

[3] Butler's Feminine Monarchy, p. 20. Butler evidently distinguishes between *ea* short and *ea* long, for his spelling is uniform and consistent with Gil's.

[4] Gil, pp. 12, 116, 118, 119, 122; Butler, pp. 13, 15, 20, 22, 24, etc.

[5] Smith, fol. 24.

[6] Butler, p. 129.

[7] Gil, p. 119; Butler, p. 43.

[8] Butler, pp. 43, 44.

[9] Butler, p. 51.

[10] Ib., pp. 27, 51, 76, 160.

[11] Gil, pp. 89, 144; Butler, pp. 19, 24, 46, 55, 104, etc.

[12] Butler, pp. 90, 118.

[13] Smith, fol. 20; Gil, pp. 48, 111.

[14] Gil, pp. 99.

[15] Butler, pp. 8, 60.

[16] So says Gil, *errata;* Smith, fol. 24, has it long; Butler, p. 50, has it long, but in pp. 3, 4, 5, 9, 24, etc. has it short.

[17] Long, Gil, p. 21. Short, Butler, p. 138.

[18] Long, Gil, pp. 22, 99, 118, 121. Short, ib., pp. 23, 24, 98, 110.

[19] Long, Butler, p. 150. Short, Gil, pp. 84, 93; Butler, pp. 4, 15, 18, 32, 36, etc. See also White's Shakespeare, XII. p. 427.

[20] Long, Butler, p. 58. Short, Smith, fol. 20.

[21] Long, Smith, fol. 38. Short, Butler, pp. 35, 37, 41, 91, 92, etc.

[22] Long, Smith, fol. 38; Butler, pp. 81, 89. Short, Butler, pp. 117, 118, 119.

[23] Long, Gil, p. 126. Short, ib., p. 77.

[24] Butler, pp. 13, 18, 43, 44.

[25] Gil, pp. 104, 127; Butler, pp. 9, 15, 122.

[26] Gil, p. 125; Butler, pp. 11, 136.

[27] Butler, p. 64.

[28] Ib., pp. 53, 84.

[29] Ib., p. 49.

[30] Ib., pp. 6, 9, 154, 157.

[31] Smith, fol. 41; Gil, pp. 27, 38, 103, 104; Butler, pp. 5, 7, 9, 10, 13, 23, etc.

plural),[1] *leather*,[2] *read* (past),[3] *Reading*,[4] *spread* (past),[5] *sweat* (past),[6] *wealth*,[7] *weather*.[8] Several words now written *ear* had then the sound of *eer;* they were, *appear*,[9] *clear*,[10] *year*,[11] and sometimes *near* [12] and *rear*.[13] Consequently these words did not rhyme with the following: *bear* (noun and verb),[14] *fear*,[15] *hear*,[16] *tear* (verb).[17] *Instead* was often called 'insteed.' [18] *Heard* had the sound 'hare,' [19] and *heart* was pronounced as at present.[20] When *ea* is found rhymed with *ai*, it is owing to a common mispronunciation of the latter diphthong noticed by Gil. The *ei* in *receive*, *deceive*, etc. was a diphthong in Gil's time; it was used interchangeably with *ai*, as both Smith and Mulcaster observe. The latter says: —

"*Ai*, is the man's dipthong, and soundeth full: *ei*, the woman's, and soundeth finish in the same both sense, and use; a woman is deintie, and feinteth soon; the man fainteth not, bycause he is nothing daintie." [21]

DIPHTHONGS. 1. '*I*ce,' '*i*re.' It is the characteristic peculiarity of English speech, that all transition from one note or tone to another is made, not by a sudden change, but by what in *pitch* is called a slide. Accordingly, none of our diphthongs are combinations of two vowels, but run from the first sound to the last through an infinite number of gradations. '*I*ce', according to this view, instead of being *ah-ee*, is more

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[1] Butler, p. 23. [2] Ib., p. 10.
[3] Smith, fol. 11; Gil, pp. 48, 52, 117; Butler, pp. 16, 137.
[4] Butler, p. 35.
[5] Gil, p. 106; Butler, pp. 92, 95, 97, 109, 148.
[6] Gil, p. 48.
[7] Gil, pp. 39, 77, 85, 87, 89; Butler, pp. 2, 20, 138, 139, 141.
[8] Butler, pp. 2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 15, 16, etc.
[9] Gil, pp. 87, 94; Butler, pp. 13, 15, 16, 23, 51, etc.
[10] Butler, pp. 160, 161.
[11] Ib., pp. 23, 29, 30, 31, 32, etc.
[12] *Ea* sound, Gil, pp. 34, 104. *Ee* sound, Gil, p. 84; Butler, pp. 14, 18, 28, 30, 34, etc.
[13] *Ea* sound, Smith, fol. 30; Butler, pp. 29, 42, 47, 86, 97. *Ee* sound, Butler, p. 87.
[14] Gil, p. 50; Butler, pp. 54, 139.
[15] Gil, pp. 20, 22, 98, 99, 109, etc.; Butler, pp. 15, 29, 48, 65, 84, etc.
[16] Gil, p. 27; Butler, pp. 14, 15, 114.
[17] Smith, fol. 30; Gil, p. 107; Butler, p. 119.
[18] Butler, pp. 5, 8, 18, 144. Gil, however, gives it the long sound of *ea*, p. 103.
[19] Gil, pp. 21, 23, 80; Butler, p. 150; White's Shakespeare, XII. 427.
[20] Gil, pp. 21, 23, 24, 79, 99, 119; Butler, pp. 15, 25, 33, 150.
[21] p. 119.

nearly *ah*, *up*, *err*, *end*, *in*, *eve*.[1] But it is not to be supposed that any abrupt change was made from the Saxon *i* long to this very complex combination. It is more rational to suppose that the sound grew up by insensible gradations somewhat in this way:—

1. *eve*;
2. *in*-*eve*;
3. *end*-*in*-*eve*;
4. *err*-*end*-*in*-*eve*;
5. *up*-*err*-*end*-*in*-*eve*;
6. *ah*-*up*-*err*-*end*-*in*-*eve*.

The grammars do not afford us that full and exact information which we should desire upon so interesting a subject; but it would seem that in the time of Palsgrave the change from *eve* to *ice* was but half completed.

"*I*, in the frenche tong," says this author, "hath II dyverse maners of soundynges": (1.) "Like as the Italians sounde *i*, whiche is almost as we sound *e* in these wordes: 'a bee, a flie; a beere, for a deed corps; a peere, a felowe; a fee, a rewarde'; a litell more soundynge towardes *i*, as we sounde *i* with us." (2.) "If *i* be the first letter in a frenche worde, or the laste, he shall, in those two places, be sounded lyke as we do this letter *y* in these wordes with us, 'by and by, a spye, a flye, awry,' and suche other, as in *ymage*, *converty*, *ydole*, *estourdy*, in whiche the *y* hath suche sounde as we wolde gyve hym in our tonge."

"I reken *ui* also among the dipththonges in the frenche tong, whiche, whan they come to gether, shalle have suche a sounde in frenche wordes as we gyve hym in these wordes in our tong: 'a swyne, I dwyne, I twyne'; so that these wordes, *aguyser*, *aguyllon*, *conduyre*, *deduyre*, *aujourdhuy*, *meshuy*, and all suche lyke shall sounde theyr *u* and *i* shortly together, as we do in our tong in the wordes I have gyven example of, and nat eche of them distinctly by hymselfe."[2]

The unmistakable drift of these citations is to the effect that '*ice*' was pronounced like *i* in 'wind,' or perhaps '*end*-*in*-*eve*.' During the next half-century the pronunciation underwent a further change, as is evident from Mulcaster's 'remarks upon 'wind' and 'kind' quoted below.

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[1] Mr. J. Jennison in Hillard's Reader

[2] Palsgrave, pp. xviii, 6, and 16.

Some phonotypists in the time of Baret thought that *ei* should take the place of long *i;* but Gil says that *i* long differed slightly from *ei* (that is, probably, '*err-in*'); and because *i* long had a sharper sound than this combination, he adopted into his system the character *j* as its representative.[1] Wallis regards '*ice*' as compounded of French *e* feminine, that is, *e* in 'stranger,' and *i* short, pronounced like the Greek *ei*, and almost like *ai* in the French words 'main' and 'pain.'[2] This description may not appear strange when the process by which 'point' came to be pronounced 'pint' is explained. The analysis of '*ice*' by Wallis may be thought to be that of numbers four or five in our table, but it is not to be asserted that this is or is not the case. It may be doubted whether Shakespeare pronounced this sound like ourselves; but, until stronger evidence is produced than that of Gil and Wallis, we should hardly be justified in believing that its pronunciation has become essentially changed since 1600. Even at this day so excellent an orthoëpist as Smart is confident that '*ur-i*' is the true analysis of *i* long. This resolution differs but little from that of Wallis.

'Mice,' 'lice,' and 'kine' were pronounced as now; but Jonson informs us that the old sounds 'meece,' &c., were also allowable.[3] The Palsgravian pronunciation of '*ice*,' in words where the *i* is now sounded long, appears to have been confined, with Mulcaster, to a few words ending in *nd*. "*Wind*, *find*, *bind*," he laconically remarks, "and with the qualifying *e*, *kinde*, *finde*, &c."[4] So Coote, who, however, like Gil, preferred the longer pronunciation in all words of this class, not excepting 'wind.' "And some pronounce these words, *blind*, *find*, *behind*, short: others *blinde*, *finde*, *behinde*, with *e*, long."[5]

'Height' and 'sleight' were pronounced 'hate' and 'slate' by Mulcaster, but by Gil as they are now. 'Eye' was also sounded like *I* by Gil, who, however, refers to Mulcaster's pronunciation, which was nearly that of *a* long.

2. '*oil*.' There were two different sounds of this diphthong

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[1] Logonomia, pp. 7 and 16

[2] Wallis, pp. 38 and 60.

[3] B. Jonson, p. 301.

[4] Elementarie, p. 133.

[5] Coote, p. 19.

in Shakespeare's day, the present sound and that of '*oo*il.' This duplicity of sound is thus referred to by Mulcaster: —

"Thirdlie, *oi*, the diphthong sounding upon the o, for difference sake, from the other, which soundeth upon the u, wold be written with a y, as *joy*, *anoy*, *toy*, *boy*, whereas *anoint*, *appoint*, *foil*, and such seme to have an u. And yet when, *i*, goeth before the diphthong, tho it sound upon the u, it were better oy, then oi, as *joynt*, *joyn*, which theie shall soon perceive, when theie mark the spede of their pen: likewise if oi with i, sound upon the o, it maie be noted for difference from the other sound, with the streight accent."[1]

Mulcaster, therefore, in the system of orthography in which his work is written, the most marked characteristic of which is the employment of *e* in place of *ee*, places a straight or acute accent upon *oi*, or rather *oy*, sounded upon the *o* in this position. While treating of the proper diphthongs, Gil, in confirmation of Mulcaster, remarks: "Sometimes we indifferently foist ū in the place of o before i. For we say toil or tūil, broil or brūil, soil or sūil."[2]

During the thirty-four years which intervened between the publication of Gil's and Wallis's Grammars, the '*oo*ze' sound in '*o*il' shortened into '*u*p'; and we are instructed by the latter author, that in *oi*, sometimes *o* short, as in 'boy,' and sometimes *o* or *u* obscure, as in 'oil' or 'ŭyl,' 'toil' or 'tŭyl,' is the first part of the combination.[3] This pronunciation soon degenerated into that of *i* long, the almost universal orthoëpy for nearly a century. Even as late as 1784 Nares says: "The banished diphthong seems at length to be upon its return; for there are many who are now hardy enough to pronounce *boil* exactly as they do *toil*, and *join* like *coin*."[4]

3. '*ou*t.' The combination *ou* is said by the old grammars to have had two sounds. One might, perhaps, be so hasty as to make the same remark now, though in fact it has seven, — '*tou*ch,' '*trou*gh,' '*ou*ght,' '*grou*p,' '*sho*uld,' '*mo*uld,' and '*thou*.' The sounds it most frequently had are spoken of in the following quotations from Palsgrave and Mulcaster: —

"*Ou* in the frenche tong shalbe sounded lyke as the Italians sounde this vowell *u*, or they with us that sounde the latine tong aright, that is

[1] Elementarie, pp. 117, 118.
[2] Logonomia, p. 15.
[3] Wallis, pp. 37, 63.
[4] Elements of Orthoëpy, p. 74.

to say, almost as we sounde hym in these words, 'a cowe, a mowe, a sowe,' as *oultre*, *soundayn*, *oublier:* and so of suche other."[1]

"O is a letter of as great uncertaintie in our tung, as e, is of direction both alone in vowell, and combined in diphthong. The cause is, for that in vowell it soundeth as much upon the u, which is his cosin, as upon the ó, which is his naturall, as in *còsen*, *dòsen*, *mòther*, which o, is still naturallie short, and, *hósen*, *frósen*, *móther*, which o, is naturallie long. In the diphthong it soundeth more upon the, u, then upon the, o, as in *found*, *wound*, *cow*, *sow*, *bow*, *how*, *now*, and *bów*, *sów*, *wróught*, *óught*, *mów*, *tróugh*."[2]

An acute accent placed upon the last six words indicates that they were sounded on the *o*. Sounding upon the *u* in all cases in Mulcaster means sounding *oo*, whether long or short. In another passage he says, "*Hoop*, *coop*. If custom had not won this, why not ou? . . . . . *Houl*, *coul*, *skoul*. Why not as well with oo?"[3] It would appear from these quotations, that in 1582 *ow* was pronounced like *oo*. There are several puns in Shakespeare, as that of 'fowl' and 'fool,' which depend upon this identity in sound.

Jonson copies Mulcaster; Gil says: —

"We place before the vowel u, either o short as in bound, sound, or; or ō long, as in blōun, thrōun. So a bou *bough* differs from a bōu *bowe*, and a boul from a bōul *bowle*."

That this language can only be construed as teaching a pronunciation different from that of Mulcaster is made still more evident by Gil's mode of spelling certain words regarded by Wallis as exceptions to the general sound of *ou*, as yū for you, yūr for your, wūnd for wound, cūrt for court, cūld for could, &c.

Wallis seems to contradict both Mulcaster and Gil; he says: —

"*Ou* and *ow* are pronounced with an obscure sound; to wit, a sound composed of *o* or *u* obscure and *w*. As *house*, *mouse*."

This is not an accurate description of the present sound, but what is intended must be left to others to determine.

4. '*u*se, *u*re.' The pronunciation of '*u*se' is described with some unanimity, as that of the French *u*, as indeed it may well

[1] Palsgrave, p. 15.
[2] Elementarie, p. 115.
[3] Ibid., p. 136.

have been once ; but that certainly was not its sound in Shakespeare's day, for Baret describes it in terms of more than ordinary clearness as being a diphthong compounded of *e* and *u*. Palsgrave mentions two sounds of *eu*, one occurring in "adewe, ashewe, afewe," the other in "trewe, glew, rewe, amewe." Most of the latter words afterwards changed their spelling. Gil has *eu* with short *e*, and *ēu* with long *e*. The latter occurs infrequently, as in *few*, *ewe*, *ewer*, *sewer*. The former *eu* differed from *u* in '*u*se,' apparently in beginning with the vowel '*e*nd' instead of the consonant *y*. Wallis says : —

"*Eu*, *ew*, *eau* are sounded by *e* clear and *w*. As in *newter*, *few*, *beauty*. Still some pronounce them a little more sharply, as if written *niewter*, *fiew*, *biewty*, or *niwty*, *fiw*, *biwty*, especially in the words *new*, *knew*, *snew*. But the first pronunciation is more correct." [1]

The old pronunciation of the terminations 'rue' and 'ure' in unaccented syllables has been mooted by verbal critics. Gil is not uniform. He spells 'scripture' and 'venture' respectively 'scriptur' and 'venter,' but to 'creature,' 'measure,' 'nature,' and 'treasure' he assigns their present sound, representing their *u* by v, the character in his alphabet which stands for *u* in 'use.' Mulcaster, on the other hand, classes 'future' with such words as 'writer' and spells it 'futer.' He also writes 'conjectur,' 'conjur,' 'creatur,' 'figur,' 'measur,' 'misconster,' 'natur,' 'nurtur,' 'pastur,' 'pictur,' 'scriptur,' 'statur,' 'treasur,' and 'ventur.' With this catalogue, flattering to Yankee lips, we end our account of the olden orthoëpy.

[1] Wallis, p. 63.

ART. III. — 1. *The United States Sanitary Commission. A Sketch of its Purposes and its Work. Compiled from Documents and Private Papers.* Published by Permission. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1863. 16mo. pp. xiii. and 299.

2. *The Sanitary Commission Bulletin.* pp. 32. New York, 1st and 15th of each Month.

3. *The Sanitary Reporter.* pp. 8. Louisville, Ky., 1st and 15th of each Month.

4. *Sanitary Commission Documents*, from No. 1 to No. 78.

5. *Medical Papers of the Sanitary Commission*, from A to S.

IT has been well said by Sir James M'Grigor, the distinguished physician-in-chief of Wellington's forces in the Peninsular campaign, that "the efficiency of an army must ever depend upon the state of health of the corps which compose it." In this light, military hygiene takes rank with the tactics and strategy of good generalship, and war becomes scarcely less a problem of sanitary science than of soldierly valor and strategic skill.

Every great campaign furnishes fresh testimony upon this subject, and proves how true it is that "the history of war can no longer be confined to bare details of the plans of battles and the manœuvres of armies," but that "we must refer to other elements, and principally to the sanitary condition of troops, as the causes of our victories or the reasons for our disasters." * These are considerations of momentous importance in the present great war.

Our hastily organized armies for the suppression of the rebellion unquestionably present the largest and most important field that the history of the world has yet afforded for the practical elucidation of the utility and the varied applications of sanitary science as a life-saving and conservative power in active military operations; and we may justly claim as one of the important elements of our military success, and as one of the most Christian and impressive features of our terrible

* The British Army and Miss Nightingale. By Charles Shrimpton, M. D., late Surgeon-Major in the French Army. London: Bailliere Brothers. 1864.

struggle, that this science, in its broadest and most humane applications, has been directly brought to bear upon the Federal forces during the entire period of the war.

In a former paper an outline of the plan and purposes of the United States Sanitary Commission was given, and some of the leading facts relating to its origin, principles, and early struggles were set forth. In the following pages we propose to unfold the scheme of its operations, and to examine into the nature, methods, and results of its labors with reference to their relations to the national cause and the people's concern in it, and also with reference to the influence of these labors upon sanitary science and its humane objects.

The special committee of delegates that procured the ordering and organization of the Sanitary Commission was sent to the national capital by volunteer associations that were engaged in preparing the means of succor and aid to victims of disease and wounds, and it was plainly the purpose of those delegates to make the consideration of *preventive sanitary measures* paramount to all questions of *relief*. This fact was illustrated by the official Order which the committee secured from General Scott, at their very first interview at Washington, requiring a reinspection of the volunteer regiments for the purpose of eliminating worthless elements that would only impede military operations and crowd the hospitals.

In what manner and to what extent the idea, purpose, and plan of forecasting and preventive concern and humane succor for the sick and wounded of the army were combined in the counsels that gave birth to the Sanitary Commission, is well illustrated in the following statement, which was presented to the Secretary of War by the committee of delegates in their preliminary address on the day of their first assembling in Washington. This statement clearly foreshadows a scheme of preventive sanitary service and direct relief, which those delegates designed should be commensurate with the claims of humanity and the advanced civilization and science of the age.

"The present is essentially a people's war. The hearts and minds, the bodies and souls, of the whole people, and of both sexes, throughout the loyal States, are in it. . . . .

"Convinced by inquiries made here of the practical difficulty of reconciling the aims of their own and numerous similar associations in other cities with the regular workings of the Commissariat and the Medical Bureau, and yet fully persuaded of the importance to the country, and the success of the war, of bringing such an arrangement about, the undersigned respectfully ask that a mixed commission of civilians, distinguished for their philanthropic experience and acquaintance with sanitary matters, of medical men, and of military officers, be appointed by the government, who shall be charged with the duty of investigating the best means of methodizing and reducing to practical service the already active, but undirected, benevolence of the people towards the army; who shall consider the general subject of the prevention of sickness and suffering among the troops, and suggest the wisest methods which the people at large can use to manifest their good-will towards the comfort, security, and health of the army.

"It must be well known to the Department of War that several such commissions *followed* the Crimean and Indian wars. The civilization and humanity of the age, and of the American people, demand that such a commission should *precede* our second war of independence,—more sacred than the first. We wish to prevent the evils that England and France could only investigate and deplore. This war ought to be waged in a spirit of the highest intelligence, humanity, and tenderness, for the health, comfort, and safety of our brave troops; and every measure of the government that shows its sense of this will be eminently popular, strengthen its hands, and redound to its glory at home and abroad."

Here we have the key to the whole theory of the organization and subsequent history of the Sanitary Commission. The plan was conceived, and has been prosecuted from the first in the interest of humanity and of the national cause; and in the fifty published documents which the Commission sent forth during the first six months of its existence, we find abundant evidence of the strength and clearness of the convictions and purposes of its members in their humane and patriotic work. The men who organized the Commission were deeply impressed with the fact that, "in times past, war has been conducted in more or less forgetfulness, sometimes in total oblivion, of the fact that the soldier is a mortal man, subject to all the ills following on wet and cold, want of shelter, bad food, excessive fatigue, bad water, intemperate habits, and foul air."

The commissioners infused into the plans of their service all that earnestness and directness of purpose which deep convictions and a definite knowledge of the importance and positive power of sanitary works could inspire. Like the British commission for revising the army medical system, they found that in our army regulations "no provision was made for systematically caring for the soldier's *health*, but only for his *sickness*." And, not forgetting the great improvements that the hospital system itself required, it was manifestly the duty of our army commission to take the view it did; namely, that it is the highest duty of the government, and of the Sanitary Commission as its voluntary aid and adviser, to employ all suitable means to preserve our volunteer armies from the ravages of *preventible* disease. Florence Nightingale and the Crimean commission found the British army in the East dying *from disease* at the rate of *sixty per cent*, or more than half the total force, per annum. They secured the ordering and enforcement of needed sanitary measures in the camps, the hospitals, and the administrative service of that shattered army; diseases fled, and the death rate was, during the last five months of the campaign, reduced to less than 12 per 1,000 (exactly 1.15 per cent), or more than *fifty-two times* less than before the introduction of sanitary reform. Fresh air, suitable food and clothing, cleanliness of person and quarters, and well-regulated habits, were the elements of that reform, and they are the fundamental elements of health and soldierly endurance in our own army. The Commission knew that the average annual death rate in armies in our former wars had been exceedingly high, and that an army of *volunteer* forces is most liable to fatal diseases. In the Mexican war, our volunteer forces lost, from disease alone, at the rate of 152 per 1,000 per annum, and the regulars at the rate of 81, from the same cause. In Wellington's entire campaign in the Peninsula, his losses from disease were 113 per 1,000 strength. In times of peace, our regular army lost annually at the rate of 26 per 1,000 strength; and the British infantry, serving at home, annually lost about 18 per 1,000 from disease, until Lord Herbert's great reforms were instituted; but by those reforms, which mainly consist in supplying fresh air and an improved diet, the annual loss

is reduced to about 8½ per 1,000 strength; and the entire loss in the British army during the past four years, from *all* diseases, is less than the annual loss previously from diseases of the *lungs only*.

The last official returns of sickness and mortality among the British forces present the best argument upon this subject. In Jamaica, the death rate from disease has fallen, since the recent reform was carried into effect, from 260 per 1,000 to 20; in Trinidad, from 106 to 0 (in 1860); in Barbadoes, from 58 to 6; in St. Lucia, from 122 to 1; in British Guiana, from 74 to 6; in Canada, from 16 to 10; in Nova Scotia, from 15 to 7; in Newfoundland, from 11 to 4; in Bermuda, from 28 to 8; in Gibraltar, from 11 to 7; in Malta, from 15 to 10; in Ionia, from 15 to 7.

In our vast armies of volunteers, the problems of sanitary science were to be wrought out as a national and patriotic work. The death rates of the Mexican campaign would imperil the national cause, and bring sorrow to every home in the land. Can the average sickness rate be kept at a minimum point? Can the average death rate from disease be reduced to a fraction of that which was registered in the Mexican war? This result the Commission believed possible. It was to be accomplished by *prevention* and by *succor*.

In the original scheme of organization of the United States Sanitary Commission, as presented to the Secretary of War on the 23d of May, 1861, a few days after its originators had presented their address to him, it was proposed that the general objects of the Commission should be "inquiry and advice in respect of the sanitary interests of the United States forces," with the design "to bring to bear upon the health, comfort, and *morale* of our troops the fullest and ripest teachings of sanitary science in its application to military life." This scheme of inquiry and advice, under the heads of, "1. *Materiel of the Volunteers*, 2. *Prevention*, 3. *Relief*," was to be developed and expanded as circumstances should require; and it was wisely suggested that the outlines of the plan should be so expansible as to conform to the exigencies of the coming war and its vast armies. Under the head of *Prevention*, it was stated: —

"The Commission would inquire with scientific thoroughness into the subject of Diet, Cooking, Cooks, Clothing, Tents, Camping-grounds, Transports, Transitory Depots, with their exposures, Camp Police, with reference to settling the question, how far the regulations of the army proper are or can be practically carried out among the volunteer regiments, and what changes or modifications are desirable from their peculiar character and circumstances. Everything appertaining to outfit, cleanliness, precautions against damp, cold, heat, malaria, infection, crude, unvaried, or ill-cooked food, and an irregular or careless regimental commissariat, would fall under this head."

Supplementary supplies and aid, wherever required by the wants of sick or disabled soldiers, were to constitute the branch of *Relief* in the Commission's scheme. Inquiries were to be made concerning

"the organization of military hospitals, general and regimental; . . . . the nature and sufficiency of hospital supplies; the method of obtaining and regulating all other extra supplies contributing to the comfort of the sick; the question of ambulances and field service, and of extra medical aid; and whatever else relates to the *care*, *relief*, or *cure* of the sick and wounded."

In short, the Commission's department of *Relief* was proposed for

"the organizing, methodizing, and reducing to serviceableness the vague, disproportioned, and haphazard benevolence of the public"; and "to secure uniformity of plans, and then proportion and harmony of action; and, finally, abundance of supplies in money and goods for such purposes as the laws do not and cannot provide."

Though the committee that originated and urged this scheme of humane and extra-official service had no thought of personally undertaking its complete elaboration and execution, a work in which they could not engage without great sacrifices of personal interests, yet, while urging and perfecting the plan, they became so determined and so absorbed in the work, that, when the Commission actually organized, it not only included the men who projected it, but its whole body at once became inspired with their spirit and purpose. Clothed with no other power than that which might result from their intelligence, faithfulness, and success in the discharge of their

duties of *inquiry* and *advice*, great effort was made to unite in the *personnel* of the Commission a suitable variety and excellence of scientific and administrative qualifications. Momentous duties pressed too closely to permit delay in the thorough organization and work of the Commission; so, after proper counsels and a few preliminary interviews, the Board organized and entered upon its work with the following members: Henry W. Bellows, President, New York; Prof. A. D. Bache, Vice-President, Washington; George T. Strong, Treasurer, New York; Fred. Law Olmsted, General Secretary, Washington; George W. Cullum, U. S. Army; Alexander E. Shiras, U. S. Army; Robert C. Wood, M.D., U. S. Army; William H. Van Buren, M.D., New York; Wolcott Gibbs, M.D., New York; Elisha Harris, M.D., New York; Samuel G. Howe, M.D., Boston; Cornelius R. Agnew, M.D., New York; J. S. Newberry, M.D., Cleveland, Ohio. Subsequently, in the progress of the work, the following names have been added: Rt. Rev. T. M. Clarke, Providence, R. I.; Hon. R. W. Burnett, Cincinnati; Hon. Mark Skinner, Chicago; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington; Horace Binney, Jr., Philadelphia; Rev. J. H. Heywood, Louisville, Ky.; J. Huntington Wolcott, Boston; Prof. Fairman Rogers, Philadelphia; C. J. Stillé, Philadelphia.

Immediately after its organization the Commission entered upon a series of protracted sessions, which continued, with brief interruptions, until late in the autumn of 1861. The preventive or strictly sanitary and scientific work of the Commission was the first to receive attention, and here was brought into full operation the organizing genius of Mr. F. L. Olmsted, who had fortunately been selected as the chief executive officer of the Board. Several members of the Commission engaged in special fields of inspection or inquiry, and a corps of sanitary inspectors of camps and hospitals was immediately set at work in a systematic manner, so that, at a session immediately after the battle of Bull Run, the Board examined reports of sanitary inspections that had been made in most of the regiments both before and subsequent to that disaster. The whole scheme of the Commission's preventive service appears to have received its final shape and force at that

period. Its inspectors were placed under special instructions, and sent throughout the lines of the army, and from them were daily received full and classified returns concerning the results of their observations and efforts in the camps and hospitals; a statistical bureau was organized and placed under the care of a skilled actuary; direct and earnest correspondence was opened with the chief military authorities, and with Governors of States; the munificent and homely gifts of the people for the comfort of their soldier-sons in hospitals were received, assorted, and systematically disbursed by methods approved by the Medical Department, and thus a system of *General Relief* was established. At the same time, the endeavors to mitigate by suitable means the personal sufferings and wants of sick, needy, and ignorant volunteers, under irregular circumstances, — circumstances sadly frequent, and a class of miserable and uncared-for sufferers painfully numerous in and about Washington and other great military centres after the first battles, — led to the establishment of a branch of *Special Relief*. From the current records and publications of the Commission it plainly appears that, early in the autumn of 1861, these various methods of service had become fully organized, and were operating harmoniously, and that various incidental works in the interest of the soldier and the people had been set on foot, in addition to reformatory and relief operations of a systematic and more permanent kind.

Even before the smoke of the first collision in arms had cleared from the fields of sharp encounter in Virginia and Missouri, the Sanitary Commission was confronted by some very stern duties. By fearlessly accepting them, and expressing the convictions that had become impressed upon the minds of its members, it exerted no small influence in improving the organization, discipline, and care of our armies, and in giving tone and direction to public sentiment in favor of such improvements. The faults and short-comings of the *administrative* service in the medical and other departments of the army were pointed out, the importance of rigid discipline insisted upon, and the duty of more wisely directing the selection and appointment of commanding officers was very emphatically set forth. The remark of an old campaigner, "that a good com-

manding officer will generally have a healthy and effective regiment," and that "no regiment will ever be found healthy when the *internal economy* is bad,"* was abundantly confirmed by the observations of the Commission's sanitary inspectors of camps.

So important was it considered, in its sanitary bearings, that the highest degree of military competence should be secured in the command of the volunteer forces, that the Commission reported, through a special committee of its members, consisting of General Cullum and Professor Bache, the names and addresses of all loyal graduates of West Point who were at the time in civil life, and believed to be available for military commands in active service; and in the proceedings of the Commission, a week after the battle of Bull Run, the following Resolutions were passed: —

"*Resolved*, That the Sanitary Commission, in their endeavors to promote temperance, cleanliness, and comfort among the troops, have become convinced that the first sanitary law in camp and among soldiers is *military* discipline; and that unless this is vigorously asserted and enforced, it is useless to attempt and impossible to effect, by any secondary means, the great end they propose, — which is the health and happiness of the army."

"*Resolved*, That, looking only to the health and comfort of the troops, it is our profound conviction that any special relaxation of military discipline in favor of volunteer troops, based either upon their supposed unwillingness or inability to endure it, or upon the alleged expectation of the public, is a fallacious policy, and fraught with peril to the lives of the men and the success of the national cause; and that, speaking in the name of the families and the communities from which the volunteers come, and in the name of humanity and religion, we implore that the most thorough system of military discipline be carried out with the officers and men of the volunteer force, as the first and essential condition of their health, comfort, and morality."

"*Resolved*, That the health and comfort and efficiency of the men are mainly dependent on the uninterrupted presence, the personal watchfulness, and the rigid authority of the regimental and company officers; and that all the great defects, whether in the commissariat or in the police of camps, are radically due to the absence of officers from their

* Sir James M'Grigor, in Medico-Chirurg. Trans., Vol. VI. p. 471.

posts, and to the laxity of the discipline to which they are themselves accustomed."

To ascertain the prevailing causes of sickness and mortality in the army, and to endeavor to remove the sources of preventible disease, every available agency was brought to bear for the immediate and methodical application of sanitary knowledge in the camps and hospitals. At the same time, appropriate methods of relief, and a system for accumulating and dispensing the means of succor, were devised and put into operation.

The various labors in which the Commission engaged were grouped, as we have said, in two separate but co-ordinate departments, — that of preventive service and that of supplementary supply and relief, — both of which were equally inspired with the ideas of health, humanity, and patriotism. The preventive service required all the best medical talent the Commission could command, and the aid of the military members and the administrative officers of the Board; while the relief department called into its service not only the powers and peculiar experience of all the members of the Commission, but has commanded the friendly aid of the leading philanthropists of our country. In all branches, and at every stage of the work, individual members of the Commission have engaged, according to their particular qualifications, in active services and counsels, and some, by agreement, withdrew from all other occupations, and devoted themselves exclusively to the Commission's work.

Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted was placed in charge of the central office, as General Secretary of the Commission, and gave himself wholly to its executive duties, and to the work of organizing the methods of service; in this work his peculiar genius and powers of mind found an inviting but laborious field of labor, and proved themselves equal to the largest demand that the country could make upon them. So to organize the various branches of this life-saving work as to impart to each branch and to the entire system the greatest efficiency and completeness for the time, and yet to give to the several branches such separate and easily limited range that their operation should be only supplemental to regular provisions

made by government, was a leading point in the problem which the Sanitary Commission and its General Secretary must practically solve during the first months of the service. That this early policy of the Commission has been faithfully maintained, and that the great problems which engrossed its attention the first year of the war have been satisfactorily solved, the daily operations both of the *preventive* and the *relief* departments of the work abundantly testify.

It is due alike to the Sanitary Commission and to the people who support its operations to say, that this purpose to make the country's voluntary offerings of science and succor merely *supplementary*, had in it nothing of feebleness and sycophancy. Its ruling motive has always been that of manly and zealous defence and care of the soldier. That motive was thus stated in the Commission's report to the Secretary of War, in December, 1861: —

> "The one point which controls the Commission is just this: a simple desire and resolute determination to secure for the men who have enlisted in this war that care which it is the will and the duty of the nation to give them. That care is their right, and, in the government or out of it, it must be given them, let who will stand in the way."

The experience of other wars and other nations could not with any certainty guide the Sanitary Commission in its estimates of the amount of supplementary aid that would be required, nor was there any example or light to guide to the successful preparation and adoption of the needed methods of succor and assistance. The murderous waste of life and loss of armies in the Crimea, as well as the example there presented of the positive power and certainty of sanitary measures, as the means of salvation from such calamities, served as beacon-lights, and as such they were constantly in view. The Commission was strongly impressed with the facts that the destroying angel who follows in the trail of armies "exacts from every man to the full whatever penalties follow on the infraction of natural law"; that "the waste of human life and the destruction of human health and happiness [in time of war] have been in all ages many times greater from disease than from actual encounter in the field, and that the faithful records of all wars

are records of preventible suffering, disease, and death."* In view of these facts, and considering also that the sick and wounded must sometimes be sacrificed to unavoidable military necessity, the Commission claimed that "all the more should they be supplied with whatever mitigation of suffering military necessities leave possible. And these should be furnished them, not as if a hard master were driving a bargain with them, — as in the commutation of a board contract, — but as if the love and pity of mothers, wives, sweethearts, and sisters were exercised with the far-seeing providence, boldness, ingenuity, tact, and industry of true military generalship." Such were the considerations that guided, and such the spirit that inspired, the Commission in devising and working its methods of *prevention* from disease and *relief* from suffering. The *preventive* or strictly sanitary and scientific department of the work, from the first, has comprised, — 1st, a corps of sanitary inspectors; 2d, a bureau of sanitary and vital statistics; 3d, the directorship of distribution of the Commission's supplementary supplies or "sanitary stores"; 4th, the preparation and publication, for free distribution among medical and other officers, of compendious monographs upon the most practical subjects in army hygiene, surgery, and medicine. The department of *relief* is co-ordinate with that of *sanitary inspection*, and, so far as its ministrations relate directly to life and health, it is under the direction of the inspectors or medical officers of the *preventive* or sanitary department of the service; while the various branches of *relief* not thus related to the sanitary service constitute the system which is designated as that of *special relief*. All these branches of the Commission's work, as previously remarked, sprang into operation under the original scheme of organization, and from the pressure of events during the early months of the war.

With a scheme of operations so expansible, so tentative, and yet so determined, it was the more difficult, as well as the more desirable, to methodize all branches of the work. And, notwithstanding the expectation and hope that some of the branches would soon become needless, because of increasing

* Army Sanitary Administration and its Reform under Lord Herbert. By Florence Nightingale.

improvements in army organization, and that, from the same cause, the necessity and range of even the more permanent labors of the Commission would be rendered less and less essential to the welfare of the army, the Commission adopted the policy of ordering and executing all the departments and details of its work in a most thorough and permanent manner.

The system of sanitary inspection was designed to accomplish two leading objects of nearly equal importance, viz.: — 1st, to impart information and suggestions to, and also to stimulate the exertions of, military officers in matters affecting the health of the troops; 2d, to make faithful observations upon the sanitary condition and wants of the soldiers in camp and in hospital, and immediately to report upon the same to the central office of the Commission. These reports present the systematic and comparable results of such inspectorial labors, and have furnished the basis of those suggestions and reforms which the Commission has, from time to time, urged upon the government and upon military authorities.

The duties of the Sanitary Inspectors were accurately defined in a letter of special instructions from the General Secretary, and the range and leading points of inquiry were indicated in a carefully studied schedule of questions, some two hundred in number. This branch of service was put into operation as early as the month of July, 1861, and has been continued until the present time. It has recently been reinforced by valuable accessions to its corps, and it is not likely that the need of this department will cease while the war continues; for although, with the progress of events and the improvement of our armies, the functions of the inspectors have been greatly varied, they have perhaps become of still greater importance than at first.

The general plan of service marked out for the Sanitary Inspectors, during the first two years of the war, is thus laid down in the Secretary's letter of instructions: *—

"I. *Introduction, Etiquette, and Discipline.* — In the performance of

* General Instructions for Camp Inspectors. By the General Secretary of the Sanitary Commission. Document 51.

your duty as an Inspector of the Sanitary Commission, it is of the highest importance that you should, under all circumstances, be careful to show your respect for the regulations of discipline, order, and rank in the army. To this end, in the first place, take pains to approach the inferior by way of the superior officer, and only with a formal or implied approval and indorsement of your purpose by the latter.

"Unquestionably, the first of all conditions of health in the army is strict discipline. Do all, therefore, in your power to encourage and strengthen a good purpose in this respect; do all in your power to sustain it. Honor in your own conduct the strictest rules of military etiquette, and let it be seen that you expect them to be stringently enforced. Let it be known that you consider no disease so destructive to an army as laxity of discipline. Demand, wherever you properly can do so, that the standard of the volunteers shall be at least as high as that of the regulars in this respect, and reprove any intimation that this is not to be attempted. . . . .

"II. *Relation with Regimental and Company Commanders.* — On arriving at the camp of a regiment, ask for the officer of the day, and, stating your business, request him to present you to the colonel or commanding officer. Exhibit your credentials to the latter, and, if the opportunity is favorable, endeavor at once to obtain his confidence and co-operation in your business. . . . .

"III. *Duty of Commanders of Companies.* — . . . . In our military organization the company is the unit of the army, and the commanding officers of companies are the principal agents of all the administrative duties of the organization. If a major or a lieutenant (not acting as a commander) neglects his duties, the body to which he is attached becomes simply in a certain degree less effective. If a company commander neglects his duty, the men may starve for all that any one else is to do. The captain should be, as has often been said, 'the father of his company.' Nothing, however small, which affects the comfort, health, strength, and efficiency of his men is beneath his attention. He is the official registrar, and agent of all necessary communication between them and the source of their supplies, as well as with the superior command. . . . . Upon the thoroughness with which the captains attend to their duty, both in regard to their companies, and, each in his turn, as the officer of the day, superintending the police of the regiment, its health mainly depends. You are, therefore, instructed to make yourself acquainted with the captains, and to cultivate such relations with them as will command a hearty reception for such instruction as you may see occasion to give them."

Thus, the Sanitary Inspectors were instructed to proceed with their duties until they should become fully possessed of all the facts bearing upon the sanitary condition and welfare of each company, each regiment, and the entire *corps d'armée*. The "*importance of sanitary regulations was to be illustrated by statistical facts*," as the inspector continued his interviews with the regimental officers; the "*inspection of camp and quarters*" was a leading point also, and in another section of the instructions the Inspector was specially advised to set forth the fact that the "*prevention of disease is possible*," and its "*suppression difficult and uncertain.*"

"Endeavor by every means in your power to remind the officers of these orders, and of the necessity of their strict obedience to them, to the safety and credit of the regiment. Explain to them that they are based upon a universal military experience, that disastrous consequences inevitably follow the neglect of such precautions as they are intended to secure. Let them know that, although the outbreak of malignant or epidemic disease in camps and quarters can be almost certainly prevented, it can seldom be suppressed, after having once broken out, by any measure, however energetic, and never without great destruction of life. Point out to them the various sources of mischief that are to be anticipated, and explain in what way defects in camp police, ventilation, drainage, cooking, &c. are sure to operate injuriously, especially in the destruction of the *esprit du corps* and *morale* of the soldier."

Then with the regimental surgeon the sanitary missionary must cultivate such professional fraternity and emulation as "will lead him to magnify his office," and, if necessary, he must "remind the surgeon that he becomes responsible for the existence and continuance of any unjustifiable sanitary condition pertaining to the camp, or to the management of the regiment, against which he does not perseveringly expostulate." The condition and wants of the regimental hospitals are to be inquired into, and, when desirable, the more important deficiencies and urgent wants are to be immediately supplied by requisitions upon the Commission's supplementary stores; "ambulances and ambulance stores" are to be examined, and the regimental surgeon urged to be fully equipped and ready for battle duty. And thus, in various ways, the faithful and hard-worked surgeon in the field has found the Sanitary

Commission his ever-present friend, defender, and helper; while the negligent and reckless medical officer has learned to fear the expostulations and the merited rebukes of the faithful Inspector.

These instructions to the Inspectors comprise thirty-two sections, and include the leading subjects affecting the sanitary condition of soldiers in camp,—"Camp Sites," "Drainage," "Ventilation," "Sinks and Offal," "Disinfectants," "Water," "Sutlers," "The Commissariat and the Quartermaster," "Rations and Cooking," "Bedding," "Tents," "Clothing," "Frauds in Food and Clothing," etc., etc. And, lastly, to give force and execution to all this labor of inquiry and inspection, the Inspector is to enter into frank "conference with the commanding officer," and urge such improvements as appear to be practicable. In case of persistent "necessity of sanitary precautions," the following instructions are to be pursued: —

"Address the proper officer on the subject in writing, stating the grounds of your advice. Take pains to do this in such a manner as not to cause irritation or give offence, and, at the end of the week, send a copy of your letter to this office, together with any answer which may have been given you.

"In visits subsequent to the first, all important changes which have occurred since previous reports should be noticed; and especially it should be stated whether and how far advice previously given has been followed, and with what results.

"Whenever you see occasion, advise action which you think desirable to be taken by the Commission, or to be initiated at Washington."

From ten to fifteen Sanitary Inspectors have been constantly engaged in this branch of the Commission's work, since the summer of 1861; as far as possible, this has been a corps of specially qualified experts, and many of its present members formerly held commissions in the military medical service. It has been difficult, indeed, to obtain a sufficient number of suitably qualified medical men for the peculiar duties of this corps, and several of the best Inspectors that have entered the service have been physically broken down by arduous labor and exposures.

In the first report which the Commission made to the Secre-

tary of War,* in the autumn of 1861, the following statement is made respecting the Sanitary Inspectors and their labors at that early period of the war.

"It was indispensable that they should possess, not only scientific education and a special acquaintance with sanitary laws, but sufficient tact to enable them, though holding no official position or military rank, to perform their duties as agents of an organization unknown to the regulations of the army, without awakening jealousy of their interference as officious and intrusive. It was also necessary, in view of the fact that the Commission could afford to pay but moderate compensation to its employees, that they should be men actuated by a strong and disinterested desire to be of service to the country. . . . . Very few camps have been visited in which important improvements have not been ordered, at the suggestion and in presence of the Inspector.

"The influence, however, which officers unconsciously receive through the mere direction of their attention to neglected duties, by the inquiries which the Inspectors have need to address to them, constitutes the chief part of the value of the services of the Commission. This, of course, cannot be specified and recorded. . . . . The example of one regiment in reforming abuses and enforcing sanitary laws is very generally followed by others near it, and an emulation is excited among company and regimental officers, the beneficial effects of which have been noticed in many cases where an ill-regulated regiment has been transferred to the neighborhood of a cleanly, well-policed, thoroughly drained, and salubrious camp."

In the Report from which we have here quoted it is stated that the Sanitary Inspectors had made full returns from more than two hundred regiments, and that the total number of separate reports of such regimental inspections amounted then, at the end of the first four months of the work, to more than twice that number. The Report further says: —

"The results [of these reports] are carefully tabulated, and suitable digests prepared by an accomplished actuary. The Commission is not without hope, if it should be enabled to continue its operations, eventually to lay before the country a body of military medical statistics more complete, searching, and trustworthy than any now in existence."

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* Sanitary Commission Document, No. 40. A Report to the Secretary of War of the Operations of the Sanitary Commission. 8vo. pp. 107.

How the Commission's Bureau of Statistics was organized, and what practical problems it solved, we will presently notice; but, that the reader may judge of the nature of the "returns" that were daily sent in to the central office by the Sanitary Inspectors, which constituted the basis not only of statistical inquiry, but of the requests and suggestions that were continually being made to the government, the following questions, as given in the Manual for Inspectors,* are here copied. These questions, as their number show, are extracted from different sections.

"83. Are the rations found sufficient in quantity?

"84. Are they generally considered good in quality, each of its kind? If not, mention what is alleged to be poor.

"86. About how often is fresh meat served?

Fresh vegetables?

Desiccated vegetables?

. . . . . .

"145. Is the regimental hospital in a house, temporary structure, or tent?

"146. If in a house or temporary structure, is it fairly adapted to its purpose?

"147. Is it fairly well ventilated?

"147^{i}. How is it heated?

"147^{i}a. Is it kept clean?

"148. If in a tent, is it well drained?

. . . . . .

"166^{xi}. What was the sickness and morality as per last monthly report?

"166^{xii}. What was the strength of regiment at that time?

"167. Is the general health of the regiment improving or deteriorating?"

The Inspectors engage in direct personal efforts for the immediate reform of abuses and the improvement of camp and hospital hygiene, wherever they go. And it is in such efforts that they are really most useful. Wherever wants are discovered, they are in duty bound to find out means to relieve

* Sanitary Commission's Document, No. 19. Form C.

The Inspectors' *returns*, as given opposite the questions, become available in the Actuary's Bureau of Statistics, as well as in guiding the secretaries in their official duty.

them. For the sick and enfeebled, they promptly order forward such supplies as the surgeons require; to the camps that are exposed to malaria, they advise, and, when necessary, they offer supplies of the needed prophylactics; while, throughout the long lines of our forces that occupy the scathed and destitute borders of the rebellion, far from planted fields, these faithful inquisitors against disease are unceasingly on the watch for the Protean outbreaks of scurvy. In their crusade against this scourge of camps and protracted campaigns, the Sanitary Commission has successfully laid the gardens of the great Northwest under contribution. With the strategic foresight of a veteran campaigner, — as he is, — Dr. Newberry, the Western Secretary, wisely gained possession of immense and fertile fields about Murfreesboro' and Nashville, just in the rear of the forces, and there planted in *hospital gardens* his strongly defensive batteries to guard against this most insidious enemy that has yet threatened our brave soldiers. During all the past year the Federal forces down the Atlantic coast have been menaced by that enemy, and, but for the continual watchfulness and promptitude of the Sanitary Inspectors, and the bountiful supplies of fresh vegetables which, upon their requisition and the request of army surgeons, the Commission has sent forward by every steamer to the army of the South, it may reasonably be doubted if our forces could have continued the siege of Charleston, or to-day have been in condition to prosecute an active campaign.

We shall again recur to this homely but life-saving warfare of the Sanitary Commission against the evil bred of the unvaried camp-kettle and "hard-tack," and it is mentioned here as an imperative function of one branch of the *Preventive* service. But it must be borne in mind, that the good which the Sanitary Commission has accomplished by its direct and immediate interpositions and supplementary work has been continually exceeded by the beneficent results of the power exerted by its example and influence upon the regular agencies or methods of supply and care for the soldier. To the honor of the generals in command, and the medical officers in the field, this fact is frankly, thankfully confessed by them, for they know too well that it is a chronic habit of commissa-

ries and quartermasters to find lions of difficulty in the way when unusual requisitions and extra demands are made upon their departments, and that the regular methods of meeting special wants are generally, and probably necessarily, slower than the immediate and expansible methods of supplementary supply that the Commission has adopted. It is due to the regular administrative service of our army, that it should have the praise of far surpassing in efficiency and promptitude the corresponding British service in the Crimean campaign. But that there is much in our army administration that cries for reform, is painfully evident from the single fact that its deficiencies have rendered vigilant and active efforts of the Sanitary Commission necessary to prevent scurvy from crippling our best *corps d'armées* while occupying vitally important points in the line of our military operations.

The Commission has steadily kept in view the duty of discovering and suggesting the proper remedies for these defects in the military system; and that its suggestions have been pressed with earnestness, and in the right directions, may be inferred from the fact that the fearless and faithful discharge of this duty is known to be the cause of whatever opposition the Commission has encountered in official circles.

The improvement of military hospitals has naturally received the continued and earnest attention of the Sanitary Commission, and no subject could more legitimately claim the services of sanitary science and preventive skill. Only the privilege of visiting and inspecting the hospitals was granted to the Commission; yet as the Sanitary Inspectors came to the hospital wards, not only with offerings of the material aid and special supplies which the sick and wounded might need, but also with the sentiments and suggestions of most fraternal and professional friendship towards the faithful medical officers, as well as with humane concern for the patients in their care, the opportunity for practical efforts by the Commission to improve the character and administration of the army hospitals, general, regimental, and temporary, has been very great; and from time to time the Commission has assumed such responsibilities in aiding the administration of the hospitals, as have placed the government and the people under lasting obligations.

Discreditable and unnecessary as it seems, it still is true, that military hospitals, in great campaigns, have proved to be sources of pestilent disease. Miss Nightingale has remarked, that, in hospital construction and administration, it is all-important that special care be taken that the patients are not *killed* by the hospital and its management. It was the overwhelming experience in this respect of the British army in the Crimea, that gave rise to the great reforms which are now in progress in hospital construction and management, and in all departments of army administration, in Europe. The influence of that grand illustration of the wasting and consuming power of disease in armies, and of the redeeming and triumphant power of sanitary works, was already, before our war, producing some excellent results in our civil hospitals and in the sanitary police of towns; but neither the military system nor the army surgeons of our country had become in any degree permeated by those marvellously practical teachings which Lord Herbert of Lee and Florence Nightingale had labored to present for the instruction and benefit of the civilized world. What the wants of the army hospitals were, and what the Sanitary Commission said of them and did for them, during the first summer of the war, will appear from the following abstract of a Report, by a special committee, adopted on the 29th of July, 1861: —

"But the principal want experienced by the sick was found by your committee to be clean and appropriate hospital clothing. But for the liberal forethought of the benevolent women of the nation, our soldiers would have been compelled to lie sick and wounded in the clothes in which they entered the hospital wards, and which, in many cases, had not been changed or even washed for weeks before. Many had been already supplied, and your committee had the satisfaction of seeing that every sick man in hospital was fully provided with a proper suit of clothing, by the authority of the Commission.

"No available provision being made by government for the washing of the clothing worn by volunteers on their entering the hospital, the committee secured the authority of the Commission for employment of laundresses for this purpose; so that, when the soldier is ready to leave the hospital and resume his duties, his clothing will be clean and fit for use.

"The services of a barber were also procured for the sick, and your committee can bear witness that he contributed not a little to their

cleanliness and comfort. Wire frames for the protection of wounded limbs from pressure of bedclothes were found to be wanted, and they were supplied.

. . . . . .

"Another subject was recognized by your committee as possessing much interest and importance; namely, the provision of systematic and reliable means of identifying the remains of soldiers dying in the general hospitals, and of properly marking the graves in which they are interred, so that the reasonable inquiries of friends and relations may be properly answered. This matter was brought before the Commission, and referred to a special committee for immediate action.

"Your committee venture to embody their conclusions in the form of suggestions, and would submit to the Commission, secondly, the propriety of recommending to government that hereafter, instead of hiring old buildings for general hospitals, they should order the erection of a sufficient number of wooden shanties or pavilions of appropriate construction, and fully provided with water for bathing, washing, and water-closets, and ample arrangements for ventilation and for securing warmth in winter, to accommodate from thirty to sixty each, and to be sufficiently distant not to poison each other. This suggestion embodies the latest and best views as to the construction of hospitals, and its adoption would save both lives and money.

"If the present hospitals are to be occupied during the fall and winter months, some plan should be at once adopted and applied, by the competent authorities, to correct their architectural defects, to provide facilities for bathing and water-closets, to introduce water on each floor, and to separate the dead-houses from the wards occupied by the sick. Measures should also be taken to improve their ventilation, and for their thorough warming in winter."

It is to the deserved and lasting credit of General M. C. Meigs, the Quartermaster-General of the army, that from the first he favored and aided the development of the improved system of military hospitals originally proposed by the Sanitary Commission. After the construction of two pavilion hospitals, during the first year of the war, from plans prepared in the Commission, the work of hospital reform was fairly inaugurated, and it is to the intelligent and prompt official action of General Meigs, and to the efficient administration of Surgeon-General Hammond, that the army now owes a system of pavilion hospitals that exceeds in extent and excellence any hospital system ever before seen.

During the year of battles that followed the capture of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, there probably passed through the general hospitals not less than from 350,000 to 400,000 sick and wounded men, besides the much larger number who were treated in regimental hospitals or in the field. Hence, we can hardly overestimate the vital importance and the lasting benefit of this new and vastly improved system of hospital care for the brave men who, in ceaseless processions from camps and battle-fields, have passed through the wards of the hundreds of healthful pavilions. During the autumn and winter of the second year of the war, when the bloody fields of Northern Maryland and Virginia, and the long and stoutly contested line of malarious outposts along the Western river-borders of the rebellion, had crowded all the permanent hospitals, and populated hundreds of churches and other edifices, perilous for temporary use as hospitals, it was deemed expedient by the Commission to undertake a special inspection of all these hospitals permanent and temporary, with the aid of the ablest medical talent and experience which our large cities could afford.

This special inspection was begun early in the autumn of 1862, and continued until the summer of 1863, and in its performance the Commission had the services of more than sixty eminent physicians and surgeons from the principal civil hospitals of the country.

The magnitude and importance of this work in the general hospitals may be judged from the fact, that the wards inspected contained upwards of seventy thousand beds, and the number of patients visited during that half-year's inspection amounted to nearly two hundred thousand. The reports of the Inspectors during that period comprise more than four thousand written pages, and they contain the results of most careful observations and scientific study, the fruits of which will continue to benefit the sick and wounded of our armies until the war is ended.

After the passage of the new Medical Act, and the installation of the new Surgeon-General, in the beginning of the summer of 1862, the Sanitary Commission hoped to be able to withdraw from the field some of its more extraordinary and expensive agencies connected with the *Preventive* service, and

likewise to diminish its increasing responsibilities in the matter of *Relief* or supplementary supplies. But before the Surgeon-General and his corps of medical inspectors, under the new medical act, had been confirmed by the Senate, the great campaigns that had opened at Donelson and Shiloh, in the West,—at the mouth of the Mississippi, on the Gulf,—at Roanoke Island, Newbern, and the Sea Islands, on the coast,—and under General McClellan on the Peninsula, in Virginia,—while they promised triumphant success to our arms, had already threatened to overwhelm our Northern homes with unspeakable sorrow, and had roused irrepressible sympathies for the brave men who, by tens of thousands, in the early marches and battles of those campaigns, had fallen, to suffer unutterable woes from want of timely succor.

Between the 1st of March and the 1st of July of that year of battles, the demands upon the Medical Department of the army had been more than quadrupled. The new Surgeon-General, fortunately, was found equal to the occasion, but the multiplied exigencies of the five grand campaigns of our armies, all pressing at the same time, inevitably exceeded the largest resources and powers of the Medical Department, as constituted under existing laws, and also rendered it impossible for the Quartermaster's Department to respond with promptness and efficiency to the requisitions made upon it for the material care and necessary transportation of the sick and wounded. Upon the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi, the Sanitary Commission urged the preparation of, and furnished supplies for, hospital transports; and mainly through the agency of the Commission a system of floating-hospital transportation, most humane and munificent in its provisions, was put into operation, and became the means of saving a multitude of lives.

The medical history of the Peninsular campaign, and the story of the Sanitary Commission's "Hospital Transports," * will furnish pages of deep interest in the history of the war; and the record is at every point interwoven with that of the other labors and achievements of the Commission. An army

* Hospital Transports. A Memoir of the Embarkation of the Sick and Wounded from the Peninsula, etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

of 130,000 men had been plunged into the mud-fields between the York and James Rivers, and as they pressed forward towards the rebel capital, — fighting and trenching, continually exposed to malaria, and suffering most excessive fatigue and want, — the Sanitary Commission endeavored to prepare for the constantly increasing crowds of sick and disabled that were daily turned back to the rear upon the Pamunkey, the York, and James Rivers. Though only supplementing the deficiencies of medical and administrative service, the supplies, appliances, and working corps it there provided made and entitled it to be considered one of the most efficient departments of medical and administrative service in that disastrous, but heroic campaign. Every witness of what the Commission effected during that period bears testimony to the good judgment with which its work was planned, and the success with which it was prosecuted, as well as to the terrible necessity that demanded its interposition. The following passage from a speech of Hon. Moses F. Odell, a member of Congress from Brooklyn, N. Y., sets forth the class of facts which impressed every visitor to the army upon the Peninsula.

"Before I had been long at the White House there came down from Fair Oaks some five or six hundred wounded soldiers on a train of cars, and then I discovered the vast resources and usefulness of this Commission. I found on board those steamboats numbers of ladies and gentlemen, ready to go to work with willing hearts and able hands to administer to the wants of those wounded and dying men. Now the government, I have no hesitation in saying, from the beginning of the war, have had a proper appreciation of the needs of the soldier, and have done all in their power; but under such circumstances as these the Commission was ahead of them, — hours and days ahead of the government in the supply of what was needed on that occasion. I joined them at once, enrolled myself as a working and active member, and remained there four days and nights, during which time there were 3,465 wounded men received, their immediate wants supplied, and necessary medical assistance furnished by the Commission, and they were then sent from there to the Washington and other hospitals. And had not these vessels been there with their bountiful supplies to make the soldier comfortable in his wants and sickness, the suffering would have been unspeakable."

During a period so eventful, so terrible, as that of the sum-

mer of 1862, it was manifestly impossible for the Sanitary Commission to do otherwise than enlarge, rather than retrench, its operations. To cease or diminish its humane ministrations would have been both cruel and criminal. Its work went on; every loyal home at the North demanded it; the Surgeon-General and all faithful and hard-worked army surgeons desired it to go on. The fact that its methods and measures had been studiously adapted to render such supplementary aid as it offered in an acceptable and most effectual manner, was appreciated by every general in command, and every right-minded medical director in the field.

The *Preventive* and inspectorial department of the Commission's work necessarily became completely interwoven with that of the *Relief* department during the campaigns of 1862. *Relief* became an agency of greatest *sanative* power and importance, and the supplies which the people furnished through the Commission's channels, or that were purchased with money by wholesale, became, by a most natural metonymy, "sanitary stores." During that period, as soon as the medical corps and sanitary inspectors, under the new Medical Act, had commenced service, the Commission's inspectors devoted themselves more particularly to the systematic and proper application of these "sanitary stores," and to such duties of a general nature as would leave the work of systematic inspection of camps and hospitals wholly to the new corps of regularly commissioned inspectors. But, as we have already mentioned, the Commission's work of systematic inspection of hospitals was resumed under new auspices during the succeeding autumn, and at the same time the "field work" of inspection assumed unprecedented importance as a crusade against the scurvy that was threatening all our armies. Thus, by force of circumstances, as well as by predetermined purpose, the strictly hygienic branch of service never had opportunity to degenerate into inefficient routine, but has been continued as a truly sanative, scientific, and practical department of army service.

Recently the Commission has enlarged and more thoroughly systematized this *Preventive* department, and, in view of the sad embarrassments that now afflict the medical bureau, it

would be impossible to conceive of a more vitally important service to our rapidly augmenting forces in the field, and to the national cause, than that which the Sanitary Commission may now render by perfecting and giving greatest possible efficiency to this department of its own most legitimate work. It is said that there has existed at the War Department a strange spirit of opposition to the Commission; but this must not, need not, prevent the Commission from fulfilling its bounden duty to the soldiers who are gathering for the great campaigns which are to crush the rebellion. The people demand this from the Sanitary Commission; and, unless Congress sees fit to enlarge and defend the Medical Department, the Commission must, so far as it is able, boldly fill the place of the regular service. In the army of the South, under General Gillmore, or in that of the Great Valley, under General Grant, the Sanitary Commission's inspectors, circulars, and advice possess indeed a moral power that scarcely needs military authority to enforce it.

During the last year and a half the Commission and the army have witnessed such excellent and positive results from the supplies of fresh vegetables that have been furnished upon the advice of the sanitary inspectors, — mostly at the Commission's expense, — that during the ensuing season the preparations for insuring timely supplies will exceed all precedent. Scurvy must be kept far from the lines of our armies, as they press forward into the insurgent States, away from the present bases of supply; and it may be doubted if the Sanitary Commission can in any other way prevent so much sickness, save so much life and strength, as by resorting to measures that shall insure a sufficient supply of antiscorbutic vegetables and antiscorbutic care for the forces in front during the present year.

In the "Sanitary Reporter," a well-edited, eight-page quarto, published semi-monthly, under the auspices of the Commission, by its Western Secretary, at Louisville, the vital importance of the warfare against scurvy has been continually set forth, and the inspectors, in their correspondence, ring the changes upon *onions* and *potatoes*, occasionally varying with *cabbage* or *dried fruit*. The supplies of fresh vegetables which the Commission provided for the army of the Cum-

berland, and to the forces before Vicksburg, had no small influence upon the grand results that have crowned the campaigns of those armies. In an official report upon the subject of vegetable supplies, Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, a distinguished medical inspector in General Rosecrans's army, occurs the following statement: —

"We find in the absence of vegetable diet the cause for a great part of the mortality of our troops, both after the receipt of wounds and from disease. . . . . We fully believe that *one barrel of potatoes per annum is to the government equal to one man.* . . . . In all the regimental hospitals, as well as the general hospitals, I found the Sanitary Commission had already furnished them with the vegetables they had called for, and which were needed for the sick, *so that in the hospitals none were dying from scurvy.*"

During the spring and summer of 1862 the Sanitary Commission found it necessary to provide and send forward vast supplies of fresh vegetables to the armies under General Grant and General Rosecrans; to the former, even when closely investing Vicksburg during the month of June, and with transportation badly obstructed, the Commission's agents managed to get forward and distribute nearly six thousand bushels of potatoes, eight tons of dried fruits, thirteen thousand lemons, and large quantities of pickled vegetables and other antiscorbutics. At an earlier period in the spring, the sanitary inspectors anticipated the approaches of scurvy in the forces at Young's Point, Milliken's Bend, and elsewhere along the Mississippi, and, as Inspector Warriner emphatically remarks, the vegetables which the Commission there supplied modified history! In like manner the army of the Cumberland was supplied even more abundantly, though insufficiently, in the spring and summer. The following passage from the "Sanitary Reporter" shows why and how this was done: —

"Recently, when scurvy threatened our army, a commissary advertised for an adequate quantity of potatoes and onions, and no response was made. Nobody either had, or chose to become responsible for, the delivery of 50,000 bushels of potatoes, and a corresponding quantity of other vegetables; but there were few families in the great West which could not spare from its store a peck, a bushel, or a barrel of vegetables, and so, *within a month, some six thousand barrels were donated,* and

an impending disaster was averted, the Commission furnishing a medium of communication between the people at home and their defenders in the field."

Besides the succulent vegetables and fruits of the seasons, that the hospital gardens in the vicinity of Nashville and Murfreesboro' supplied to the numerous hospitals in their neighborhood, there was an immense harvest of onions and potatoes,— of the latter more than 12,000 bushels, — so that when the battles of Chattanooga occurred, and our forces had been compelled for months to abstain from vegetables, the Commission was sending its surplus products from Murfreesboro' and Nashville to the hospital depots up the Tennessee ; and, as soon as the railway connection was completed to the head-quarters of Grant's army, the eagerly longed-for antiscorbutics were again furnished in camps as well as hospitals from the Commission's depots.

During the past six months, the vast assemblage of hospitals within the defences of Washington, the field-hospitals at Gettysburg, and the entire sick population of General Gillmore's command, have been provided by the Sanitary Commission with full supplies of vegetables, and all other fresh provisions that could best be obtained from the markets of Philadelphia and New York. This is accomplished by means of the same system of *credit* as that by which general hospitals provide "extra diet," etc. for their patients in anticipation of a "hospital fund," to be accumulated in lieu of undrawn rations. The Commission's relief department furnishes the fresh supplies by the car-load daily, or by the regular steamships, and is wholly or partially reimbursed at the end of each month from the constantly accruing hospital funds of the several hospitals. The total expenditures of the Commission for such supplies, during the last three months of 1863, amounted to nearly $120,000, a considerable part of which has been already reimbursed.

Such are the methods and means by which the Sanitary Commission conducts its *preventive* service, and subsidizes the principles and teachings of hygiene to the work of life-saving in war ; and they show how these strictly sanitary works are aided by the supplementary supplies that have been continually

flowing from the people and their aid societies, through the well-ordered channels which the Commission has thus prepared. In those channels, and under such intelligent guidance, the home gifts of dainty viands, warm clothing of mothers' and sisters' handiwork, and whatever need be procured with money in the markets, become "sanitary stores" which directly and powerfully contribute to the maintenance of life and health in battle-worn and wounded men in the camps and in hospitals. But it is upon battle-fields and in the hospitals that the conjunction of the two departments of the Commission's work is most strikingly illustrated, and we must here notice the methods of *battle-field relief* which the Commission has adopted.

The insufficiency of means of succor that characterized all the earlier battles of the war made it the imperative duty of the Sanitary Commission to devise some practicable measures for rendering effectual relief to the wounded, and aid to the medical staff, upon occasions of great conflicts. This work was earnestly undertaken immediately after the great battles that gave us the Cumberland and the Tennessee Rivers, in the spring of 1862; but the horrors of those sanguinary combats, the woes that were witnessed in the Peninsular campaign, and the outcry for aid that marked the second tragedy upon the plains of Manassas, unfolded to the Sanitary Commission a class of duties which it must assume at any hazard and at any cost. Its "sanitary stores" and agencies of relief must be moved forward with the moving columns of our forces to the very field of combat. This plan was approved by commanding generals, and was at once carried into operation.

Upon the Western rivers the officers of the Commission had from the first endeavored to be promptly and well in advance, by means of the hospital transports, freighted with hospital supplies and with working corps of voluntary attendants for the care of the wounded, as was also done by the Commission in the Peninsular campaign; but when our armies had fairly gotten up with the enemy, and the smoke of battle had cleared away, the Commissioners and their agents, as they counted the wounded and looked at their means of succor, could but ex-

claim, "What are these among so many!" Yet in the working of the very cautious, insufficient, and tentative methods that had been adopted by the Commission previous to the opening of McClellan's campaign in Northern Maryland, the bottom of the sanitary treasury had become painfully visible to the executive committee, and the immense stock of "sanitary stores" was nearly exhausted.

The dark days of the national struggle had come, and in the faith that has continually given certainty to the future of our cause, the Commission gave its utmost resources, and resolved to extend its aid and multiply its means of succor as the armies were nerving themselves for their most desperate conflicts. With the broken and worn ranks of the forces that rallied and moved forward in pursuit of General Lee, in September, 1862, the Sanitary Commission — then in session at Washington — sent all the supplies and means of succor it could command. It purchased wagons and horses, and obtained details for independent transportation to accompany the moving columns with supplies for *relief*, at the same time methodizing a suitable scheme for the administration of needed succor to the ambulances and the men who should fall by the way, while all the storehouses and reserve stock of the Commission's supplies were emptied by the larger relief trains and car-loads that were sent forward to convenient depots along the extended flank of the army as it came into battle.

This, briefly, is now the established method of *Battle-field Relief*, which was fully inaugurated during the memorable campaign in Northern Maryland. It is now in operation, as far as practicable, in all our armies. What it has achieved for the relief of suffering, for the aid of the medical and surgical service, and for the mitigation of that wide-spread sorrow that follows the noise of our battles, surpasses the power of language to express. It will live in thousands of grateful hearts while the thrilling records of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Stone River, Perryville, Corinth, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga are narrated by the brave men who fought, and by friends who lost their sons and brothers, in those battles. The following passage, which we quote from a graphic report by Dr. Newberry, presents some idea of the comprehensive plan, and

the vigilant, effective, and merciful operation, of the present method of "Battle-field Relief." Dr. Newberry, as director of the Commission's operations in the Western field, was at Chattanooga, and, with supplies and trusty assistants well in hand and awaiting the combat, he was stationed where he could quickly ascertain the movements of forces and the wants of the wounded.

"Wednesday morning our flag floated from the summit of Lookout, and our forces advanced on the Rebel stronghold of Mission Ridge, from our right, left, and front. After much severe fighting on our left, in which Sherman's forces suffered very heavy loss, the Rebel intrenchments along the base of Mission Ridge were stormed by our advancing lines, and then began that perilous but glorious ascent of its slope of one thousand feet, at six different points, which so surprised and appalled the Rebel garrison, and has covered with glory the brave men who dared attempt it. After an hour of suspense, inexpressibly painful to the thousands who were merely powerless spectators, the summit was gained and held, the roar of the forty pieces of artillery which crowned it was suddenly silenced, and we knew that a great victory had been won.

"Two wagons had been secured beforehand, with which to transport stores to any point where they might be required; but no part of the battle-field being more than three miles distant from head-quarters, and ample provision having been made by the medical director for the immediate removal of the wounded to hospital, they were held in readiness to use, if needed, while Mr. C. Read and myself, with a small supply of stores, went over to the battle-field along the middle line of Mission Ridge, and Mr. Loomis went toward the northern end, to see if any help were required by the wounded of Sherman's corps. By midnight all the Union wounded men on that part of the field which we visited had been transferred to hospital, and such of the Rebels as remained in the houses to which they had been carried had received all the aid we could give them, and so at one o'clock we returned to the town. Just as we arived, Mr. Loomis came in and reported that the wounded of the 15th Army Corps had all been gathered into the Division hospitals, but that their expected supplies had not arrived, and they were greatly in need of our assistance. A wagon-load of milk, beef, crackers, tea, sugar, stimulants, dressings, &c. was immediately despatched to them, and was, as may be imagined, of priceless value.

"Early the next morning, Thanksgiving day, Mr. Read and myself

visited the hospitals of the 2d, 3d, and 4th Divisions of the 15th Army Corps, situated three miles up the river. The 4th, containing the largest number of wounded (399), we found pretty well supplied, for the time being, with the stores we had sent up the night before; but these were rapidly disappearing, and, at our suggestion, another load was sent for and received during the day. The 2d and 3d Division hospitals, situated on the bank of the river, containing respectively 75 and 230 patients, had received up to this time no other supplies than such as had been carried in their medicine wagons, sufficient to meet the first wants of the wounded, and by this time almost entirely exhausted. Just as I was offering to Dr. Rogers, the surgeon in charge of the 3d Division hospital, the resources of the Sanitary Commission, one of the assistant surgeons approached and said to him: 'Doctor, what shall we do? Our supplies have not arrived, our men are lying on the ground, with not blankets enough to make them comfortable. We 've no stimulants, or dressings, or proper food. Now, if the Sanitary Commission only had an agent here, we should be all right.' I was happy to inform him that the spirit he invoked had come at his call, and when I promised that in an hour's time he should have concentrated beef, milk, stimulants, dressings, fruit, vegetables, clothing, bedding, and some ticks stuffed with cotton, his satisfaction shone from every feature, and both he and the surgeon in charge spontaneously ejaculated, 'Bless the Sanitary Commission!' — an institution of which they had abundant experience on the Mississippi, where the kind and efficient ministrations of Dr. Warriner were remembered with pleasure and gratitude."

The statistics of the Relief department of the Commission, the invoices of goods received from the branches, the bills of supplies purchased, the records of supplies distributed to the hospitals, and the account of reserved and battle-field stock, present a complete and constantly revised record of the business details of this supplementary service. The footings of these statistics show how vast the work has become; and when studied in connection with the casualty returns of battles and the sick reports of the camps and hospitals, the true significance of such figures can be quickly appreciated. We find that, within ten days after the battle of Chattanooga, four thousand boxes and packages were sent forward to that field from the Commission's nearest depots; that at the same time two thousand more had been sent down the Mississippi; and that there

had previously been forwarded to the wounded of Chickamauga five thousand packages. To every recent battle-field the Commission has sent forward supplies for succor in the same way, and to the extent of its resources at the time; and as we count up the battles and sieges of the war, in which the wounded have depended largely upon this supplementary aid, we find an immediate answer to the question, What becomes of the "sanitary stores," and how is so much money used?

It is stated, upon good authority, that more than a hundred thousand Federal soldiers have been wounded in battle since the war began, and that disease has already brought into the military hospitals, general and regimental, *upwards of two millions* of cases. That the Commission's share in the work of providing for the wants of all these sick and wounded men has been both large and necessary, is acknowledged by all our best medical officers. And had the Commission extended their relief-work only to the general and regimental hospitals, the record of that service would still be a worthy and instructive one; but when we add the statistics of the battle-field relief-work, that record becomes clothed with the memories of the conflicts themselves. The President of the Commission has stated that "$50,000 would not cover the cost of our whole service" (of supplementary supplies) "in the first two weeks after any one of our great battles; at Gettysburg it was $75,000." Much of that expenditure was for supplies of various kinds purchased with money in the cities, and forwarded by express-cars and independent wagon-trains, sixty tons being fresh and perishable provisions that were sent in refrigerating cars; but it is not this estimate of the net money value of the invoices of supplies that best conveys to the mind an adequate idea of the nature and magnitude of this work of succor to the wounded. The long catalogue of the articles tells what wants exist and what relief was brought. One example in this work will justly apply to all the battle-fields. From the published records of relief-work at Gettysburg we quote a list of some leading articles which the Commission supplied to the field-hospitals there.

Drawers (woollen), 5,310 pairs.
" (cotton), 1,833 pairs.
Shirts (woollen), 7,158.
" (cotton), 3,266.
Pillows, 2,114.
Pillow-cases, 264.
Bed-sacks, 1,630.
Blankets, 1,007.
Sheets, 274.
Wrappers, 508.
Handkerchiefs, 2,659.
Stockings (woollen), 3,560 pairs.
" (cotton), 2,258 pairs.
Bed Utensils, 728.
Towels and Napkins, 10,000.
Sponges, 2,300.
Combs, 1,500.
Buckets, 200.
Soap (Castile), 250 pounds.
Oil Silk, 300 yards.
Tin Basins, Cups, etc., 7,000.
Old Linen, Bandages, etc., 110 barrels.
Water-Tanks, 7.
Water-Coolers, 46.
Fans, 3,500.
Chloride of Lime, 11 barrels.
Shoes and Slippers, 4,000 pairs.
Crutches, 1,200.
Lanterns, 180.
Candles, 350 pounds.
Canvas, 300 square yards.
Mosquito Netting, 648 pieces.
Fresh Poultry and Mutton, 11,000 pounds.
Fresh Butter, 6,430 pounds.
" Eggs (chiefly collected for the occasion at farm-houses in Pennsylvania and New Jersey), 8,500 dozen.
Fresh Berries, 675 bushels.
" Bread, 12,900 loaves.
Ice, 20,000 pounds.
Concentrated Beef Soup, 3,800 pounds.
" Milk, 12,500 pounds.
Prepared Farinaceous Food, 7,000 pounds.
Dried Fruit, 3,500 pounds.
Jellies and Conserves, 2,000 jars.
Tamarinds, 750 gallons.
Lemons, 116 boxes.
Oranges, 46 "
Coffee, 850 pounds.
Chocolate, 831 pounds.
Tea, 426 pounds.
White Sugar, 6,800 pounds.
Brandy, 1,250 bottles.
Whiskey, 1,168 bottles.
Wine, 1,148 bottles.
Ale, 600 gallons.
Pickles, 400 gallons.
Indian Meal, 1,621 pounds.
Starch, 1,071 pounds.
Codfish, 3,848 pounds.
Preserved Fish, 3,600 pounds.
Biscuit, Crackers, and Rusk, 134 barrels.
Preserved Meats, 500 pounds.

Methods for rendering temporary and special relief to sick and wounded at wayside depots in the vicinity of battle-fields, and to the patients *in transitu* in ambulances or upon the railways, have been improvised by the Commission to meet exigencies as they have arisen. Thus, on various occasions, temporary lodges have been established at convenient points for giving rest and succor to the wounded of ambulance trains, &c., as was recently done at Stevenson and in the mountain-passes approaching Chattanooga; and upon the more important routes of hospital transportation by railway, hospital cars

have been prepared and systematically attended. Upon the railway routes of Tennessee these railway ambulances have, from their first employment after the battle of Stone River, been wholly in charge of the Commission, and have done the entire work of hospital transportation in that important department. Recently, owing to the great demands upon the rolling stock of those railways, the military authorities authorized the purchase of three new and first-class passenger-cars, which the Commission has fitted with elastic beds and hospital appliances for the railway ambulance service; and, for the sake of avoiding delays from lack of locomotives, the Western Secretary has, for the Commission, become the owner of a locomotive for the use of the hospital train.

Details of the various operations which conjoin the department of *Sanitary* service with that of *Relief* cannot be given within the limits of these pages, but the reader cannot fail to notice that, in a great variety of labors upon which the Commission has entered, these two grand divisions of its work and purposes are necessarily and happily conjoined and co-ordinate. It would be difficult to say whether the one or the other element, in this theoretical division of the work, predominates in such labors as we have been describing. And when, for nearly seventy-two hours previous to the terrific assault upon Fort Wagner, upon the night of July 18th, the Commission's Inspector, Dr. Marsh, with the cordial approval of the leader of the assault, held his brave detail of aids unflinchingly to the duty of supplying the storming party in front with nourishing food and beverages until they reached the fatal moat, and then himself led his heroic helpers in the humane and perilous work of rescuing the wounded, and at the same time supplying almost all the means of succor and comfort which those mangled soldiers received until they were brought to the general hospitals, sixty miles away, that succor and *relief* was the best, the only, *sanative* care those brave men could receive. By such beautiful illustrations, which have continually marked the war-work of our army, often upon a grand scale, yet ever regarding the individual wants of the sufferers as well as the general results to be reached, has the Sanitary Commission's first postulate been proved both true and practicable, — namely, that

"this war ought to be waged in the spirit of highest intelligence, humanity, and tenderness for the health, comfort, and safety of our brave troops."

But in order that the nature of the Sanitary Commission's department of *Relief* may be fully understood, it remains for us now to notice still more in detail its organization, methods, and practical working.

The fact that the Commission's branch of *General Relief* service is strictly a scheme of *supplementary supplies*, and mainly under the direction and advice of the Sanitary Inspectors, has been illustrated in the preceding pages. Its methods are simple, direct, and responsible, and its records exhibit all the exactness, verification, and care that would be looked for in an extensive and well-managed shipping and commission establishment. Its central depots are located at Washington, New York, Louisville, Philadelphia, and Boston, with important sub-depots in Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New Orleans, and other cities; while in every department of the army, and at every important military rendezvous, there are disbursing depots, and with moving columns of the forces, and accompanying military expeditions, "flying depots" are maintained, and kept well forward with the troops.

These depots are in the immediate care of Relief Agents, who have been selected for the service with much care, and who are under the immediate direction of the Associate Secretaries and the sanitary staff of the Commission. Disbursements are made upon requisitions from medical officers of the army, or by special instructions from Sanitary Inspectors; and the day-book, ledger, vouchers, and balance-sheets of each depot exhibit the evidences of that faithfulness which should characterize the administration of such munificent bounties as the people have poured into the well-worn and ready channels of the Commission. And that this vast system of supplementary supplies, with all its cost of gathering, warehousing, invoicing, repacking, transportation, and the disbursement in detail, is economically conducted, appears evident from the fact which we find stated in the "Sanitary Reporter" respecting the Commission's relief-work in the West during the two years

ending September 1, 1863. After enumerating a long catalogue of leading supplies, — among which we notice the items of 49,141 bushels of potatoes, 46,807 pounds of concentrated milk, 497,365 pounds of dried fruit, 201,603 shirts, 113,329 pairs of drawers, &c., &c., — the report concludes with the following remark: —

"A careful estimate of the cash value of stores known to have been distributed by our agents in the Western Department during the past two years, fixes it at TWO MILLION TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. The expenses attending their distribution have been THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, or *one and one half per cent* upon their valuation."

The total value of the hospital supplies that have been contributed by the people through the Relief department of the Sanitary Commission previous to the 1st of November last, is officially reported to be upwards of seven millions of dollars, estimating the articles at wholesale market prices. Large expenditures of money are also required from time to time, for the purchase of certain staple articles of supply in this service. And, in addition to expenditures thus made by the central treasury, the local branches and auxiliaries often make large purchases, which, without delay or reshipment, are forwarded, under instructions from the Commission, directly to the points required. The facts relating to this subject are thus stated in a recently published document: —

"The branches also purchase supplies on a large scale, especially in cases of emergency, as after a great battle. They have thus expended several hundred thousand dollars, the proceeds of which have gone directly to the relief of the army. The cargoes of ice, for example, sent to the hospitals of Morris Island and Hilton Head, by the Boston branch, at the expense of the central treasury, have been of inestimable value, not merely to the individual soldier, whose suffering they have alleviated, but to the country in expediting his convalescence and return to duty.

"The general fund is used for like purposes. Up to December 1, 1863, the central treasury at New York has expended more than a quarter of a million in the purchase of hospital clothing, chloroform, medicines, stimulants, beef stock, farinaceous food, and other material for army relief."

Here we discover, both how the golden gifts of California are expended, and how the munificent proceeds of the great sanitary fairs and the accumulations of the numerous branches of aid are employed. All these contributions are directly applied to the relief and succor of the brave men who are fighting our battles and pressing back the rebellion, and we think it must be regarded as one of the most admirable features of this whole system of relief, that it has induced such thorough organization, harmoniousness of purpose and plan, and promptitude of action, in the spontaneous sympathies and benevolence of the people. This entire scheme of relief and supplementary aid is "benevolence organized," and its operations are the intermingled works of patriotism, sympathy, and tenderest affection guided by sound wisdom. This great system of relief is continually furnishing the most direct and convincing testimony to the truth of the great principle first established by the labors of Lord Herbert and Florence Nightingale, that "the cause of humanity has become identified with the strength of armies."

Co-ordinated with the work of general relief, the Commission's methods of special relief give to this scheme of benevolence a remarkable completeness, and in these methods we see manifested the delicate and brotherly concern for individual cases of suffering which peculiarly characterizes this branch of the Commission's service as one of Christian philanthropy. Though it deals mainly with the wants of men whom sickness, wounds, or paroles of the enemy have withdrawn from active duty, it is necessarily the main source of aid, advice, and protection that can be found by thousands of most needy and friendless soldiers out of the army lines. It steps in with the needed advice and means of relief just where, under the rigid regulations of military rule, the army authorities leave the broken-down, furloughed, discharged, or invalided soldiers; and the effectual methods by which the Commission does this service have become so well understood and appreciated by the government, that the military authorities everywhere regard it as a means of great advantage to the army, and they express their cordial approbation and interest by acts of official recognition and aid to the work. The methods of this branch of

aid and succor are thus defined in the last report upon the subject: —

"The work of the Special Relief Department is too various for complete classification. Every day brings out some new case for its intervention, differing from all that have preceded it. But its chief objects are as follows: —

"*First.* To supply the sick of newly arrived regiments such medicines, food, and care as their officers are, under the circumstances, unable to give them. The men thus aided are chiefly those not sick enough to have a claim on a general hospital, but who nevertheless need immediate care to prevent serious illness.

"*Second.* To furnish suitable food, lodging, care, and assistance to men who are honorably discharged as unfit for further service, but who are often obliged to wait for several days before they obtain their papers and pay, or to sell their claims to speculators at a sacrifice.

"*Third.* To communicate with distant regiments in behalf of men whose certificates of disability or descriptive lists on which to draw their pay prove to be defective, — the invalid soldiers meantime being cared for, and not exposed to the fatigue and risk of going in person to their regiments to have their papers corrected.

"*Fourth.* To act as the unpaid agent or attorney of soldiers who are too feeble or too utterly disabled to present their own claim at the Paymaster's office.

"*Fifth.* To look into the condition of discharged and furloughed men who seem without means to pay the expense of going to their homes, and to furnish the necessary means where the man is found to be true and the need real.

"*Sixth.* To secure to soldiers going home on sick-leave railroad tickets at reduced rates, and, through an agent at the railroad station, to see that they are not robbed or imposed upon.

"*Seventh.* To see that all men who are discharged and paid off do at once leave the city at which they receive their discharge, for their homes, or, in cases where they have been induced by evil companions to remain behind, to endeavor to rescue them, and see them started homeward with through tickets.

"*Eighth.* To make men going home discharged, or on sick leave, reasonably clean and comfortable before their departure.

"*Ninth.* To be prepared to meet, at once, with food or other aid, such immediate necessities as arise when sick men arrive in large numbers from battle-fields or distant hospitals.

"*Tenth.* To keep a watchful eye upon all soldiers who are out of hospitals, yet not in service; and give information to the proper authorities of such soldiers as seem endeavoring to avoid duty, or to desert from the ranks.

"In all these arrangements the Commission and its branches receive practical support and aid from the Quartermaster's Department, which makes its beneficial work tenfold more effective."

That such beneficent work has deeply impressed the hearts of the tens of thousands who have directly received its benefits, and that it has a decided influence upon the patriotism and zeal of the country, is a fact most impressively illustrated in thousands of our Northern homes, whose invalid, anxious, and crippled sons have participated in the friendly and paternal aid and succor which this system of special relief provides. Hundreds of destitute invalids daily find shelter, food, and rest in its homes and its lodges. It renders timely and effectual aid to the wayside sick, the famished soldiers that have pined and suffered worse than death in the enemy's prisons, as well as to the ignorant, the misguided, and the victims of official neglect. In short, wherever the enlisted man or the disabled and needy soldier is found in want, distress, or error, when beyond the immediate control or supervision of military authority, there the Sanitary Commission recognizes a citizen soldier and provides for his special relief. Its methods are systematic and economical, yet as varied and expansible as the ever-varying wants for which they provide. In the words of a recent report, "there is hardly a service within the whole range of charity that has not been rendered our soldiers by this agency. And they must surely endure longer and fight better for knowing that they are thus watched over and aided by the people whose cause they maintain."

The vast extent of the more systematic work of this branch of the Commission's Relief department may best be estimated by the current records of the homes, lodges, and relief hospitals. These institutions now number twenty-five or more, and during the past year are reported to have accommodated an average of two thousand three hundred soldiers daily. The more important homes and lodges are located at Washington, Alexandria, Annapolis, Louisville, Nashville, Cairo, Stevenson,

Memphis, and New Orleans. And in a recent report we are informed that the total number of night's lodgings furnished at these places, in twelve of the cities, to October 1st, amounted to 206,570, and the number of meals provided was 602,656.

To these regular and permanent modes of *relief* are added a large number of temporary supply depots, with temporary lodges attached, scattered throughout the lines of our armies; and besides these are the offices for correction of papers and giving friendly advice and aid to invalids waiting their pay, &c. in each of the grand departments of the army. Under the devoted and humane superintendence of Rev. F. N. Knapp, these operations of special relief have assumed such completeness and fraternal simplicity as to give them rank among the most valuable and commended of all the Commission's works. But words can but very inadequately convey an idea of the spirit and the individual details of this philanthropic and incidental branch of the Commission's daily labors. To every mind, the methods and duties of this work will impressively illustrate the breadth, unity, and strength of those Christian sympathies upon which the work itself is based, and which have extended its beneficent ministrations, not only to the loathsome prison-houses of the enemy, but to our foes themselves upon battle-fields and in our own prisons. The writer of this article can never forget the manly acknowledgment and grateful expression of the deep convictions of fraternal unity that an intelligent officer of the Rebel army once made to him while recovering from his wounds upon the battle-field of Antietam. Disabled for life, and about to return on parole to his Southern home, he accompanied his parting farewell with grateful allusions to the comfortable garments and dressings that covered his wounded body, (all bearing the well-known stamp, U. S. Sanitary Commission,) and added, "Such treatment proves we still are brothers and may again be one people." And it will yet be seen in the history of our republic, and in the records of human progress, that the United States Sanitary Commission's works and purposes of relief and mercy have had an important mission in hastening the day when

> "Man to man the world o'er
> Shall brothers be, and a' that."

Allied to the work of special relief, the Commission's "Hospital Directory" must be regarded as an equally significant expression and aid of that work. It furnishes a complete and daily revised encyclopædia of information respecting the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals, and at the same time provides the requisite offices and clerks for affording freely, both to patients and friends, all the information and benefit that such accurate and freshly gathered intelligence can impart. What Miss Nightingale attempted so tenderly to do for the patients that were under her daily care, and for the friends at home who anxiously made inquiry by letters, the Sanitary Commission has more successfully accomplished by means of its "Hospital Directory." This scheme was devised and ordered during the "dark days" in September, 1862, when the general hospitals contained a population of nearly a hundred thousand patients. And the Good Providence that gave the relief of "material aid" to the Sanitary Commission when, during those days of fearful anxiety and imperative duty, the treasury and supply depots became exhausted, brought at once the means to make the plan of the Directory complete and practicable. During the first year of its operations the Directory registered 513,437 names of patients in the general hospitals; and the total number of *inquiries* directly answered amounted to 9,362. Its central offices are at Washington and Louisville. It is not only a work of mercy and comfort, but its influence is so important upon the mental hygiene of patients in hospital and of friends in the homes they love, that its bureaus must be continued until returning peace shall have emptied the hospital wards, and made our homes joyous with returned fathers, husbands, and sons.

We might refer to various other methods of *relief* and *aid*, still further to illustrate the spirit and extent of this department of the Commission's work; but we must be content to point out the fact, that the greater number of the methods and special labors and expenditures of this entire service of relief have in view one common influence upon the government authorities, namely, the enlargement and better adaptation of its own methods and agencies for administering relief and aid to its soldiers when in distress; and, likewise, one common

result upon the needy men who receive such relief at the hands of the Commission, namely, the speedy succor and aid that shall most surely and quickly restore the disabled soldier to the ranks, or, if utterly disabled, bring him safely through perils to his home, or, if dying, administer such comfort as the heart of humanity requires. So vast and widely scattered have our armies become, that to keep this great system of relief in effective operation requires a vast expenditure of money, material, supplies, and personal labor. And it now remains for us to notice the means by which the Commission supplies and guards its treasury, and the methods and auxiliary agencies by which it obtains and accumulates supplies of "sanitary stores."

With manifest forethought of the practically economic bearings of preventive sanitary measures, the life insurance companies were the first and have continued to be among the most liberal contributors to the Commission's treasury. Immediately upon the organization of the Commission, the New York Life Insurance Company sent a spontaneous offering of five thousand dollars, and the New England and the New York Mutual Life Insurance Companies each gave three thousand, and the last has since swelled its gifts to the amount of ten thousand dollars. Other corporations have learned to give to the Sanitary treasury, and from churches, schools, public speakers, and voluntary associations the gifts have been timely and significant; while the individual contributions of private citizens have been like the rills that make the river. The *pro rata* of contributions received from the different cities and States varies according to the degree of intelligent interest in the Commission's work. The New England States have given to the central treasury about $150,000, and the single State of New York has given a still larger amount. But the greatest marvel of munificent giving has been displayed in the golden States of the Pacific coast. California alone has sent nearly $600,000, and from Nevada, Oregon, and Washington Territory about $90,000 have been received. The treasury has already expended nearly a million dollars, and still keeps a small balance in hand for daily demands. The thorough organization and system that pervade all branches of the Com-

mission's work also prevail in the management of its funds; and it is a fact not unimportant to its prosperity, that among the commissioners are men of long experience and of sound discretion in the management of important trusts.

But it is not in money that the people make their largest and best contributions in aid of the Sanitary Commission's work. They contribute a vast variety and amount of supplementary supplies, that money alone could not readily procure. Hospital clothing, fruits, and delicate viands are prepared in all our households, and, through the agency of Aid Societies and the branches of supply, all these products of home material and home affections are directly forwarded to the sick and needy men for whom they were prepared.

The organization and complete adaptation of the system of home efforts, local Aid Societies, and Auxiliary Branches, by means of which the Relief department of the Sanitary Commission is kept steadily in operation, has not been a work of chance. We have already noticed the intelligent and forecasting counsels and inquiries that preceded the institution of this scheme of organized effort. That these streams of succor would burst forth from every neighborhood and village was foreseen by the men and women who devised the original plan for systematizing the means and methods of voluntary aid, and upon the success of that plan was staked the existence of the Commission's department of *Relief;* but, more than this, it was clearly foreseen that, unless such voluntary offerings found a central and well-organized system, with methods studiously adapted to military requirements, the sick and wounded would fail of the timely succor which their homes would send to them. Hence it became a most imperative duty to prepare and put into effectual operation some adequate scheme for co-ordinating and guiding these benevolent efforts and wishes of our homes. The Sanitary Commission has accomplished this, and that the principal contributions of supplies for the soldiers' succor now seek these channels, and, through the great branches of supply which are situated in our principal cities, glide directly and certainly forward to the central depots and to field relief stations, is a fact not less creditable to the intelligence of the people than to the wisdom of the Commission.

For more than two and a half years this business of systematic supply has been going on through the Sanitary Relief department, until finally its plan and methods have become the popular habit. But while, by replenishing the local treasuries of the branches, the receipts from sanitary fairs are promising the means of greatly augmenting the total supplies to the Commission's depots, the central treasury becomes burdened with increased rates of expenditure, for which the branches are not directly responsible. It was an appreciation of this fact that led the Boston branch to assign, from the proceeds of its great fair, $50,000 to the Commission's treasury, and, following that example, New York and Brooklyn are to turn the proceeds of their fairs in the same direction; but in most instances the branches directly expend, for materials of supply, all the funds they receive. Such simplicity and singleness of purpose and such heartiness of co-operation are truthful expressions of the united will of a free people in the support of the national cause and the succor of its defenders.

The people of European nations, in recent wars, have endeavored to mitigate the woes of their wounded and sick soldiers, but their efforts have been unmethodized and comparatively ineffectual. The "Times Fund," and Miss Nightingale's depots for the Barrack Hospital and the Crimean fever-huts, will ever be gratefully remembered; the *arobas* of wheat and fresh vegetables which were contributed by thousands of Russian families for the relief of their soldiers during the Crimean campaign, and the good services of voluntary *comités* that were spontaneously established in the villages of France for the reception and forwarding of contributions of wines, hospital supplies, &c., for the succor of their soldiers during their last two campaigns, were beautiful and striking manifestations of the humane sympathies of mankind, and of the affectionate ties that even war cannot sever; but it has been made the humane mission and the patriotic duty of the United States Sanitary Commission to show how such spontaneous and benevolent aid may be wholly systematized, and rendered immediately and steadily effectual and acceptable.

Unity of plan, earnestness, patriotism, great humanity of purpose, and a broad and positive *nationality of sentiment and*

influence, are inscribed upon all the methods, counsels, suggestions, publications, and labors of the Sanitary Commission. The very conception and birth of its plan were quickened and shaped by this spirit of Federal loyalty and nationality; and at the present hour the Commission is an exponent of the sentiment of nationality that has become triumphant at the North, and which is utterly uprooting from among us the sectional individualism that threatened to impede the purposes and patriotism of our people. Every woman and child in our Northern homes has insensibly caught the spirit of the Commission's work while contributing their handiwork for succor through the branches of the Relief department, and the soldier himself is made happily conscious of this spirit of national unity whenever he receives sanitary relief.

The sketch we have here presented of the Sanitary Commission's scheme of organization and effort must of itself furnish the only comment that need be made upon the official services and personal qualifications of the gentlemen who constitute the Board of Commissioners.

In our account of the Sanitary Commission we have necessarily omitted many points of interest in its history and operations, but the outline which we have here given of the methods and nature of its labors will convey a correct idea of the means by which its purposes are accomplished. Without precedents, without military authority, and only having official *permission* to render aid as a voluntary and advisory organization, the Commission has devised and executed its various methods of operation in a forced and absolute dependence upon the simple moral power of its own intelligent and humane endeavors to mitigate evils which it had not official authority to prevent, or certainly control. How much greater service to the army and the country such a Commission would accomplish, or would have accomplished, if endowed with adequate authority to give full effect to the improvements it advocates, may not readily be estimated. With such official and military privileges as it has, and with the moral and material resources which it commands, this Commission has acquired at least such powers as enable it to carry on a systematic plan of preventive or hygienic service in all our camps and hospitals, and at the same time give all

the *relief* that voluntary aid can render to the sick, wounded, or needy soldiers in the field, in hospitals, or by the wayside. But after such experience as the government has had of the decided utility of the measures devised and recommended by the Sanitary Commission, and with the instructive example of the British government in its appointment of the Crimean Sanitary Commission *with powers*, there certainly would seem to be no good reason why the Sanitary Commission of our army should not receive similar instructions and powers to those that the British Commission received. In Lord Panmure's warrant to the Crimean Commissioners they were directed, among other things, to

"State fully and urge strongly, for adoption by the proper authorities, everything that you believe will tend to the preservation of health and life."

"It is important that you be deeply impressed with the necessity of not resting content with an order, but that you see instantly, by yourselves or by your agents, to the commencement of the work, and to its superintendence day by day until it is finished."

Not having been endowed with such official authority as that with which the Crimean Commission was clothed, the Sanitary Commission of our army has naturally resorted to all practicable measures to bring about needed reforms by means of faithful and persistent representations and proofs of their importance, nature, and extent, and the most available means for their accomplishment, while at the same time, with such privileges and authority as could properly be claimed under the warrant creating the Commission, it has given to our troops such benefits as the knowledge, skill, and humane purposes of the Commissioners could give, and has made the spontaneous offerings of the people thoroughly effective in aid of the national cause, and in the succor of its sick and wounded defenders.

The practicability of such a scheme of voluntary labors must have been doubted — was doubted — by some persons, both in the army and out of it; by some the Commission has been opposed; but its continued operations during a period of two and a half years have demonstrated its worth and usefulness. And it is due to the history of the Commission, and also to its

reputation for intelligent and advanced views in regard to the work it originally marked out and is now accomplishing, to state that the entire correctness of those views, and the desirableness of such work, have been very strongly corroborated by the conclusions reached in the deliberations of the International Conference,* that recently met at Geneva for the discussion of questions similar to those involved in the design and labors of the United States Sanitary Commission. The President of the Conference, General Dufour, said: "To be truly useful to the cause of humanity, we must, instead of indulging the vain hope of suppressing wars, endeavor to render their consequences less terrible if possible, and lend our aid effectually to those whose duty it is to give assistance to the sufferers." The representative of the king of Prussia, Dr. Löffler, a chief medical officer of the Prussian army, also expressed the sentiments of his government in the following language: "The history of the great contests in our times has demonstrated that, when war is about to break out, it is impossible for the official authorities to provide the means of succor with sufficient rapidity, and even in a sufficient degree, for all possible exigencies. It is to the charitable support and cooperation of the public that we must address ourselves to surround the victims of the contest with all the care to which they have a well-deserved right, and which the heart of the true philanthropist must demand for unfortunate fellow-beings." This was the spirit of the conference, in which the nations of Europe were represented by able and experienced military officers and other public men.

Inspired with enlightened and patriotic zeal for the welfare of the vast armies that our country has summoned to the field, and having most fortunately united in its work experienced and earnest men, who will steadfastly and intelligently maintain the cause they have undertaken, the United States Sanitary Commission, deliberately marking out its own plan of humane and supplementary work, has, from the necessities and incentives of the occasion, given the first great and suc-

* Conférence Internationale pour étudier les Moyens de pourvoir à la Suffisance du Service Sanitaire dans les Armées en Campagne. Convened at Geneva, Switzerland, Oct. 26, 27, 28, 29, 1863.

cessful example in providing against the insufficiency of the sanitary service in armies.

The wide range and great magnitude of the Sanitary Commission's work have been inevitable results of the vast increase of our forces, and of the original and fixed policy of the Commission, "to secure for the men who have enlisted in this war that care which it is the will and the duty of the nation to give them."

This work has been, and must continue to be, rendered practicable by the hearty support and sympathy of our free and loyal people. It is a necessity which an advancing civilization has laid upon their hearts and their hands. And while in our peaceful homes and in our popular armies it is joyfully accepted as a labor equally of patriotism and of love, the influence of this great scheme of beneficent labor has gone out to all other civilized nations as an impressive illustration of the progress of that humane Christian spirit which is augmenting the popular appreciation of the sacredness of human life and human sympathies, and which shall yet elevate the brotherhood of states and nations above the very causes of war.

ART. IV. — *Mémoires de Jean Sire de Joinville ou Histoire et Chronique du Très-Chrétien Roi Saint Louis publiés par* M. FRANCISQUE MICHEL. *Précédés de Dissertations par* M. AMBR. FIRMIN DIDOT *et d'une Notice sur les Manuscrits du Sire de Joinville par* M. PAULIN PARIS. Paris: Librairie de Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et Cie. 1859. 12°. pp. clxxxix., 356.

[Memoirs of John, Lord of Joinville, or History and Chronicle of the Most Christian King Saint Louis.]

ONE of the most delightful books that ever was written is the Memoirs of the King St. Louis by the Sire de Joinville. It is at once the most picturesque of chronicles, the sincerest of biographies, and the most unconscious of personal narratives. It is so full of human nature, that it interests us like a contemporaneous narrative.

St. Louis was the typical personage of his time, — the man in whom the qualities that marked the age found their highest and most characteristic expression. When men were most sensitive to the impressions of religion, he was the most Christian of kings, the most devout of men. At a time when the imaginations of men were in a condition of exaltation, he was the wildest dreamer of all. No Schoolman went beyond him in fondness for the subtile speculations of theology. No monk surpassed him in humility, in chastity, in patience, in reverence for the Church. Among knights he was the bravest and the gentlest. He was the truest of friends. Even to his own companions and to the people of his realm he seemed the ideal of a king, — humane, courteous, pious, — and they beheld in him alike the accomplishments of a hero and the virtues of a saint.

Joinville tells us more of the personal character of Louis than is to be gathered from all other books, and in giving a lively portrait of the King gives us a no less lively likeness of himself. He was indeed the worthy friend and companion-at-arms of his king. Of a nature less spiritual and elevated, but of sounder temper, less enthusiastic, and of less ascetic tendency, of a freer disposition and a richer humor, — in a word, less of a saint and more of a man than Louis, — Joinville is the pattern of a true knight of the later days of chivalry, at once a good Christian and a man of the world, bold, frank, simple-hearted, and loyal. With entire artlessness and a childlike simplicity he shows himself to us; he makes his readers his friends, he takes us into his intimacy; and when we come to the end of his book, it is as if we had finished a long talk with the old crusader, as if he and we were separated by no gulf of time, but had shaken hands together across the centuries. Few books are of so much worth in bringing us into sympathetic relations with the past.

As a literary composition, the Memoirs are quite without art, but they are marvellous as the work of a man eighty-five years old, reviewing the events of his young days. They have all the freshness and color of youth. The impressions received so many years before remain sharp and distinct upon the memory of the old knight, and he recounts the scenes and

incidents of the past in a style of unrivalled clearness, energy, and picturesqueness. Years and cares have left him still all that is best of youth.*

* The latest, and as regards the text the best edition of Joinville, is that published by Didot at Paris in 1859, the title of which stands at the head of this article. It is to this edition that the references in the following pages are made.

The history of the editions of the Memoirs is curious. The first, edited by Antoine Pierre de Rieux, was printed at Poitiers in 1546. The period at which it appeared was an unhappy one for the monuments of the Middle Ages. The spirit of the *Renaissance* was at its height, and there was a mania for so-called restoration and improvement. The character of the preceding centuries was neither comprehended nor respected. Following the taste of his times, the editor takes great credit to himself for having improved the simple style of Joinville. "There is not," he says, "less merit in skilfully polishing a diamond or any other fine stone, than in finding it in its rough state; therefore, not less praise ought to be bestowed on the present author [editor] for having brought the present history to good order and an elegant style, than on him who was its first composer." The *naïveté* and freshness of the original were quite destroyed, and the honest seneschal would have hardly recognized his work in its new dress.

This corrupted text was three times reprinted. In 1617 the work was newly edited by Claude Menard. The text was somewhat bettered, but was still left very different from that which Joinville wrote.

In 1668, the great scholar Du Cange edited the work anew; but as he was not able to consult any manuscript of the original, his text is only a *rifacimento* of the two preceding. He added to the Memoirs, however, a valuable series of illustrative dissertations, full of learning, which are reprinted in the last volume of Henschel's edition of his *Glossarium Mediæ et Infimæ Latinitatis*, Paris, 1850.

In 1761, under the auspices of Louis XV., the original text was for the first time printed from a manuscript in the Royal Library. And this text has been generally followed in subsequent impressions of the work.

In 1807, Colonel Johnes of Hafod published an English translation of the Memoirs, in two volumes, quarto; but unfortunately he chose to use the text of Du Cange rather than that of the edition of 1761. He speaks of the true text as being "unintelligible to three fourths of its readers, who, unless perfectly well versed in the old French language, would be fatigued and disgusted with it," and he determined to employ the modernized version, "first on account of the difficulty, we had almost said impossibility, of reading the text of the edition of 1761, and, secondly, on account of the necessity of preserving that of Du Cange, in order to add his remarks and observations, which cannot be detached from it." (Vol. I. p. 3.) The Colonel's learning was not superior to his taste. He greatly exaggerates the difficulties of the original, which are seldom insurmountable by any one who has a fair knowledge of French, with the help of a glossary of obsolete words; and although he chose the easier and modernized version, he falls frequently into amusing blunders. Thus, in a passage describing the landing on the shore near Damietta, Joinville says: "Les Sarrazins envoierent au soudanc par coulons messagiers par trois fois que le roy estoit arrivé," — "The Saracens sent to the Sultan by carrier-pigeons three times that the King had arrived," — which Colonel Johnes translates, "*A messenger called Coullon* was sent thrice to the Sultan of the Saracens to inform him of the arrival of the King of France." A book not rarer than Cotgrave's fine old Dictionary might have spared

The book begins with an account of its origin, in a dedication to Louis le Hutin, the great-grandson of the Saint: —

"To his good Lord Louis, son of the King of France, by the grace of God King of Navarre, Count Palatine of Champaigne and of Brie, John, Sire de Joinville, his Seneschal of Champaigne, offers greeting, and love, and honor, and his ready service. Dear Lord, I give you to know that Madame the Queen, your mother, who loved me much, and to whom may God give good reward, begged me as earnestly as she could that I should make a book of the holy words and of the good deeds of our king, Saint Louis, and I promised them to her, and by the aid of God the book is finished in two parts.

"The first part tells how he governed himself all his life according to the will of God, and according to the Church, and to the profit of his kingdom.

"The second part of the book speaks of his great chivalries and his great deeds of arms."

St. Louis was born on the 25th of April, the day of St. Mark, 1215. His father, Louis VIII., died when he was but eleven years old, leaving the sole charge of him to his mother, Blanche of Castile, a queen not less by nature than by station. Beautiful in person and vigorous in mind, understanding how to hold and to use authority, she not only governed the kingdom well during the long minority of her son, but exercised over him the tenderest and most watchful motherly care. His character was moulded by her, and the relations that existed between mother and son, as long as she lived, were of unusual closeness and devotion. "As to his soul, during his childhood, God guarded him by the good teachings of his mother, for she taught him to believe in God and to love him. And he was wont to relate that his mother had sometimes told him she would rather he should die than that he should commit a mortal sin." (p. 23.) By prudence and boldness she repressed the jealous and turbulent barons of the realm, who,

him this odd mistake, by showing him that *coulon* was but an old form of *colombe*. His translation gives no idea of the charm and spirit of the original. It has been reprinted by Bohn, London, 1848, as part of a volume of his Antiquarian Library, entitled "Chronicles of the Crusades." A good translation into English of the original would make a delightful book for such readers as are disinclined to take the required trouble to read Joinville's own words.

being able to cope with her neither in policy nor in arms, revenged themselves by slanders in satire and song.* But the character of the young and solitary Queen was the sufficient answer to such assaults.

The love and care of Blanche were well rewarded in the virtues of her son. Even in his childhood, his natural qualities gave promise of a rare and noble character. He had a sweet, grave modesty and grace, which won the love of all who saw him. His purity and gentleness of spirit were displayed in his looks and in his demeanor. "His face was full of charms," says one old writer, in describing him, — "Facies ejus plena gratiarum"; — "A youth gracious and lovely in the eyes of all," says another, — "Juvenis omnium oculis gratiosus et amabilis fuit." But his constitution was not strong, and his health often gave cause for anxiety. At no time of his life does he seem to have been robust, but he had great powers of endurance, and at times nervous energy supplied the want of muscular vigor. He could fight with the strongest while the battle lasted, but he was overcome with exhaustion at its end. The teachings of his mother, and his own disposition, gave to him in youth manners becoming a king. He treated all alike with civility, he never spoke ill of any one, and it is noted, as a proof of his politeness, that he addressed every person to whom he spoke in the plural.† "Sic cœpit in morum honestate gra-

* It is worth remark, that, among all the satires and scandals of his reign, the character of Louis is never attacked. "What is wrong is attributed to his mother, to his counsellors, to the Devil: there are complaints of his mildness, of his weakness, but his loyalty and virtue are never in doubt." See *La Satire en France au Moyen Age*, par C. Lenient, Paris, 1859, p. 60; — a learned and lively book.

There is a pleasing anecdote told of Queen Blanche, that one day, seeing among the pages of her court a fair youth who was a stranger to her, she asked who he was; and being told that he was Prince Herman, the son of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, who had died not many years before, she rose from her seat, and going to the youth, greeted him, saying: "Thou hadst a blessed mother. Where was she wont to kiss thee?" He pointed to his forehead, and the Queen kissed him there, with the words, "Sancta Elizabetha, patrona nostra dulcissima, ora pro nobis."

"If zealous Love should go in search of Virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?"

† This point of good manners is well illustrated by a passage in a letter of Peter of Blois, written in 1198: "Quodque per *tu* et *tibi* et *te* scribo, moleste non feras: pluralis enim loquutio, qua uni loquendo mentimur, sermo adulatorius est, longe a sacro eloquio alienus." Petri Blesensis Opera, ed. Giles, I. 59.

tiosus in omnium oculis apparere," — "Thus he began through the good grace of his manners to be pleasing to the eyes of all." *

The minority and the early years of the reign of Louis were troubled with the constant revolts of powerful nobles, and with frequent wars with England. But the energy of his mother and his own spirit overcame successive perils, and secured for him a firm seat upon the throne. The contest, however, between the King and the great vassals was not concluded till 1243, when, after a successful campaign in Aquitaine against Henry III. of England, who had been joined by some of the chief barons of France, Louis made a truce for five years with the English king, and received the humble submission of his own revolted nobles. The triumph of the feudal monarchy was complete, and France was at length in great part a united kingdom, under a single acknowledged head. But this triumph was dearly bought. Louis, always delicate in health, and of a frail constitution, had suffered from the exposures and fatigues of the war. He was taken ill toward the end of the year 1244, at the Castle of Pontoise, and lay for many days in a state of such exhaustion as to excite the deepest alarm. At last he fell into a lethargy, and "he was so far gone, as he related it," says Joinville, "that one of the ladies who was watching him was about to draw the cloth over his face, and said that he was dead. But another lady who was on the other side of the bed would not permit her, but declared that his soul was still in his body. Howbeit that he heard the discourse of these two ladies, our Lord wrought in him, and immediately sent health to him, for he moved, but could not yet speak. Then [when he could speak] he desired that the cross should be given to him, and so it was done. Then the Queen, his mother, heard that speech had returned to him, and her joy was so great that she could not have been more glad. And when she knew that he had taken the cross, as he himself told her, she mourned with sorrow as great as if she had beheld him dead." (p. 34.)

The red cross that the King had taken, and which henceforth he bore upon his coat, was at once the pledge and the signal of

* Tillemont, Vie de Saint Louis, V. 325 - 331.

his vow to go on a crusade to the Holy Land. But the spirit that had made the early crusades the expression of a general and deep-seated emotion, was now for the most part dead. Times had changed since all classes, from knight to peasant, had leagued themselves together, in a common impulse of religious passion, to rescue the sepulchre of the Lord from the hands of the infidels. The thirteenth century was one of transition from an old to a new order of things. In such a period enthusiasm and fervor are apt to burn with uncertain fires. Fifty years later a crusade was impossible, and even at this time it was almost an anachronism. But Louis did not recognize, or acknowledged but in part to himself, the change that had taken place since the days of the earlier "wars of the Lord." His good sense was powerless to appeal from the dictates of his conscience; and what he esteemed his duty to Christ was enforced upon him by the accounts of the distress and sufferings of the Christians of the Holy Land which now came with every arrival from the East. He was possessed with two desires, — one to secure peace in his own kingdom and among the Christian nations of Europe; the other, the deliverance of the Holy Places. The first he tried in vain to accomplish, finding his chief obstacle in the wilfulness and passions of the Pope, Innocent IV., but the second seemed to rest within his own power to fulfil. He had no thought of his own worldly interests, was misled by no lure of ambition, but he yielded to the impulses of a faith, which, however clear-sighted in spiritual things, was too often blind to those of earth. It is impossible not to honor the purity of the motives of Louis, and not to sympathize with him in the difficulties that arose in carrying out his design. No one favored it. His mother set her strong, imperious will, to which he had always been accustomed to yield, against it; his nobles were slack in acceding to it; his people were averse to his leaving them; the king of England offered no help; the Pope threw obstacle after obstacle in his way. But his vow had been made on no sudden impulse, it was the expression of a long-cherished and deliberate intention, and no influence could avail to turn him from its fulfilment.

In the course of the year 1245 several of the chief nobles of the kingdom took the cross. But the number who thus

volunteered was not sufficient to enable Louis to proceed, and at Christmas of this year he secured, by a singular device, the adhesion of many who could not otherwise be induced to join in an undertaking to which their inclinations were averse, whatever might be the suggestions of loyalty or of conscience. "At this season it was the custom," says Matthew Paris, "for great people to bestow fresh changes of garments, which we commonly call new clothes, on the members of their households." Wherefore the King ordered a great number of cloaks to be made of the most costly cloth, trimmed with fur, and secretly and by night he caused crosses of fine gold lace to be sewed on to the shoulder-pieces. Then he ordered those to whom he gave these cloaks to attend him, wearing them, early in the morning, before sunrise, to the church to hear mass. While they were at service the day broke, and each knight saw the sign of the cross on his neighbor's cloak. Thus, by degrees understanding the trick practised upon them, and thinking that it would be unbecoming and disgraceful for them to lay aside the cross after having once borne it, they laughed till they cried, calling the King a hunter of pilgrims and a fisher of men after a new sort.*

This story gives curious illustrations of feelings and of manners in the declining days of chivalry. The sense of knightly honor is as quick as of old, but of old it would have been needless to engage it in the service of the Lord by any deception or any royal gift. The King alone seemed to keep alive the spirit of the former age, when the poet sang, "Every valiant knight who loveth God or desireth the honor of this world will go, and but the mean and the coward will stay behind." † But now the tone was changed, and the poets sung, "Better every way it is to stay in one's own land, than to go poor and wretched where is neither comfort nor joy." ‡

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* Matt. Paris, Anno 1246.

† "Or s'en iront cil vaillant bacheler
Ki aiment Dieu, et l'onour de cest mont,
Ki sagement voelent à Dieu aler ;
Et li morveux, li cendreux demourront."
Chants Hist. Franç., 1ère Série, p. 126.

‡ "Encor vault mielx toute voie
Demorer en son païs

But though the numbers of those pledged to the crusade were thus increased, the opposition to the design was not diminished, and every effort was used to turn the intention of the King. One day, a year or more after the scene in the church, Queen Blanche and the Bishop of Paris, in the presence of the court, besought him to break his vow.

"'My lord,' said the Bishop, 'remember, when you took the cross you were ill, and, to speak truth, not in your right mind. The Pope will grant us a dispensation when he knows the necessity of the realm and the weak state of your health.' His mother more effectually urged him with her solicitations. 'Dearest child,' she said, 'hear and give heed to the counsels of those who love you. Trust not your own judgment. Think what a virtue it is, and how pleasing to God, to obey your mother, and to yield to her wishes. Stay; the Holy Land shall suffer no harm. God is not exacting or cavilling. The unsoundness of your mind when you were so near death is a sufficient excuse for you.' Then the King, not a little moved, said: 'You assert that the loss of my senses was the cause of my taking the cross. Behold, then, according to your desire and persuasion, I lay it aside; I give up the cross to you'; and he tore the cross from his shoulder, and said, 'My Lord Bishop, here is the cross by which I was pledged; of my own will I resign it to you.' At these words all those who were present were filled with inexpressible joy; but suddenly the King, with an altered look and voice, said: 'My friends, now of a truth I am neither out of

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Que aler pauvres chaitis,
Là où il n'a solaz ne joie."
Ibid., p. 129.

This quatrain is from a poem by Thibaut, Count de Champagne. The popular feeling was expressed by Rutebœuf, the Béranger of the thirteenth century, in a poem entitled "Dispute du Croisé et du Descroisé," in which, although the arguments of the first finally prevail, those of the latter are the most vigorously urged.

"Go you beyond the sea to dwell,
You whom great exploits fire,
And to your prince the Sultan tell
I care not for his ire.
If he comes here, ill shall he fare,
I will not go to seek him there.

"Vous irez outre le mer paistre
Qui poez grant fait embracier,
Dites le soudan votre maitre
Que je prins pou son menacier.
S'il vient de sà, mal le vit naitre,
Mais là ne l'irai pas chacier."

wits nor sick. I demand the cross to be given back to me; for He who is ignorant of nothing knows that no food shall enter my mouth till I again bear the sign.' And when the by-standers heard this, they declared that the finger of the Lord was manifest; and no one dared after this to raise any further question."*

Henceforth the preparations for departure went steadily on. Louis caused a strict inquiry to be made by special agents through the whole kingdom, to the end that, if any person had to complain of any exaction or injustice committed by royal officials, or in the name of the king, the wrong should be repaired.† He interdicted all private wars within the royal domain for the space of five years, and sought at the same time to secure his kingdom from external attacks during his absence. He renewed the truce with Henry III. of England, and he endeavored once and again to bring about a reconciliation between the Pope and the Emperor Frederic. He gave full authority to Queen Blanche as regent of the kingdom, and, calling his barons to Paris, made them take oath to be faithful and loyal to his children should any ill fate befall him during his absence. On the Friday after Pentecost, the 12th of June, 1248, he received at St. Denis, from the hands of the papal legate, the oriflamme, the pilgrim's staff and scrip, and thence set out on his journey. At Cluni he parted from his mother, — the mother who loved him so well, and who was never to see him again. Accompanied by his wife Marguerite, his brothers the Counts of Artois and Anjou, and a long train of nobles, he proceeded through France, and embarked at the recently built port of Aigues-Mortes ‡ on the 28th of August.

* Matt. Paris, Anno 1248.

† Ibid., Anno 1247.

‡ The forming of this port had been one of the great works carried on by Louis for several years in preparation for the crusade. The possessions of the crown upon the Mediterranean afforded no good harbor, and Louis felt the necessity of securing a suitable naval station for the supply and shelter of his expedition. Aigues-Mortes seemed the most favorable point for this object. About a league from the open sea, near where the western branch of the Rhone emptied itself into the lagoons of the coast, and surrounded by salt marshes, from which it derived its name (*aquæ mortuæ*, dead waters), the circuit of the proposed city was traced, walls were erected for its defence, a port was dug, and a canal called the *Grau du Roi*, "The King's Channel," of sufficient size for large vessels, connected it with the waters of the Mediterranean. The port and city were finished in 1247, and the

Thirty-eight great vessels, on which were the members of his household and several of the chief barons, sailed in company, with many lesser craft, steering for Cyprus, where the host of crusaders had been ordered to assemble.

Joinville's personal narrative gives vividness to the scenes of departure and of the crusade. He was the vassal of Thibaut, Count of Champagne and King of Navarre, being his hereditary seneschal, or grand master of the household. He was consequently not directly bound to Louis, but he had nevertheless determined to go with him across the sea. He was some ten years younger than the King, being now about twenty-four years old. At Easter of this year, 1248, he summoned all his men and vassals to Joinville, "and on the vigil of Easter, when all the people whom I had sent for had come, was born John, my son. All that week we spent in feasts and revels; for my brother, the lord of Vaucouleurs, and other rich men who were there, provided entertainments one after the other on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Friday I said to them: 'Gentlemen, I am going over the sea, and I do not know if I shall come back. Now come on: if I have done any of you wrong, I will give quittance to each of you, as I have been accustomed to do for all those who have any claim on me or my people.' I gave quittance according to the verdict of all the people of my lands. And, that I might not weigh upon them,

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King, in order to people the new town, granted great privileges to all who should establish themselves within it. Aigues-Mortes served its purpose for the crusade, and for some time afterward. But the city never flourished, the situation was unhealthy, the sea retreated farther and farther from it, the course of the Rhone was changed, and it is now little more than a picturesque and half-ruined monument of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Angus B. Reach, in his pleasant little book called "Claret and Olives," gives a sketch of its present aspect: —

"Presently we saw the gray walls of Aigues-Mortes, rising, massive and square, above the level line of the marshes, fronted by one lone minaret called the Tower of Constance. . . . . Outside, the town looks like a mere fortification. You see nothing but the sweep of the massive walls reflected in the stagnant waters which lie dead around them. Not a house-top appears above the ramparts. . . . . We entered by a deep Gothic arch, and found ourselves in narrow, gloomy, silent streets, the houses gray and ghastly, and many ruinous and deserted. . . . . Aigues-Mortes has been dying of ague ever since it was founded. . . . . On the seaward side of the walls Auguste showed me rings sunk in the stone, and to these rings, he said, the galleys and caravels of the King had been fastened. Traces of the canal which led to the sea are still visible amid the marsh and sand."

I withdrew from the council, and I performed whatever they reported to me, without discussion." (p. 36.) He then goes on to say that he mortgaged a great part of his land for his expenses and for security for claims upon him. A fine proof truly of the honesty and honor of the young knight. When the day for leaving home had come, he sent for the Abbot of Cheminon, who was noted as the best man of his order, and the Abbot "gave me my staff and scrip, and then, never to enter the castle again till my return, I set out from Joinville, on foot, barefooted, and in my shirt, and went thus to Blechicourt and St. Urban, and to other holy places near by; and whilst I was going to Blechicourt and to St. Urban, I would not turn my eyes toward Joinville lest my heart should grow soft at the beautiful castle that I was leaving, and for my two children." These simple words touch the heart. They warm us to the young crusader; to the old man who, after sixty years had gone by, still remembered the sadness of that long-ago farewell. The peculiar quality of Joinville's narrative is its perfect naturalness. He has no thought of concealing his true feelings, or of affecting sentiment that he does not feel. His sentences have the directness and force of the verse of a ballad. He is not careful of literary elegance, he thinks not at all of the impression he is to make as a writer, he regards only the truth.

Joinville took with him nine knights and many soldiers. He was accompanied by one of his cousins at the head of another band of followers, and in August they reached Marseilles, whither they had despatched a messenger in advance to charter a vessel for them in common, and to make ready for their sailing. When they were all embarked, and everything was ready for departure, the master of the vessel called to the clerks and priests, "and when they had come forward, he cried out to them, 'Sing, in the name of God,' and they sang all with one voice, 'Veni creator spiritus.' And then he cried to his sailors, 'Make sail in the name of God,' — and they did so. And in a short time the wind struck the sail, and carried us out of sight of land, so that we saw only the sky and the water; and every day the wind took us farther away from the land where we were born. And I speak of these things to you,

because he is very foolhardy who dares to put himself in such peril, if he have taken the goods of others, or is in mortal sin; for one goes to sleep in the evening there where he does not know but he shall find himself at the bottom of the sea." (p. 40.)

It was not till late in the autumn that the army of the crusaders was finally collected in Cyprus. It was deemed unwise to proceed farther during the winter; and, spite of all the evils of delay, month after month passed in inaction. The provisions which Louis had sent in advance to Cyprus were exhausted; the climate proved unfavorable, and disease thinned the ranks of the crusaders. At last, in May, 1249, the host was made ready for a new departure. Instead of proceeding at once to the Holy Land, it was determined to descend upon Egypt, then the chief seat of the power of Islam. The Sultan of Cairo held dominion over the ruins of Jerusalem, the larger part of the interior of Palestine, and over Damascus, and a victorious campaign in Egypt would have resulted in the easy possession of the Holy Places, which it was the chief object of the King to succor and recover. At length, on the eve of Pentecost, the fleet set sail from Cyprus. "It was a very beautiful thing to see," says Joinville, "for it seemed as if the whole sea, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with the sails of the vessels, which were eighteen hundred in number, large and small." On board were about two thousand eight hundred knights, with a far greater number of foot-soldiers, archers, and crossbowmen. A storm sprang up the next day, which separated a great part of the fleet from the King, who on his arrival at the coast of Egypt, near Damietta, was accompanied by not more than seven hundred of his knights. A council was held, which advised delay; but Louis determined not to wait for the reassembling of his force, but to land at once, although the host of the Sultan was drawn up to defend the shore. The King addressed some words full of faith and courage to his barons. "My faithful friends," said he, "we shall be unconquerable if we are united in love. It is not without the permission of God that we have reached here so speedily. I am not France, I am not the Holy Church; I am only one man, whose life will be blown out like

that of any other man whenever it pleases God. Whatever happens, we are safe. If we are conquered, we shall fly up to heaven as martyrs; if we conquer, it will be for the glory of the Lord, and that of all France, or rather of all Christendom, will be the greater. God, who foresees all, has not raised me up in vain; it must be that he has some great design. Let us fight for Christ, and he shall triumph in us, and to his name, and not to us, shall glory, honor, and benediction be given." *

The religious enthusiasm of the King, although shared to its full extent by few of his followers, roused the ardor of all. In the morning of the Friday before Trinity, the landing was made. Joinville brings the scene before us with great picturesqueness. The knights and their followers, leaving the larger vessels, embarked in boats, and each as he best could made for the shore. Joinville was among the first to land, but, as if in thought of the first words of the King's address, he tell us, "I put into my little barge two very valiant bachelors, one of whom was named Monseigneur Villain de Versey, and the other Monseigneur Guillaume de Danmartin, who had had a bitter quarrel one with the other, and no one could make peace between them, for they had taken each other by the hair in the Morea; and I made them lay down their ill-will, and kiss each other, for I swore upon the holy relics that we would not go to land while their ill-will lasted."

This little story brings the young knight and his companions vividly before us. When they reached the land they stood firm, side by side, against the cavalry of the enemy, that galloped against them, but could not break their quickly formed line. The crusaders, on coming to shore, struck the points of their shields in the sand of the beach, and, sticking the buts of their lances also in the sand with the heads toward the Saracens, made for themselves a perfect wall for defence. But of all the knights the one who came most nobly was the Count of Jaffa, "for his galley was painted within and without with escutcheons of his arms, which arms are a field

* This speech of Louis is contained in a letter written by one Gui, an officer of the household of the Viscount de Melun, to his brother, a student at Paris. It is printed among the "Additamenta" to the Chronicle of Matthew Paris, p. 108, edition of 1644.

of gold bearing a red cross.* There were full three hundred rowers in his galley, and by each rower was a round shield of his arms, and at each shield a little banner embroidered with his arms in gold; and as he came, it seemed as if his galley flew, so did the rowers strain at the oars, and it seemed as if thunder was falling from heaven with the noise made by the little banners, and by the timbals and the drums and saracenesque horns that were in the galley. As soon as she struck the sand as far up as they could bring her, he and his knights leaped from the galley excellently well armed and equipped, and came to put themselves at our side."† Nor was the King long behind. "At our right hand, at about the distance of a great crossbow shot, came the galley bearing the banner of St. Denis." The King was following it in a galley with the Legate, but when he saw it reach the land, not waiting for his own boat to come to shore, "he leaped into the sea, where the water came up to his armpits, and came on, with his shield on his neck, his helmet on his head, and sword in hand, to where his people stood on the border of the sea. And when he saw the Saracens, he put his sword under his arm and his shield before him, and would have rushed upon them if the good men with him would have allowed." The King would have been well content to mount to heaven at once as a martyr. He was a true enthusiast, and he counted no cost too great, no sacrifice grievous, in the pursuit of his ardent fancies. And yet he was not a mere enthusiast, but he was also a man of prudent and forecasting counsels; and it is this mingling in him of the nature of the visionary and of the man of practical sense that gives to his character an unusual interest, and has made it difficult for men to agree as to the true interpretation of it. His complete nature must be comprehended by the sympathetic imagination.

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* Heraldically, a cross patée gules on a field or.

† Joinville's account of the landing of the army, though written so many years after the event, is far more picturesque and spirited than one contained in a letter that the Count d'Artois wrote, a few days after the capture of Damietta, to his mother, Queen Blanche. *Add.* Matt. Paris., p. 107. But the letter is interesting as showing the intercourse that existed between Blanche and her sons. The letter begins, "To his most excellent and dearest mother, Blanche, illustrious Queen of France, by the grace of God, Robert, Count d'Artois, her devoted son, offers greeting, filial love, and a will in all things submitted to hers."

His self-contradictions, his weaknesses and his strength, his virtues and his faults, his moral incongruities, are to be interpreted by the predominance at one time or another in his life of the opposing elements in his soul. At one time enthusiasm sweeps with its irresistible flood over the dikes of reason and judgment, but the flood passes, and the old walls of good sense, that had been hidden under the waters, reappear.

The fight on the shore did not last long. For the first time since the origin of chivalry the French nobility fought on foot; and this first trial was a triumph.* The Saracens were repulsed with heavy loss wherever they attempted to break the bristling lines of the invaders. They were disheartened by receiving no intelligence from the Sultan, who lay ill at some point inland; the rumor of his death received credence; the leaders, in that uncertainty of the fate that awaits them which is the lot of the chief men of an Oriental despotism when their sovereign dies, were in no spirit to continue the battle with vigor; a panic seems to have seized the body of the Mussulman host, and, turning from the sea, they fled in confusion. Such was their haste and alarm that they did not even seek shelter within the city of Damietta, whose massive walls might now, as in former times, have afforded protection to its defenders, and have enabled them to withstand a long siege. On the morrow the crusaders took unopposed possession of the city, which was deserted even by its inhabitants as well as by its garrison. The mouths of the Nile gave shelter to their fleet, and they had gained a firm foothold in Egypt. There was a general gladness. The good Joinville rejoices with the rest, but he writes: "Our Lord might say of us, as he said of the children of Israel, *Et pro nihilo habuerunt terram desiderabilem.* But what does he say beside? He says that they forgot God, who had saved them,—and how we forgot him you shall hear."

This marvellous success was, indeed, a great calamity for the crusaders. The ease with which the battle had been won inspired them with false notions of the courage and force of their enemies; the possession of Damietta, with its strong towers and walls and its ample stores of provisions, encouraged a mistaken sense of security. They had only to advance

* Histoire de France, par H. Martin, 4me édition, IV. 220.

and conquer. But they allowed the happy moment for advance to slip by. While they waited to be rejoined by that part of the army that had been separated from them by the storm, the Nile began to rise in its annual overflow. Louis seems to have feared to move lest his army might be encompassed and embarrassed by the spreading waters. It was now the end of June. The weather was oppressively hot. The crusaders became demoralized by long inaction; the Saracens regained confidence and spirit. The French knights and soldiers gave themselves up to revels and to license. As the summer went on, the city and the camp were full of wickedness and sickness. It was a strange host to fancy itself an army of the Lord, and worthy to fight his battles.

Almost six months had been thus worse than wasted, when the army was put in motion again to march upon Cairo, or Babylon, as it was called in those days. Queen Marguerite and the other ladies were left with a strong garrison at Damietta. The advance of the crusaders was conducted with neither good sense, prudence, nor energy. A month was consumed in a march of ten leagues. The Saracens harassed the French with constant attacks, and inflicted injury while receiving none in return. Louis seems to have been blindly confident in the Divine protection. His faith was so absolute and literal as to partake of the nature of fatalism. At the end of December the crusaders found themselves at the junction of the canal of Achmoum with the Nile, opposite the town of Mansourah, on the farther bank of the canal. In order to cross the canal, they set about making a causeway; but as the causeway advanced from the one bank, the Saracens dug away the earth from the other, and, with all their toil, the crusaders made no progress. Moreover, the working parties were exposed to the stones, arrows, and, worse than all, the Greek fire thrown by the engines of the enemy, to which they had only imperfect means of reply. Their camp was attacked from the rear, and defended only with a hard fight.

"One evening it happened," says Joinville, "where we were watching the wooden castles,* that they brought up against us a machine that is

* *Chas-chastiaus.* Covered galleries of wood flanked by towers, upon wheels, for the defence of the working parties, and for the discharge of missiles.

called a mangonel,† which they had not before done, and put the Greek fire into its sling. When Monseigneur Gautier du Cureil, the good knight, who was with me, saw this, he spoke thus to us: 'Gentlemen, we are in the greatest peril that we ever were; for if they burn our castles and our shelters, we are lost and burned, and if we desert our defences, that have been given to us to guard, we are dishonored, — wherefore none can protect us from this peril but God. So I advise and counsel you that, every time they cast this fire at us, we all throw ourselves on our arms and knees and pray our Lord to keep us from this peril.' So soon as they cast the first sling, we fell on our hands and knees, as he had recommended us; and it came between our two castles, and fell in a place before us. . . . . The manner of the Greek fire was such that it came through the air as big as a little cask of verjuice, and the tail that followed it was as big as a great sword. It made such a noise in its coming that it seemed to be the thunder of heaven; it seemed a dragon that flew through the air; it threw out so great brightness that one saw through the host as if it had been day, for the great plenty of fire that threw out the great brightness. Three times that evening they threw the Greek fire at us, and four times they shot it at us from a crossbow. Every time that our holy king heard that they threw the Greek fire at us, he raised himself in bed, and stretched his hands toward our Lord, and said, weeping, 'Good Lord God, guard me my people.' And I believe truly that his prayers did us good service at our need. That night, every time the fire fell, he sent one of his chamberlains to know in what condition we were, and if the fire had not done us harm." — p. 65.

His watchful tenderness for his soldiers on all occasions made St. Louis dear to his whole army. The confidence he exhibited in immediate Providential interposition in seasons of danger was shared by all his followers, and was, indeed, one of the most marked characteristics of the common Christian faith and feeling of the times. The belief in God was not a vague article of a creed, but a practical conviction of the heart. On all sides men were surrounded with what was mysterious and unknown; and the sense of mystery and of ignorance encouraged a superstitious belief in the presence and constant operations of invisible spiritual powers. To the mass of men, every material wonder was in all honesty, and in the most simple sense, a spiritual manifestation. The storm was

† *Perrière*, or machine for flinging stones.

the breath of God; the lightning was the flash of his wrath. Spirits of good or of evil encompassed them. On every side were perils and surprises, but miracles were wrought daily, as it seemed; and if the Devil spread his pitfalls, the Virgin or the saints would interpose to protect from peril, and to guard against surprise. "The boldest warrior walked in an habitual mingling of fear and of confidence, like a little child."

Almost two months were wasted in these vain and enfeebling efforts to make a causeway over which the army could advance, and already there was thought of returning to Damietta, when information was brought to the King of a ford across the canal. At dawn of the 8th of February, 1250, the passage was begun. The opposite bank was gained, with but little resistance from the Saracens, by the first battalions of the crusaders, consisting of the Templars, and a body of troops led by the Count d'Artois, the brother of the King. Hardly had they crossed before the standing jealousy between the knights of the Temple and the other leaders of the army broke out in an open quarrel. The Count d'Artois, forgetting the orders of the King to wait for the passage of the remaining forces, was carried away by his impetuous spirit to propose an immediate onset on the enemy. The Templars were for holding back. The Count reproached them with cowardice and treachery. The taunt was more than they could brook, and in eager emulation the rival knights put spur to their horses and rushed upon the enemy. Such was the violence of their onset that they drove the Saracens like sheep before them over the plain, through the town of Mansourah, and into the fields beyond. But they had separated themselves too far from the main body of the army. The hosts of the enemy surrounded them. Great masses of the Mohammedan troops interposed between them and the crusaders advancing under King Louis. The battle became a series of detached combats. The French knights fought with desperate valor, but their enemies fought not less resolutely, and vastly outnumbered them. Clouds of Bedouins harassed them, and cut off all stragglers. There was no plan of action, there were no general orders, but each knight fought as best he could in his own defence. The Count d'Artois and three hundred French knights, the Earl of Salisbury and great numbers of

his English companions, and two hundred and eighty knights of the Temple, fell early in the day in the narrow streets of Mansourah. The Grand Master of the Temple escaped only with his life; one of his eyes was put out, and he was desperately wounded.

Joinville well represents in his inartistic narrative the confusion of this disastrous day. He himself fought like a good knight. His horse was overthrown; a great troop of the Turks, as he calls them, rode over him, threw him to the ground, and left him without his shield. With a few companions he gained the wall of a ruined house, where they defended themselves vigorously. They were hard pressed. "Then I thought," he says, "of Monseigneur Saint James: 'Good Lord St. James, whom I have sought, aid me and succor at this need.' When I had said my prayer, Monseigneur Erart de Syverey, who was wounded by a sword across his face so that his nose fell upon his lip, said to me, 'My lord, if you think that neither I nor my heirs should have reproach, I will go to seek aid from the Count of Anjou, whom I see yonder on the plain.' And I said to him, 'Sir Erart, it seems to me that you would do yourself great honor, if you go to seek aid to save our lives, for yours is indeed in risk.' And I said very truly, for he died of that wound. Then he asked counsel of all my knights who were there, and all advised as I had advised." This is truly a brave story of chivalry, — Sir Erart, wounded to death, solicitous to make sure that neither he nor his children shall be reproached, if he leaves his companions in peril while he goes to seek aid for them. Meanwhile the King was approaching, and Joinville tells us how he looked. "There, where I was on foot with my knights, wounded as I have told, came the King with all his troop, with a great noise, and a great sound of trumpets and timbals, and stopped on a raised way. Never before did I see so beautiful an armed man, for he appeared above all his people from the shoulders upwards, a gilded helmet on his head, and a sword of Germany in his hand."* In the midst of the battle one of Joinville's squires went back to the camp, and brought from there a fresh horse, upon which the seneschal mounted before going to join

* The German sword had a wide, flat, and flexible blade, and was of such size as to require both hands to wield it. The French sword was short and stiff.

the King. He was soon again parted from him in the confusion, — for the King was in the thickest of the fight, "and had it not been for his vigor we had all been lost, for the Sire de Courtenay and Monseigneur Jehan de Saillenay told me that six Turks had reached the bridle of the King, and were leading him captive, and he all alone freed himself by the great blows that he gave them with his sword." The day was intensely hot, but the battle lasted hour after hour. At last, toward its end, Joinville and the Count de Soissons and Monseigneur Pierre de Noville undertook to keep a little bridge, over which the Saracens were pressing to cut off the retreat of the King. The three knights sat side by side on horseback, now beating back the enemy, now making charges at them as they passed along the plain. Joinville describes the scene with great graphic power; — the river covered with lances and shields, with wounded drowning men and horses; the attacks of the Saracens, and the sturdy valor of the French; the close combats with mace and sword; the flinging of stones and of Greek fire by the Moslem foot-soldiery; the thick discharges of darts. "We were all covered with their darts, but it happened that I found a vest stuffed with tow belonging to a Saracen, and I made a shield of this vest, which did me great service, for I was not wounded by their darts but in five places, and my horse in fifteen. . . . . The good Count de Soissons, (who had suffered enough from blows that day,) at this point at which we were said jestingly to me, 'Seneschal, let this rabble howl, for by the coif of God,' it was thus he swore, 'we will yet speak of this day in the ladies' chambers.'"

The two young knights fought not the less bravely for their thought of the fair dames at home. There is a touch of modern sentiment in the Count's light-hearted words, — and that they struck a responsive chord of feeling in Joinville is shown by his remembering them after so many years. Indeed, it is difficult to bear in mind, as one should, so vivid and fresh is the Seneschal's narrative, that it was written more than half a century after the events it describes took place. The memory of these deeds may truly have been kept fresh by the recounting of them in the ladies' chambers meanwhile. Not all the French knights fought and jested that day as well as Joinville and the Count de Soissons; but Joinville has too keen a sense of

honor to tell who the cowards were. He only says: "In that battle there were many folk of great boast, who came flying very shamefully toward the little bridge of which I have before spoken to you, and they fled full of fear, nor could we stay one of them with us; I could well tell their names, but I will not do it, for they are dead."

At length Joinville and his companions were relieved at the bridge, and toward sunset Joinville rode off to join the King on his way back to the camp. The battle still continued in scattered fights and skirmishes over the plain, and the Saracens pressed closely on the retreating steps of Louis. The heat was still oppressive. "As we rode along," says Joinville, "I made the King take off his helmet, and gave to him my iron cap that he might have the air. And then brother Henri de Ronnay came to him, and kissed his hand all armed, and asked him if he had any news of the Count d'Artois his brother; and he answered that he indeed knew news of him, for he was certain that his brother the Count d'Artois was in Paradise. 'Ah, Sire, you have good solace for this; for never did so great honor come to the King of France as has come to you; for in order to fight your enemies you have swum across a river, and have discomfited them, and chased them from the field, and taken their engines and their camp, where you shall lie this very night.' And the King answered, that God should be praised for that which he had given, and then very big tears fell from his eyes." And so they rode on. It requires little imagination to realize the scene, and Joinville's simple words are sufficient to bring us into sympathy with his good king and himself. We are their companions in their peril and their sorrow.

The battle hardly ended even with the day. The French had gained a seeming victory in possessing themselves of the Saracen camp and machines of war. But they had paid a costly price for these advantages. The strength of their host was broken, and they slept that night rather as losers than as winners of the field. Many of the most valiant knights were dead, and of those who remained alive, the greater number were wounded and in no condition to renew the fight. But the enemy left them little repose. Deceived by the rich coat

mail of the Count d'Artois, the Saracens fancied that the King himself was slain, and counted on an easy victory over his disheartened followers.

On the third day after the battle they attacked anew the camp of the crusaders, and it was only after a long and doubtful fight that they were repulsed, leaving the French with fresh heavy losses to lament, and weaker than before not less in spirit than in number. A retreat to the safe shelter of the walls of Damietta was still open to them. But Louis and his advisers seem to have been blind to the necessities of the moment, or to have been obstinate in their fatalistic trust in succor from the Lord. They resolved to remain in their tents until the wounded and the sick should recover, and then to attempt a new advance. But, says Joinville, "after the two battles before told of, there began to come great mischiefs to the host." The bodies of the dead thrown into the river drifted on to its muddy banks and poisoned the water and the air. The fish which the crusaders ate during Lent were unfit for food. A terrible scurvy broke out in the camp. The enemy cut off all supplies, not only from the country, but also from Damietta, by placing their galleys on the river between the city and the army, and intercepting the boats that were bringing provisions to the crusaders. Soon the horror of famine was added to that of pestilence. The sufferings of the army were terrible. Joinville was confined to his bed with wounds, and with severe illness. One morning his priest was chanting the mass at his bedside in his tent. "He was ill as I was. And thus it happened that during the service he fainted. When I saw him about to fall, I, who was clothed in my robe, sprang barefoot from my bed, and caught him, and said to him that he should go on leisurely and by degrees with the sacrament, and that I would not let him go till he should have got through with it all. He came to himself, and performed his sacrament, and sang through the whole of the mass, and never sang again." (p. 92.)

Joinville does not tell us whether this was the same priest who not long before had sallied out alone against eight Turks, and put them all to flight, so that afterwards, as he went about through the army, men pointed at him and said, "See the priest

of Monseigneur de Joinville, who discomfited the eight Saracens." The priests who accompanied the crusaders belonged in truth to the Church Militant. They could fight not less well than they could pray, and to die in battle was to win as sure entrance into Paradise as to die chanting the mass.

The distress of the army became so great, that at last, according to the old narrator's forcible phrase, "the King saw he had no power to stay there, unless it were fitting that both he and his people should die," and he resolved to force a return to Damietta. But to retreat had become no less difficult than to remain. On the night of the 5th of April the sick were taken down to the river-side to be carried on board the galleys in which they were to descend the stream. The part of the army capable of marching prepared to set forward along the bank. The King, greatly enfeebled by scurvy and a violent dysentery, refused to leave this part of the host, and insisted on mounting on horseback to go with it. He gave orders to cut the bridge of boats by which communication had been established with the farther side of the canal on which the first battle had been fought, but the order was neglected, and this neglect was fatal to the retreating host. The Saracens, observing the unusual movement in the camp, poured across the bridge in great numbers, and fell upon the crusaders in all the confusion of their departure. They massacred numbers of the sick, who, incapable of defence, were not yet embarked. They pursued the flying troops. The King, hard pressed, was valiantly defended. "He told me afterwards," says Joinville, using a picturesque image, "that Monseigneur Geoffroy de Sergines defended him from the Saracens, as the good servant protects the drinking-cup of his lord from the flies." But it was of no avail, and the King, almost dead, taking shelter in a house, laid his head in the lap of a poor woman of Paris, who was flying with the army, and sent a message of surrender to the leader of the Saracens.

Never did sadder day dawn for the chivalry of France. The rout was complete. The whole army were slain or prisoners. Even those who had thought to escape on the galleys were intercepted by the enemy's vessels below, and all massacred or held for ransom. The Christian King and his brothers were

captives in the hands of the Moslem. Woe for Christendom! woe for the honor of knighthood! woe for the army of the Lord!

This terrible day may with justice be regarded as the close of the earlier period of chivalry. It gave the death-blow to the knight-errantry of the Cross.

Joinville, who, on account of his illness, had been forced to embark on a galley to go down the river, describes the scenes and incidents of his capture with his usual spirit. "We who went by water," he says, "came a little before the dawn broke to the point where the galleys of the Sultan lay. Great was the turmoil there, for they threw at us and at our people who were on the bank on horseback such a plenty of darts, all with Greek fire, that it seemed as if the stars were falling from heaven." Many of the vessels were set on fire, and, as they floated down the stream, lighted the horrible scene with their blaze, while the sick on board perished miserably in the flames.* The light boats, bearing the troops whom the King had appointed to defend the sick, all took to flight. On either side of the stream were numbers of vessels that the Saracens had taken, and which some were pillaging, while others were employed in massacring those on board and throwing their bodies into the stream. There was no chance of escape, and the only question was, whether it was better to surrender to the galleys of the Sultan or to the Saracens on the land. Joinville and his companions chose to do the first, though, as he tells us, one brave servant of his said to him, "'Sire, I do not like this counsel.' And I asked him what he advised, and he said to me, 'I advise that we let ourselves all be killed, so we shall all go to Paradise.' But we did not agree with him." It was not long before four of the Sultan's galleys came down upon his vessel. Joinville threw his casket, his jewels, and his relics into the river. Death seemed to him close at hand, but he was saved by the device of one of his sailors, who cried out that he was the cousin of the King; so that one of the Saracens, counting, no doubt, on a large ransom, protected him from the violence of the others, and carried him

* Letter of Louis, in Michaud, Hist. des Croisades, Tom. IV., Pièces Justificatives, p. 416.

off to the shore. Here again he was in great peril, and hardly saved from the fury of the wild crowd of pillagers. "Twice they had me down on the ground, on my knees, and then I felt a knife at my throat." But his Saracen protector rescued him, or, according to his more pious phrase, God saved him by aid of the Saracen, who took him "to the castle where the Saracen knights were. When I came among them, they took off my coat of mail, and for the pity they had of me they threw over me my coverlid of scarlet, lined with miniver, that Madame my mother had given me, and one of them brought me a white belt, and I girt it round my coverlid, in which I had made a hole so as to put it on, and another brought me a cap that I put on my head. And then with the fear that I had I began to tremble very much, and also with my sickness." It is impossible to find a narrative more ingenuous than this and so many others of Joinville. There is a perfect, unconstrained, childlike frankness in it, which is the result partly of the time at which he wrote, partly of the delightful simplicity of his own character. It is pleasant to hear of "the coverlid that Madame my mother had given me," and the honesty is delightful with which he tells us of his trembling with fear, adding "and also with my sickness." Men had not yet learned to be ashamed of the expression of natural emotions. A brave man had no hesitation in saying that he was afraid. The sternest of knights would not hide his tears. We see King Louis weeping, we see brave Joinville trembling and shivering, and we like them the better for being so honest to human nature.

Joinville was on the whole well treated by the Saracen emirs into whose hands he had fallen, and in a few days was taken to Mansourah, where the King and the barons and "more than ten thousand persons with them" were held as prisoners. "When I entered the tent where the barons were, they all made such great joy that one could not hear anything, and they praised our Lord, and said that they thought to have lost me."

It was not without difficulty that terms of ransom were arranged between Louis and the Sultan. But finally it was agreed that the King and the army should be set at liberty, upon the rendition of Damietta to the Saracens and the payment of eight hundred thousand bezants, and that a truce of ten years

should be established between the crusaders and their conquerors. The King and his barons were to have their freedom as soon as the city should be surrendered and half the ransom paid. The rest of the ransom was to be sent from Acre, whither Louis proposed to go, and the pledge for its payment was to be in the safe keeping by the Saracens of the sick, the army stores, and the engines of war, which were to be left at Damietta. These terms being settled, the King and his followers were embarked on galleys to go down the river to Damietta; but their perils were not yet at an end. The terms agreed upon seem not to have been satisfactory to the more bigoted of the Mussulmans, and, two days before they were to be freed, a sudden insurrection broke out in the Saracen camp. The Sultan was assassinated, and for some hours the lives of the Christian captives hung upon the slenderest thread. Joinville tells of his own risk in a passage so full of *naïveté*, as to seem as if it were written with a conscious sense of humor. "At least thirty of them [the conspirators] came into our galley with bare swords and axes in their hands. I asked Monseigneur Baudouyn d'Ibelin, who knew the Saracen tongue well, what these people said, and he replied that they said that they had come to cut off our heads. There were plenty of people then who were confessing to a brother [of the Order] of the Trinity, who was with Count William of Flanders. But as for me, I could not remember a sin that I had committed, so I thought to myself that the more I defended myself, and the more I tried to escape, the worse it would be for me. And then I crossed myself, and kneeled down at the feet of one of them who had a Danish carpenter's axe, and I said, 'Thus died Saint Agnes.' Messire Guy d'Ibelin, Constable of Cyprus, knelt down at my side, and confessed to me. And I said to him, 'I absolve you with such power as God has given me.' But when I rose up from there, I remembered nothing that he had said or reported to me."

In the course of a few hours partial order was restored in the Saracen army; and the chief emirs resolved on carrying out the agreement that had been made with the French king. Messire Geoffroy de Sargines was accordingly sent forward by Louis to the city to prepare for its surrender, and to obtain

from the Queen the sum required for the first instalment of the ransom. The Queen and her companions had experienced bitter suffering and alarms during the five months that had elapsed since the crusading army set forth in all confidence to go to Babylon. "Only three days before she was brought to bed, the news came to the Queen that the King was taken; with which news she was so alarmed that every time she slept in her bed it seemed to her that all her chamber was full of Saracens; and she cried out, 'Help, help!' And in order that the child whom she bore might not perish, she made an old knight of the age of eighty years lie by her bed, who held her by the hand, and every time the Queen cried, he said, 'Madam, fear not, for I am here.' Before she was brought to bed she made all go out of her chamber, except the knight, and, kneeling before him, she required of him a pledge. And the knight promised it to her with an oath, and she said to him, 'I demand of you,' said she, 'by the faith that you have pledged to me, that if the Saracens take this city you shall cut off my head before they take me.' And the knight replied, 'Be certain that I shall do it willingly; for I had already well resolved that I would kill you before they should take us.' The Queen bore a son, who was named Jean, and they called him Tristan, for the great grief in which he was born." (pp. 119, 120.)

As soon as Queen Margaret and her ladies could be embarked for Acre, the city was delivered over, and the ransom was in course of payment, when it was treacherously once more proposed by some of the Saracen chiefs to slay the King and the barons. But the proposal was resisted by others more loyal, or more desirous to obtain the money that was to be sent from Acre, and after some hours of suspense, "when we thought ourselves all lost, and there were many tears shed, ... God, who forgets not his own, delivered us."

The last incident of the King's stay in Egypt was one that illustrates his character, and fitly closes the narrative of the disastrous expedition with the display of his simple honesty and quick sense of honor, — personal qualities rare in kings, and worthy to be set off as Christian contrasts to the Saracen treachery and dissimulation.

"Then Monseigneur Philippe de Damoes told the King that they had misreckoned with the Saracens a balance of ten thousand livres. And the King was very angry, and said that it was his will that the ten thousand livres should be given to them, for he had agreed to pay them two hundred thousand livres before he should leave the river. Then I pressed the foot of Monseigneur Philippe, and said to the King, not to believe him, for he did not speak the truth, for the Saracens were the greatest deceivers in reckoning in the world. And Monseigneur Philippe said that I spoke truth, for he only said it as a joke. And the King said, 'Ill befall such a joke; and I command you,' said the King to Monseigneur Philippe, 'upon the faith that you owe me, as my liege as you are, that, if the ten thousand livres are not paid, you cause them to be paid.'"

At last, on the 8th of May, the King, his two brothers, and some of his barons, set sail from Egypt for the Holy Land, to which they had thought to go so differently.

However much one may find to blame in the course and conduct of the crusade in Egypt, however one may be inclined to find the cause of its miserable issue in the disposition and characteristics of the King, in his want of judgment, his deficiency of foresight, his reckless faith, or his mistakes in field and camp, one cannot help sympathizing with him, as an honest, pure, and earnest man, in the bitterness of his disappointment and the keenness of his self-reproaches. No misfortunes that had ever been presented to him as the probable issue of his crusade, by those who had most ardently opposed his design, had approached in blackness the calamity and humiliation that had befallen him. Not only was the flower of the French nobility left dead on the borders of the Nile, but the honor of France in arms was dimmed. He, the leader of the French chivalry, was forced to buy his own life with gold. Far rather would he, had it been but the will of God, have died in battle with the Saracen, than bear this disgrace. To die even defeated on earth, would have been to win victory in Heaven. Well might he envy the fate of his good knights whom he mourned. It is the most remarkable trait in the character of Louis, and the proof of the sincerity of his religious affections,

that this overwhelming calamity, which he must have felt with the most poignant sorrow, seems to have been borne by him not only with manly and dignified composure, but with unalterable patience and uncomplaining sweetness. He allowed in himself no question of the will of God, no irritation toward his companions. His faith was no less ardent than before, and it exercised a still more serene control over his heart and life.

There was little heart now in what was left of the French host for a continuance of the crusade, and little thought save how to return most speedily to France. But such was not the design of Louis. He felt that something might yet be done by him for the holy cause. The Christians in Palestine might at least be encouraged by his presence, and the towns they held be made more secure.

Joinville, who had already won the regard of the King, now won his love and confidence by his loyalty, and by his fidelity to the cause Louis had so deeply at heart. He made the voyage to Acre on board the King's ship; and while they were at sea, he says, "I, who was sick, sat always at the side of the King. And then he told me how he had been taken, and how he had procured his deliverance and ours by the aid of God; and he made me relate to him how I had been taken on the water. And then he told me that I ought to give hearty thanks to our Lord for delivering me from such great perils. And he mourned greatly the death of the Count d'Artois, his brother."

The small remnant of the crusading army that collected at St. Jean d'Acre had lost all but their lives in Egypt, and the barons who had quitted France with the largest following and the best equipment were now solitary and poor. Joinville seems to have had none of his own company left, and was almost destitute of the means of support. But the little band of royal followers was united in memory of common sufferings, in fidelity to the King, and in hope of returning not without honor to France. One Sunday, not long after their arrival, the King sent for them all, and told them that his mother had written letters earnestly beseeching him to return, on account of the peril in which his kingdom stood from the attacks of the

English. "But," said he, "if I go, I am told that this land is lost, for none will dare to remain behind." Wherefore he begged them all to think well of the matter, and to give him their advice a week from that day. The issue of this council was of such interest, and the narrative of it is so illustrative of the character both of Joinville and his master, that, notwithstanding its length, it must be told in the old knight's own words. It is one of the best known and most delightful passages of his Memoirs, and it strengthens perhaps more than any other our affection for him and for his king. He tells us first, that, after leaving the King, he remembered a speech that Monseigneur de Bollainmont, his cousin-german (whom God assoil), had made to him when he was going over the sea.

"'You are going over the sea,' said he, 'and take care how you return; for no knight, be he poor or rich, can come back without dishonor, if he leave in the hands of the Saracens the least one of the people of our Lord in whose company he went.'

"The next Sunday we came back to the presence of the King, and then the King asked his brothers, and the other barons, and the Count of Flanders, what counsel they would give him, whether to go or to stay. They all answered, that they had charged Monseigneur Guion Malvoisin with the counsel they would give the King. The King commanded him that he should say what they had charged him with; and he spoke thus: 'Sire, your brothers and the rich men who are here have considered your estate, and have seen that you have not force enough to stay in this country with honor to yourself or your realm; that of all the knights who came in your company, of whom you led out from Cyprus two thousand eight hundred, there are not in this city a hundred remaining. So they advise you, Sire, that you should go to France, and procure men and money, with whom you can quickly return to this country, to avenge yourself on the enemies of God who have held you in their prison.' The King would not content himself with what Monseigneur Gui Malvoisin had said; so he asked the Count of Anjou, the Count of Poitiers, and the Count of Flanders, and many other barons who sat near him, and all agreed with Monseigneur Gui Malvoisin. The Legate asked the Count John of Jaffa, who sat near them, what he thought of these things. The Count of Jaffa begged him to excuse him from answering; 'for,' said he, 'my castles are on the frontier,* and if I advise the King to stay, they will

* Joinville's phrase is, *Mes chastiaus sont on marche.* The possessions of the

deem it was for my own advantage.' Then the King demanded of him, as earnestly as he could, that he should say what seemed good to him. And the Count said that, if he could only do so much as to take the field within a year, he would do himself great honor if he stayed. Then the Legate asked those who sat after the Count of Jaffa, and they all agreed with Monseigneur Gui Malvoisin. I was seated the fourteenth opposite the Legate. He asked me how it seemed to me; and I answered him that I agreed well with the Count of Jaffa. And the Legate said angrily to me, how could it be that the King could take the field with so few people as he had. And I answered him, just as angrily, for it seemed to me that he said it to put me wrong: 'My lord, I will tell you, since it pleases you. They say, my lord, I do not know if it is true, that the King has not spent any of his own money, but only money of the clergy. Let the King now spend his money, and let the King send to seek for knights in the Morea and beyond the sea; and when they shall hear news that the King gives very liberally, knights will come to him from all parts, so that he can take the field within a year, if God please. And through his stay the poor prisoners will be delivered who have been made captive in the service of God or in his own, which will never be if the King goes away.' There was not one there who had not near friends in prison; wherefore none reproved me, but rather they all took to weeping. After me, the Legate asked Monseigneur Guillaume de Biaumont, who was then Marshal of France, and he said that I had said very well, 'and I will tell you the reason why.' But Monseigneur Jean de Biaumont, the good knight, who was his uncle, and had a great desire to return to France, cried out upon him very furiously, and said to him, 'Foul carrion! what will you say? Sit down and be quiet.' The King said to him, 'Sir John, you do ill; let him speak.' 'In truth, Sire, I will not.' And he was forced to be silent; nor was there one of the rest who agreed with me, except the Sire de Chatenai.

"Then the King said to us, 'Gentlemen, I have heard you well, and I will answer to you of that which it will please me to do a week hence.' When we were gone out from there, the assault began on me from all sides. 'Now the King is mad, Sire de Joinville, if he give not credit to you against the whole council of the realm of France.' When the tables were set, the King made me sit at his side during the meal, where he always made me sit if his brothers were not there. He never spoke to me as long as the meal lasted; and he did not even look at

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Count of Jaffa, in Palestine, would have been greatly risked by the King's departure.

The Legate who put the question to the Count was the Papal Legate, Eudes de Châteauroux, who had accompanied the King.

me while we were eating, as was his wont. And I thought truly that he was angry with me because I had said that he had not yet spent any of his money, and that he should spend it liberally. Whilst the King heard grace, I went to a grated window that was in a recess near the head of the bed of the King, and I laid my arms across the bars of the window, and thought that, if the King should go back to France, I would go to the Prince of Antioch, who held me as his relation, and who had sent to seek me, until another expedition should come to the land, by which the prisoners might be delivered, according to the counsel that the Sire de Boulaincourt had given me. While I was there the King came and rested on my shoulders, and placed his two hands on my head; and I thought it was Monseigneur Philippe d'Anemos, who had given me great annoy during the day on account of the counsel I had given, and I said, 'Leave me in peace, Monseigneur Philippe.' By mischance, with the turn I gave my head, the hand of the King fell across my face, and I knew it was the King by an emerald that he had upon his finger. And he said to me, 'Keep quite still, for I wish to ask how you were so bold that you, who are a young man, dared to advise my stay, against all the great men and the wise of France who advised my going.' 'Sire,' said I, 'I should have wickedness in my heart, had I not advised you on no account to do so.' 'Do you say,' said he, 'that I should do ill were I to go?' 'So may God help me, Sire,' said I, 'yes.' And he said to me, 'If I stay, will you stay?' And I said to him, 'Yes, if I can either with my own means or with those of others.' 'Now be wholly at ease,' said he, 'for I give you hearty thanks for that which you have counselled me, but speak of this to no one all this week.' I was very glad of this speech, and I defended myself very boldly against those who assailed me."

On the next Sunday the nobles again assembled in the presence of the King, and he told them, after thanking them for the counsel they had given him, that he had determined to stay, lest by his going the kingdom of Jerusalem should be lost. "Many there were who heard these words who were amazed, and many there were who wept."* (p. 131.)

* Louis himself gave an account of the motives which led to his determination in a letter addressed "To his dear and faithful prelates, barons, warriors, citizens, burgesses, and all the other dwellers in his kingdom," which he sent in August, 1250, by his brothers the Counts of Poitiers and of Anjou, who returned to France accompanied by many of the nobles. In this letter Louis related with a frank simplicity the disasters of the campaign in Egypt, his own captivity, and the loss of his army; and he besought his subjects of every class to take up arms in the holy war and to come to join him. He tells how the Saracens had violated the conditions of the truce, —

For four years after his deliverance from his Egyptian captivity did the King remain beyond the sea. In vain did he renew effort after effort, in the West and in the East, to collect around him another army with which to accomplish even yet some portion of his great design. But the chivalry of Europe had no heart for the work that was so dear to him, and he spent his money as well as his persuasions to little purpose in the endeavor to bring them to join him. He employed himself during his long stay in Palestine in strengthening the defences of the sea-coast cities and towns, which remained in the hands of the Christians after the loss of all that they had once possessed in the interior of the country; and thus he secured the safety, for a time, of the inhabitants of Acre, Tyre, and Sidon, and other places equally famous and forlorn. But his chief satisfaction, and the circumstance that best justified his stay, was his obtaining finally the release of the Christian captives

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how, when, after arriving at Acre, he sent back his vessels to Egypt "to bring the prisoners away (for the deliverance of these prisoners is our chief care) and the things we had left, — machines, arms, tents, horses, and many things beside," — the emirs detained his messengers, and delivered up but four hundred out of twelve thousand, and would restore none of the property in their hands; and how, worse than this, they had forced some of the younger prisoners by threats of death to abjure the Christian faith, and had slain others who refused to give up their religion. The blood of these martyrs cries to Heaven. "Already I was proposing to return to France, and had made preparations for the voyage, but seeing clearly by the circumstances before related that the emirs were manifestly violating the truce, contrary to their own oaths, and feared not to play false with us and the Christians, we sought the counsels of the barons of France, of the knights of the Temple, of the Hospital of St. John, and of the Teutonic Order of Saint Mary, and of the barons of the kingdom of Jerusalem." The King then reports their advice to him, and goes on: "These things being carefully considered, we who had come to the aid of the Holy Land, compassionating its misery and calamities and grieving at the captivity and sorrows of our captives, although many dissuaded us from staying in these parts beyond the sea, preferred still to put off our return, and to stay some time longer in the kingdom of Syria, rather than to leave the affairs of Christ utterly desperate, and our captives in the midst of such dangers. . . . . Up then, soldiers of Christ, ... gird yourselves and be men strong to avenge these outrages and wrongs; conform your actions to the examples of your ancestors. . . . . We have preceded you in the service of God; follow us for God's sake, that you, though come later, may receive with us the reward that the Lord will bestow, as the Father in the Gospel gave like wages to the first and to the last laborers in his vineyard." The appeal of Louis produced little effect in France upon those who might have responded to it in their own persons; but it seems to have roused the sympathies of the poor and common people, whose hearts were touched by the goodness of the King and alarmed by the dangers to which he was exposed. Their exalted feeling

who had remained in the hands of the Saracens. Two hundred knights, a multitude of the common soldiery, and many children, were recovered. Joinville had been a good counsellor. The King, though he might return to France defeated and without glory, would return with no loss of personal honor, with no charge against him of having deserted his faithful followers, and the sharers of his calamities.

Unable to enter it as a deliverer, it was yet the desire of Louis to visit Jerusalem as a pilgrim. But though so near to the Holy City, he never, even from a distance, beheld its sacred walls. He had not force enough to fight his way to it, for Joinville tells us that the largest number of men-at-arms that he had at any one time in Palestine was not more than fourteen hundred. It was proposed to him, indeed, to go to Jerusalem under a safe-conduct offered him by the Sultan of

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toward him and their zeal in his cause broke out the next year in the strange, wild insurrection of the *Pastoureaux*.

Michaud (Hist. des Croisades, IV. 413 – 420) gives a poor version of the King's letter. It may be found in Latin in the Jesuit Stilting's Life of St. Louis, Acta SS. 25 Augusti, p. 429.

M. Paulin Paris gives, in a note to the Life of St. Louis in *Les Grandes Chroniques* (IV. 323), a spirited song, written probably by one of the crusaders in view of the proposed return to France. It is curiously similar in sentiment to Joinville's expressions in his narrative. "King," says the song, "if now you set about return, France, Champaigne, and all the people will say that you have brought low your praise and have gained less than nothing; for you ought to have thought on the prisoners who live in torment, and ought to seek for their deliverance. Since for you and for love of God they are slain, it is great sin if you leave them captive. King, you have treasure of gold and of silver, more than any king ever had as I think, wherefore you should spend it more liberally, and should stay to guard this land. . . . .

"King, you know that God has few friends, nor ever before had so great need of them. Since for you this people is dead or taken, and none save you can aid them well, (for poor are the other knights so that they fear to stay,) if now you fail them, Saint and Martyr, Apostle and Innocent, will complain of you at the Judgment Day."

"Rois, vos savés que Diex a pou d'amis,
Né onques-mais n'en ot si grant mestier:
Quar por vous est cist peuple mors ou pris,
Né nus, fors vous, ne l'en puet bien aidier,
Que povre sont li altre chevalier,
Si crement la demorance;
Et s'en tel point lor faisiés défaillance,
Saint et Martir, Apostre et Innocent
Se plainderont de vous au Jugement."

It was not Louis that had need of such exhortation.

Damascus, but the proposal was rejected as unworthy of his honor, because if he, the greatest king of Christendom, should perform his pilgrimage without delivering the city from the enemies of God, all the other kings and pilgrims who might afterwards come would be satisfied, it was said, with performing their pilgrimage as the king of France had done, and would make no effort for the deliverance of Jerusalem.*

Joinville's account of the events of the long stay in Palestine is entertaining, but the events themselves were for the most part of little interest or importance. As in his previous story of affairs in Egypt he introduces accounts of the Bedouins, and of the Nile, and other matters which may give his readers a better understanding of the character of the campaign and the nature of the country, so in this portion of his Memoirs he tells us of the Tartars and their history, of the Old Man of the Mountain, and of other more or less remote people and things, for the illustration of his narrative, thus exhibiting his intelligence, the variety of his information, and the exactness of his observation and memory. But these episodes have less interest than what relates more directly to himself and to the King.

The reputation that St. Louis had acquired among the people of the East, by his virtues and his strange fortune, is shown by a story of a party of Armenians who were going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. "They begged me," says Joinville, "to show them the holy king. I went to the King where he was seated in a tent leaning against the post, sitting upon the sand without carpet or anything else under him. I said to him, 'Sire, there is without a great multitude from Upper Armenia who are going to Jerusalem, and they pray me, Sire, to show them the sainted king (*le saint roy*), but I do not covet yet the privilege of kissing your bones.' And he laughed very brightly, and told me to go bring them in, and so I did. And when they had seen the King, they commended him to God, and he them."

Early in the year 1253, while Louis was engaged in restoring the defences of Sidon, the sad news came from France of the

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* Joinville, pp. 166, 171 – 173.

death of Queen Blanche. The Legate was the first to hear it, and, taking with him the Bishop of Tyre, and the confessor of the King, he went to him and told him that he wished to speak with him in private. The King, seeing by his grave face that he was the bearer of ill news, led the way to his chapel, where, having shut the door, he sat down before the altar with the three prelates. The Legate broke to him the news as gently as he was able, and the King, when he heard that his mother was dead, knelt down weeping at the altar, and said, "Thanks be to thee, O Lord, who gavest me so dear a mother for the time that it pleased thee, and who hast now taken her to thyself according to thy good pleasure." Then the King desired to be left alone with his confessor, and they sang the office of the dead together.* "So bitter was his mourning that for two days," says Joinville, "no one could speak with him. Then he sent for me, and when I came to him in his chamber, where he was all alone, and he saw me, he stretched out his arms to me and said, 'Ah, Seneschal, I have lost my mother.'" (p. 189.)

The death of the Queen Regent rendered the return of Louis to France of the last importance for the security of his kingdom. There was no longer a hope of accomplishing any great deeds in the East. The barons and knights of the little army became more and more earnest to return home, and even Joinville himself was among the most eager to go back, now that the return could be made without dishonor. The love between him and the King had grown stronger with his faithful service, and through the close intimacy of the years they had passed together in Palestine. He seems to have been among the very first to whom the King confided his intention of departure, and Louis's manner of doing so shows the pleasure that he took in giving pleasure to the young knight. One day "the King called me from where I was sitting with the chief men, into a field, and made me turn my back to them. Then the Legate said to me, 'Seneschal, the King is greatly satisfied with your service, and very gladly would advance your profit and your honor; and to make your heart glad,' said he to me, 'he bids me tell you

* Vita S. Ludovici, Auct. Gaufrido de Belloloco, c. xxviii.

that he has arranged his affairs so as to go back to France at this coming Easter.' And I replied to him, 'May God let him carry out his intention.' "

"Then the Legate bade me accompany him to his lodging. When he had shut himself in his closet, him and me alone, he took my two hands in his, and began to weep very grievously; and when he could speak, he said to me, Seneschal, I am very glad, and I give thanks to God that the King and the other pilgrims are about to escape from the perils in which you have been in this land. But I am in great distress of heart, in that I must leave your holy company, and go to the court of Rome, among that faithless race which is there; but I will tell you what I think to do. I think to stay yet a year after you, and I desire to spend all my money in walling about the suburbs of Acre, so that I may show to them quite clearly that I bring back no money, so they shall not run after me at all." (p. 192.) Strange words to come from the mouth of a Papal legate, and yet true. Virtue and piety dwelt with the French king, while they were strangers with the Pope; and a good man like the Legate might well grieve to have to part from a company inspired by the example of Louis, and to go to the corruption, the simony, and the cruelty of the sink of Rome under the Pontificate of Innocent IV.

"After these things," continues Joinville, "the King commanded me to go arm myself and my knights. I asked him wherefore; and he told me in order to conduct the Queen to Tyre, and his children to Tyre, seven leagues off. I did not answer a word, but the command was very perilous, for we had then no truce nor peace either with those of Egypt or with those of Damascus. Thanks be to God, we reached there in safety, without any hinderance, at nightfall, although we were obliged twice to dismount on the land of our enemies, to make a fire, and to cook food, in order to feed and give milk to the children." (p. 192.)

On the eve of the day of St. Mark, the 24th of April, 1254, the King and Queen embarked, with their company, to return to France. Thirteen vessels, large and small, formed the little fleet that set sail from the port of Acre. How different from that magnificent fleet of eighteen hundred vessels which had whitened

the sea with their sails as they departed from Cyprus five years before! On Saturday they came once more in sight of that island, but a fog descended from the land over the sea, and shut out from view the great landmark of the Mountain of the Cross. The mariners, supposing themselves farther from the land than was the case, made sail recklessly, and so it happened that the King's vessel struck in the middle of the night upon a point of sand that ran out into the sea. There was great alarm and confusion among the eight hundred persons on board; it was feared that the vessel would go to pieces at once; the King, barefoot, and dishevelled, flung himself before the body of our Lord which was on the ship, as one who thought death close at hand.* Joinville tells with pleasant humor that in the midst of the panic one of his knights did to him "un grant débonnaireté," a great joke, "for he brought me without saying a word my furred surcoat, and threw it on my back, because I had on only my coat. And I cried out to him and said, 'What have I to do with your surcoat, which you bring me when we are drowning?' And he said to me, 'By my soul, Sire, I would rather that we should all drown, than that you should catch a cold of which you might die.'"

At last day broke. Four divers were sent down to examine what injury the vessel had sustained, and each reported that not less than four fathoms of the planks covering the keel were shattered. Then the King called the master-mariners before him, and asked them their opinion in regard to the blow the vessel had received. They were unanimous in advising him to embark on one of the other vessels; for said they, "All the timbers of your ship are started, and we fear that on the open sea it could not bear the shock of the waves, but would go to pieces." Turning to his chamberlain, to the Constable of France, and

* Godfrey of Beaulieu, the King's confessor, in his Life of Louis, c. xxix., says that before setting sail the King had obtained a special license from the Legate to carry "the body of the Lord" on shipboard, that the sacrament of communion might be administered to the sick, and to himself and his family when it might seem expedient. "This sacred treasure he caused to be placed in the most worthy and convenient part of the ship, and the precious tabernacle to be erected, and adorned with cloths of silk and gold." See also *Les Grandes Chroniques*, IV. 337. The custom of carrying the consecrated wafer on board ship at sea was not unusual. See Du Cange's note on this passage in Joinville.

other of his chief men, among whom was Joinville, he asked them what they thought; and they agreed that the advice of the master-mariners should be followed, and the King should leave the vessel.

"Then said the King to the mariners, 'I demand of you on your loyalty, if this vessel were yours, and were freighted with your goods, would you desert it?' And they answered all together, surely not, for they would rather run the risk of drowning than pay four thousand livres and more for a ship. 'Why then do you advise me to leave it?' 'Because,' said they, 'this is not a like case, for neither gold nor silver can be reckoned against your life, and that of your wife and of your children, who are on board, and therefore we advise you not to put yourself or them in hazard.'

"Then said the King, 'Gentlemen, I have heard your opinion and the opinion of my mariners. Now I will tell you mine, which is that I do not desert the vessel, for there are in it some five hundred persons and more who would stay in the isle of Cyprus for fear of the danger to their lives, for there is not one of them who does not love his life as much as I love mine, and perchance they might never return to their own country; wherefore I prefer to commit my body, and that of my wife, and those of my children, to the hands of God, than to do such harm to so many people as are on board.'

"And the great harm that the King might have done the people who were in the ship may be seen in the instance of Olivier de Termes, who was in the King's vessel, who was one of the boldest men I ever saw, and the best proved in the Holy Land, who did not dare to stay with us for fear of drowning, but remained in Cyprus, and it was more than a year and a half before he could come back to the King; and yet he was a great man and a rich man, and could pay well for his passage. Now, consider what the little people could have done, who might not have had means to pay, when such a man had so great difficulty." (p. 197.)

The humanity of St. Louis was indeed well displayed on this occasion. It was one of his most striking qualities, and it was one which most affected the imaginations and won the affection of those who were brought into intimate relations

with him, as well as of the common people of his kingdom and of his army. It was a quality rare in those days, when cruelty and violence were not yet subdued by the milder forces of civilization, and when the lives of the "little people" were held cheap by their lords, the great men. The spirit of chivalry had done much to protect the poor and the defenceless, and to teach courtesy toward the humble, but it had not led to the acknowledgment of the real brotherhood of men. Its spirit was not that which inspired Louis. His feeling sprang from a higher source, and we recognize the doctrine of Christ in the words, "There is not one of these who does not love his life as much as I love mine." No Sir Lancelot, no Chevalier Bayard, no Sir Philip Sidney, ever showed a tenderer and truer regard for the poor and the weak than this king. Compare with him the later Louises and Philips, — Charles IX., Philip II., — the so-called *Most Christian* Majesties of more modern days.

Before the King's vessel set sail again, so violent a wind sprang up that it was not till five anchors were thrown out that the vessel could be held from drifting toward the rocks, where she would have gone to pieces. When the wind sank, and the danger was over, "the King seated himself on the rail of the ship, and made me sit at his feet," says Joinville, "and said to me, 'Seneschal, God has truly shown to us his great power, in that one of his small winds, not the chief of the four winds, might have drowned the King of France, his wife and his children, and all his company. Now we ought to render thanks and be grateful to him for delivering us from this peril.'" Then the King went on to say that we ought to regard such tribulations as warnings, and should examine ourselves, and look clearly into our faults, and cast away anything in us that may be displeasing to God. "If we do thus," said he, "we shall do as the wise."

After a voyage of ten weeks, the King's vessel reached the port of Hyères in Provence, then under the dominion of Charles of Anjou, the King's brother. Here Louis landed, and hence he proceeded by land to his own kingdom. Joinville relates an incident that took place at Hyères, which is remarkable as exhibiting his own good sense and right feeling,

and the frankness of the relations existing between him and the King, while it also places in most favorable light the temper of Louis. He says: "Whilst the King was staying at Hyères to procure horses to go to France, the Abbot of Cluny, who was afterwards Bishop of l'Olive, presented to him two palfreys, such as would be worth to-day at least five hundred livres, one for himself and the other for the Queen. When he had presented them, he said to the King, 'Sire, I will come to-morrow to speak to you concerning my affairs.' On the morrow the Abbot returned. The King heard him very attentively, and for a very long time. When the Abbot had gone I went to the King, and said to him, 'I wish to ask you, if you please, if you have heard the Abbot with more good-will because he gave you yesterday those two palfreys?' The King reflected for a long time, and said to me, 'In truth, yes.' 'Sire,' said I, 'do you know why I put this question to you?' 'Why?' said he. 'Because, Sire,' said I, 'I would advise and counsel you, that, when you reach France, you should prohibit your sworn council from taking anything from those who shall have business before you; for you may be sure that, if they take, they will listen with more good-will, and more attentively, to those who shall give to them, just as you have done to the Abbot of Cluny.' Then the King called all his council, and reported to them on the instant what I had said to him, and they said that I had given him good advice." (p. 206.)

At Beaucaire, where the King was in his own land and his own dominion, the faithful seneschal parted from him, and, after an absence of more than six years, returned to his beautiful castle, which he had left with so many regrets, and which he had so often doubted he might never see again. But his absence from the King was not long, and he rejoined him again at Soissons. "He was so glad to see me, that those who were present were astonished at it."

Here the first part of the Memoirs of Joinville come to a natural close. At some future time we may trace the history of Louis in the narrative of the worthy seneschal, and in the other contemporary accounts of his reign, his second crusade, and his death.

ART. V.—*Report of the Secretary of the Navy.* Presented to Congress, December, 1863.

THE Navy of the United States is an object of special interest to us at this moment, on two accounts; on account of the chastisement it has inflicted upon the Rebels, and the extent to which it has contributed to the suppression of the rebellion; and on account of the service it may be called upon to render, if a vigilant and unscrupulous enemy shall conceive that the time has arrived when it may indulge in what Earl Russell calls, with his own peculiar relish, a "little safe malice." The events of the civil war through which we are now passing will in the end tend to make us a naval more than a military power. The military spirit displayed by the country, and the immense armies created so rapidly and so easily, have put the invasion of the United States by a European enemy entirely out of the question. This is one of the things of the past, of which it cannot be said, that "the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done." And when the country returns to a state of permanent repose, and its energies and genius are once more directed to the development of its resources, the distribution of its population and productions, and to the inventions of the arts of peace, we may venture to hope, that, in the providence of God, a long period will elapse before her fields shall be channelled with trenching war, or her flowerets bruised with the armed hoofs of hostile paces. When that happy time arrives, our military services will be limited to reviews, and parades, and processions, in which the soldier will remember with advantages the feats he has done this day, and all, both enemies and friends of the present time, shall in mutual, well-beseeming ranks march all one way.

The reverse of this, however, will be the case with the Navy. Several very important changes have already taken place in our foreign relations, which never can be left out of calculation when we are providing for the naval defence of the country. We do not so much predicate an increase of the Navy upon the restoration of our commerce, or upon that extension

of it which is likely to concur with the growth of the country; but we have been taught, if a nation can be taught anything, that hereafter we must take care of our own interests, and that the reliance we have hitherto placed upon what we have been pleased to call friendly nations, for the maintenance of the police of the seas, would be hereafter the merest imbecility.

There will not be written in the future history of all this war a page more dark with human frailty than that which will record the alienation of the English mind from this country, and the deliberate adoption by the mass of the English aristocracy of the cause of a pretended government, which took the stone of human slavery, that all other builders had rejected, and made it the chief stone of the corner. But the calamity has come, and it only remains for us now to consider how we shall meet it. It is not worth while to recapitulate here all the circumstances which marked our total want of preparation for the contest in which we are now engaged. It was, apparently, the design of Providence that every opportunity should have been enjoyed by the South for collecting the materials of war, and for raising the minds of the people to a high pitch of faith and enthusiasm; on the other hand, that everything should concur at the North to produce surprise and weakness. And in no respect was this more conspicuous than in the condition of the Navy at the beginning of this eventful decade. The whole number of vessels in commission was forty-two, of which twenty-six only employed steam as an auxiliary motive power; of the remaining sixteen, all were sailing vessels, and three were store-ships. And again, although we had a so-called home-squadron, four only of the vessels composing it, and they carrying only twenty-five guns and two hundred and eighty men, were in Northern ports. Looking back at this time, and seeing what the work of the Navy was to be, and the instruments with which it was to be performed, it is not too much to say, that, when the Navy Department of this administration entered upon its functions, the first thing it had to do was to create a Navy from the foundation; and this is true not only of the ships, but in part of the officers and men, and of the armament. In the first four months of the rebel-

lion two hundred and fifty-nine officers of the Navy either resigned their commissions or were dismissed from the service. It would have been requisite, in any event, to invite gentlemen to enter the Navy whose business on the seas had hitherto been of a peaceful character only; and this necessity was very much increased by the resignation and dismissal of the regular officers. So of the armament. We may say, in any event, it would have been requisite to make new ordnance according to the improved patterns of the day. But this necessity also was very much increased by the immense loss of cannon resulting from the surrender and destruction of navy-yards. It appears from the evidence of the present Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance of the Navy Department, that at the Nofolk Yard there were seven hundred and sixty-eight guns, according to the returns made to the Ordnance Bureau. In the report of the Senate Committee appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the surrender of this station, it is said that other evidence goes to show quite conclusively that there were in the yard, at the time of the evacuation, at least two thousand pieces of heavy ordnance, of which about three hundred were new Dahlgren guns. All that was thus lost to the government in officers and in ordnance was gained by the Rebels.

We have thus briefly and fairly stated the actual resources of the Navy at the time of the breaking out of the war. We will next inquire into the work it was expected to perform.

This work consisted of the effective blockade of a line of shore beginning at Alexandria, Virginia, and terminating at the Rio Grande, measuring 3,549 statute miles in length, and possessing 189 harbor or river openings; of combined naval and military expeditions on the sea-coast; of naval co-operation in opening the Mississippi, from Cairo to its mouth; of the maintenance of a sufficient police on the Mississippi and its tributaries, throughout an extent of 3,615 miles, after they came into our possession, and throughout the rivers and inland waters, embracing an extent of about 2,000 miles; and of the pursuit of armed cruisers, built and manned and equipped in England, in other words, of English corsairs, who were preying upon the commerce of the United States.

When the magnitude of these duties is brought into compar-

ison with the means of performing them, at the time the present administration entered upon office, we are able to form a just estimate of its labors. But many pages have yet to be written by the leisurely student of the past, to bring into view the vast amount of details comprised in those labors.

In order to accomplish the first of the objects we have named with the least possible delay, the Department ordered home most of the vessels from the foreign stations, put into commission at once all vessels dismantled and lying in ordinary, and purchased from the mercantile service vessels of all classes that were best suited to promote the end in view. Before the close of November, 1861, 136 vessels had been added to the Navy by purchase, of which 79 were steamers; 52 vessels were ordered to be constructed, all of which were to be propelled wholly or in part by steam; and 18 vessels of the old Navy had been repaired and put in commission; numbering altogether 206 vessels. To these ought to be added 20 vessels, which, by that time, had returned from foreign stations, making in all 226 vessels (including those under construction) at the command of the government. A single sentence of recapitulation will bring the whole of this statement into one view.

On the 4th of March, 1861, the government had four vessels of the Navy within reach of its orders; and at the close of November of the same year it counted in its possession 226 vessels. We have said of the purchased vessels, that they were specially selected for the service required of them; and the power of making such a selection was one of the results of the interruption of the commercial intercourse between the North and the South. A first consequence of this interruption was to reduce to idleness those large, well-built, strong, and fleet sea-going steamers, which had been employed on the traffic between the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia in the North, and Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans in the South. Their Northern owners found in the government a prompt and liberal purchaser, as soon as they came into the market. The value of the vessels was even enhanced, if possible, by the war; and the means which had hitherto been employed to promote the prosperity of the Rebels became,

through their own treason, the instrument of their own castigation. These vessels required but slight alterations to prepare them for the reception of the crew and armament of a man-of-war. They were comfortable in every respect, qualified to encounter the winter storms of our rugged coast with safety, and eminently fitted for all the purposes of blockade. Besides this particular class of vessels, there was a large number of smaller steamers, never designed to go to sea, but so precisely suited to be useful in the sounds and interior waters of the South, that they could hardly have answered better if they had been built for that very purpose; particularly as they were all of them, without exception, able to carry sufficient means of offence.

It was thus that the first blockade of the principal Southern ports was instituted; but it was felt, from the very beginning of the war, that this blockade never could be uniformly maintained without the possession of some of the harbors within its line, of sufficient depth and capacity to admit all the vessels of the blockading fleet, including those of the largest draught. The capture, therefore, of one or more of the Southern ports became one of the first designs in the offensive operations of the government. To accomplish this object, and to promote the efficiency of the blockade throughout the whole coast, a mixed conference was appointed by the Navy Department for the purpose of bringing to light all the information in the archives of the government which might be useful to the blockading squadron, particularly such as depended upon the most minute topographical details of every part of the coast without exception, from the capes of the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande del Norte. This board was requested to take into early consideration the capture of two or more points on the Atlantic coast, and afterwards to give its opinions upon similar movements in the Gulf of Mexico. It is now well known that in this mixed conference originated the earlier combined naval and military expeditions; but it is an interesting fact, and one which it will be worth while to expatiate upon hereafter, that the government was at that time, through the labors of the Coast Survey, in possession of so complete and accurate a knowledge of the sea-border, that very little has since been added. The capture of

Port Royal early in November, followed as it was by the occupation of a large part of the coast of South Carolina, the whole coast of Georgia, and a portion of the eastern coast of Florida, contributed greatly to the efficiency of the blockade. The frequent harbors, inlets, and sounds in this region not only furnished ports of refuge, but enabled vessels to perform their blockading duty while lying snugly at anchor.

It is not our intention to speak here of our combined naval and military operations, which form the second member of our enumeration of the tasks which the Navy took in hand at the outset of this war. They are still so fresh in the memories of our readers, that a mere recapitulation of them is more even than is necessary. A sufficient review of those successes which belong wholly or in part to the Navy would consume all the space of a separate article; and this we do not mean to attempt at present.

But while the Navy was successfully employed on the coast, it was called to enter upon an entirely new field of service on the Mississippi River, where it was to co-operate with the Army in restoring trade and navigation to that great inland channel. Familiar as the idea of a naval armament on the Western waters is to our minds at this moment, it is difficult to conceive its strangeness in the beginning. It was entirely foreign to all previous naval experience, in this country at least. It was undertaken with some natural misgivings; and it must be confessed that it was attended with some not unaccountable blunders, which subsequent experience has pointed out and corrected. It seems to have been thought that, as an armed vessel had never been seen before on the waters of the Mississippi, she must be something differing in shape and dimensions from any previously known construction. It would be tedious to enumerate the difficulties under which these vessels were built, and the obstacles that lay in the way of their armament and equipment. It is said, for example, that in many instances the guns and carriages were not fitted for each other, and that the furniture of the gun was made up of a medley of articles belonging to pieces of various calibres.

After the operations on the Mississippi had resulted in the

fall of Memphis, it was necessary to maintain a large naval force in the waters of the Ohio, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland, not only to overawe the Rebels at home, but to prevent their aggressions beyond their own border. And when, by the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the Mississippi River was opened to trade and navigation throughout its whole length, not less than a hundred vessels were indispensable to the maintenance of a sufficient police on the upper and lower Mississippi and its tributaries. The change which has taken place in the course of the last two years is certainly extraordinary. Three years ago, the existence of an armed vessel in these waters was not even contemplated; now, we have a squadron of a hundred armed vessels, mounting 462 guns, and manned by crews which number in all about 5,500 men. As we have said before, the whole extent of the line over which this supervision and control are exercised exceeds 3,600 miles.

It remains for us to say a word upon the manner in which the Navy has performed its duty under the last clause of our enumeration, — that is, the pursuit of armed vessels built, manned, and armed in England, — in other words, of semi-English corsairs which have been preying upon the commerce of the United States on the high seas.

The sudden recognition of a rebellious party in a friendly country as belligerents, and the employment of that recognition as a means of depredation upon the commerce of that country, is an event of which modern history furnishes no other example, and will no doubt hereafter be included in the number of those bloody instructions which, being taught, return to plague the inventor. It would be impossible, by any use of language, to exaggerate the unfairness of this proceeding towards the United States; and it would be simple hypocrisy to deny that it sprung, not, as is pretended, from impartiality and neutrality, but from ill-will. This recognition of the Rebels as belligerents gave, and was designed to give, a color of right to the insurrection, to strengthen its power, to encourage its leaders, and to assist by the use of moral means in the destruction of the nation. We now know with what exultation the overthrow of this government would have been hailed;

we know it from the share taken by the English so-called governing classes in the triumph attending the Rebel successes; we learn it also from the satisfaction with which the capture and conflagration of our ships on the high seas have been received, and from the niggardliness with which the ordinary marks of courtesy and hospitality have been withheld from public vessels of the United States in many British ports. It is not to be denied that the malevolence of the British government has a great deal to boast of, in the success with which the corsairs have preyed upon the commerce of the United States. They have revelled in wanton destruction, regardless of any laws relating to legality of capture and judicial condemnation, and the result has been to reduce the foreign tonnage of the United States afloat to a mere fraction of what it was at the close of the last census. Our condition in this respect now may be compared to our situation in the time of the old embargo, and during the war with Great Britain which followed it, and the same consequences have followed now as then. Activity has been turned into new channels; interior development has taken the place of exterior. And since we are writing upon the Navy, we may say, as we do with great gratification, that several important articles used in our ships of war, which, before the breaking out of the war, were uniformly of English or French manufacture, are now supplied by our own workshops, — such (to name no others) as sextants and chronometers. But it would be altogether contrary to our previous experience to suppose that this state of things is to continue. After the peace of 1815, we resumed our place among the commercial nations of the globe. And now, when peace again returns to our borders, our commerce also will revive; and the white-robed messengers of concord and civilization, under the American flag, will be seen once more in every commercial port of the globe.

It should hardly, however, be visited upon the Navy as a reproach, that it has not yet overtaken the corsairs, who have on their side and at their command British sympathy and help, wherever they are in a situation to receive it; and who, owing to the extent of the British empire, are able to command this help in such a variety of places. The Navy has been employed

at home in co-operation with the Army in saving the life of the nation; and the nation itself has been in the position of an individual unexpectedly assailed in his own house, and driven to the first necessity of self-defence; and for this self-defence no less than the whole of its resources has been required.

We have already mentioned the increase of the Navy at the close of the year 1861, but we omitted to observe that it was as early as in the beginning of August of that year that Congress provided by a special act for the construction of iron or steel clad steamships or steam-batteries, directing the Secretary of the Navy to appoint a board of naval officers to investigate the plans and specifications submitted for these objects. The board approached the performance of their duty with hesitation and diffidence, for in this country there was no experience, and but scanty knowledge, in this branch of naval architecture. The plans handed in were so various, and in many respects so entirely dissimilar, that the board may justly congratulate itself upon the success attending its first selections. It was necessary to construct iron-clad vessels, not only for home operations connected with the suppression of the rebellion, but for defence against foreign aggression and interference, the idea of which was never absent from the minds of the French and English administrations, and has not, we imagine, been altogether dismissed even at this moment. At the time of which we are speaking, the French and English plated vessels carried only broadside guns, and were protected by armor-plating of four and a half inches, placed against a more or less thick backing of wood; the hull being in some cases of wood, and in others of iron. Of the three vessels selected by the board, two were to be built of wood and iron on the European plan. One of these two proved to be a failure, but the other, known as the New-Ironsides, is as efficient a vessel for her size as any sea-going iron-clad afloat. Beside following the example set us abroad, the United States originated an entirely new pattern of iron-clad vessels, called from the first one of them the "Monitor" class, which have proved practically invulnerable, and have performed, and promise to continue to perform, the most valuable service. At the close of the year 1862, the Navy Department was in possession of 52 iron-clad

vessels (including those in the Western waters), 28 of which were on the sea-board. At this period the whole number of vessels of the Navy amounted to 427 of all descriptions, which was an increase of 221 over the number given for the previous year. If we carry these estimates still further forward, we shall find that the number of vessels at the close of the year 1863 was 588, showing a still further increase of 161. Of these, 46 are iron-clad steamers intended for coast service, some of them being still under construction.

In the event of foreign aggression, these iron-clad vessels constitute the force upon which we are to depend, in a considerable measure, for the protection of our coast. Those of them belonging to the Monitor class have been subjected to actual trial in war, and have proved to possess a power of endurance never before imagined. We may look forward with confidence to the result of a conflict between these vessels, and vessels like the Achilles or Magenta. Upon this subject the recent engagement between the monitor Weehawken and the rebel armored steamer Atlanta affords very satisfactory evidence. The Atlanta resembled the French and English plated vessels in her style of construction and armament, though much less strong; but the extreme facility with which she was placed *hors du combat* justifies the expectation, that neither the Warrior nor even the monster Bellerophon would prove an overmatch for the largest monitors. The truth is, that a single shot, and that the first one, decided the fate of the Atlanta; forty officers and men were wounded or stunned by its effect, and if no other shot had been fired that day, the victory would have been as complete as it was acknowledged to be when the four remaining shots had been delivered. If the first attack of the monitors upon Charleston was a sufficient proof of the enduring qualities of these vessels, the easy conquest of the Atlanta was an equally satisfactory evidence in favor of our new ordnance. The careful observer will be struck with this as a much more important general result than any that followed from the famous engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac. The latter was repulsed with signal success, but we never had the means of learning the injury she sustained; we know, however, that the former came out of the action in the

same condition that she went into it. The English have discovered that four and a half inches is not a sufficient thickness of plating, and they have resorted in the case of the Minotaur to five and a half inches, and in the case of the Bellerophon to six inches. The last two ships are, as we understand, the only ones hitherto built that are wholly protected above and to some distance below the water-line. They are undoubtedly gigantic men-of-war, fitted to control the seas over which they range. We are far from wishing to disparage their power and their value. On the contrary, we would cite them as examples for imitation; and urge upon Congress the imperative necessity of building similar vessels ourselves, without which we shall not be in a suitable condition to drive a blockading force from our ports, though we may prevent that force from entering them. There is no doubt that the pleasure of entering the harbor of New York or Boston in these heavy iron-clad vessels, running by the forts with safety, and laying the cities under contribution, is a scheme of aggrandizement which, though much more difficult to execute, has as often been contemplated as the act of sweeping the commerce of the United States from the ocean by piratical cruisers. It is some satisfaction to believe that we shall prove to be, with a little warning, sufficiently on our guard, and well enough armed to prevent this outrage. But this is not enough. We ought to be prepared to meet our foes on the threshold, and beat them backward home.

We ought to be prepared to make such an undertaking so hazardous, that it will not be hastily attempted; and there is no doubt that this is in our power. Recent experiments have afforded the most conclusive proof, that not even the Bellerophon, with all her magnificent proportions, could stand before our heavy ordnance. To this ordnance we have owed a great deal, and our past successes enable us to look forward with hope for the future. The change which has taken place in our navy ordnance has been commensurate with the changes in the vessels. At the commencement of 1861, the eight-, nine-, ten-, and eleven-inch guns were the largest in the Navy, and of these, it appears from the last report of the chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, there were 958 in the possession of the government before the breaking out of the war. But a considerable

number of nine- and eleven-inch guns fell into the hands of the insurgents at Norfolk and Pensacola, and had to be immediately replaced. To these were added, for the first time, the newly invented thirteen-inch mortar, the new Parrott rifled guns, from the 20-pounder to the 150-pounder, the new fifteen-inch smooth-bore gun, and the Dahlgren 20-pounder rifled gun. The whole number of guns, of all calibres, made between March, 1861, and November, 1863, amounts to 2,811, and it is probable that the end of the current year will witness a further addition of 700 guns of the largest size. This change in the armament of the Navy, by the addition of rifled guns and guns of the heaviest calibre, is exemplified in the composition of the batteries of the vessels of different rates. Besides the Dahlgren nine- and eleven-inch guns, the battery of a first-rate contains one 150-pounder, and four 100-pounder rifled. The weight of metal must vary, independently of the rating, according to the size of the vessel. But vessels of the lowest rate carry rifled guns; while vessels of the Monitor class carry one fifteen-inch gun.

For the manufacture of all these heavy cannon the department was obliged, at first, to depend on the well-known founderies at South Boston, Fort Pitt, and West Point. Several other establishments have since added their co-operation, at Portland, Boston, Providence, and Reading. This rapid development of the mechanical ingenuity and the resources of the country has already placed us on such a footing as to relieve our minds in a great measure from previous anxieties on this head.

Coincident with the improvement in guns is that in projectiles, of which there have been made and purchased since the 1st of March, 1861, over nine hundred thousand shot and shells, and nearly nine and a half millions of pounds of grape, shrapnel, and canister. When we consider that this is for the Navy alone, what a frightful amount of human suffering it may be imagined to represent! The activity in our founderies shown in the great accumulation of guns and shot has been successfully rivalled by the activity in our public and private yards; yet we lay more stress upon the latter, because we could measure at any time the capacity of our public yards; but the

degree of assistance we could receive at any time from private ship-builders could only be known by just such an experience as we are now going through. There is no class of vessels that has been called for during the war, whether of wood or iron, and whether iron-clad or not, that has not been readily undertaken by private contractors. There is no reason to find fault with these contractors. Events have shown that the people and the government may in general confide in their patriotism, ability, promptness, and fair-dealing. The Navy Department could never have held its present attitude in face of the rebellion without the efficient aid of these auxiliaries. But it is evident, from the nature of the case, that it has become indispensable for the government to expand its means of constructing iron-clad vessels, and to keep those means under its own control. This is a point that need not be argued. A simple statement possesses all the merit of evidence. The objects for which private ship-yards are established are entirely different from those of public yards; and, with the exception of some few instances, the appliances of private establishments are insufficient to meet the demands of the Navy proper. The last sailing-vessel built for the Navy was the Constellation, commenced in 1853, and completed in August, 1855. Steam-vessels of war have entirely taken the place of sailing-vessels; and even steam-vessels of war must fly (unless protected from the enemy's shot and shell) from an armored cruiser. It has now become a necessity from which there is no escape, to build only armored vessels for aggressive war; and their construction requires buildings and machinery for rolling plates, and for heavy forging, such as are entirely beyond the resources of private proprietors, unless money is furnished them by the government. The new wants of the Navy demand special treatment. A new establishment is required, possessing every means and facility belonging to the present navy-yards, and something more. It must possess a greater water front, a better adaptation to the construction of dry and wet docks, and of heavy works in the shape of rolling-mills and forging-shops, than are to be found in Portsmouth, Boston, New York, or Philadelphia; it must be near to the sources of supply of iron and coal; and, not less important than all these, and more

than these, it must be in the region of fresh water, on account of the corroding effect of salt water upon iron, and the cleansing by fresh water of the bottom of an iron vessel fouled by a sea-voyage. As a last requisite, it is important that this new naval establishment should be near a large manufacturing community, which will supply workmen in abundance. It is only at such a place, and with such facilities, that the gigantic, sea-going, iron, iron-clad ships, like the Bellerophon and Minotaur, can be built in this country. And if they are built by England, they must be built by ourselves; otherwise we must expect to see our commerce driven from the ocean, as it is at present, and we must expect to submit, as we have hitherto been compelled to do, to injustice and rudeness.

It is agreeable to think that the present changes in naval warfare will produce the effect of equalizing the naval powers of the world, — at least in respect to defence. If Denmark possesses but one turreted iron-clad of the first class, with a fifteen- or twenty-inch gun, the bombardment of Copenhagen cannot be repeated. At this very time, when England is trembling for the defence of her shores against her ancient enemy, France, the smaller powers are employed in raising navies which are formidable in themselves, and would be still more so if thrown into either scale of a contest between the two great contending nations. As an indication of the present anxiety of England, it is worth while to notice the tone of a recent lecture and discussion at the Royal United Service Institution. Incredible as it may seem, propositions were made and debated, to build forts upon shoals at the entrance of her channels of commerce, and to throw enormous booms and other floating obstructions across the mouths of their harbors and roadsteads, to prevent the entrance of French ships of war! And, what is still more incredible, although some of the "mariners of England," high in rank, were present at this meeting, yet there was no one of them who rose from his seat to deny with indignation that England had arrived at such a state that she needed towers along the steep to protect her navy from French men-of-war; no one to say that, if the French ships came, they would be met, as hereto-

fore, by English ships. When this scene is contrasted with the haughty tone of superiority and dictation which the Minister of Foreign Affairs is in the habit of assuming, it must be admitted that the Earl of Derby did not employ too strong language, when he spoke of England as being humiliated.

But to return for a moment to a consideration of the effect upon nations of humbler pretensions than England and France, of these alterations in the mode of conducting war upon the water, we have been surprised to learn how many of these iron-clad vessels even the new kingdom of Italy could boast of possessing. We are all of us familiar with the two of them recently built in New York, the Re d' Italia and the Re di Portogallo. But there are two others, the Roma and the Venezia, of the same size as the Re d' Italia, which will be launched in Genoa in a few months; their engines will exceed those of the former frigate by 200 horse-power. Besides these, there are four smaller iron-clad frigates, the Regina Pia, Castelfidardo, Ancona, and S. Martino, which will have the same horse-power and the same thickness of plates as the Re d' Italia, but carry only 26 guns, while the latter carries 36; the first two of these last-named frigates were built in France, the two latter are now on the stocks in Italy, and will be launched at the end of the present year. To these are to be added the Principe di Carignano and the Messina, which differ very little from the preceding in power and armament, and not at all in the thickness of plates, which in them, as in the first six English iron-clad vessels, covers only the battery. The Terribile and Formidabile are two iron-clad batteries of reduced dimensions in every respect; but they are fitted with rams, have an iron-clad pilot-house, and the thickness of their armor is only a half-inch less than that of the others. Finally, there is the ram Affondatore, carrying only two guns, about which we have no particular information. The Italian iron-clad navy numbers in all thirteen vessels.

We cite this example of Italy with peculiar satisfaction. Those nations which desire the freedom only of the seas, and not its exclusive rule, must be glad to see that any state is increasing its navy, and preparing itself to assist, if necessary, in the defence of that freedom. How soon the necessity may

arise, it is impossible to foresee. England and France are sufficiently occupied at present in constructing rival navies, and in interchanging acts and looks of defiance, thinly concealed under the language of courtesy. And since war has broken out in Europe, in which England, to save her honor, may be obliged to take a laggard part, we are more removed than ever from the immediate apprehension of her aggressive action. Both she and the Emperor of France may expect at present to find employment at home; but in both countries the preparations for war, both naval and military, both regular and volunteer, are made upon an enormous scale, and the preparations for war undoubtedly tend to create war. Besides the exultation, which England has not affected to conceal, in the threatened dismemberment of our empire, and the annihilation (for a time) of our foreign commerce, there is always something to apprehend in the capricious counsels of a monarch who has met his crown by by-paths and indirect, crooked ways. Legitimate sovereigns find employment enough for their time and thoughts in the business of their courts, and the affairs of their people. But one who has snatched his honor with boisterous hand must busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels,

> "Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
> Too near unto *his* state."

Under these circumstances, it is our first duty to be prepared for the worst; and we may congratulate ourselves now upon having attained to a degree of preparation which removes present anxieties. There is so much yet to be done at home to preserve the life of the nation, that we cannot suffer ourselves to add to our burden by foreign quarrels, if they can possibly be avoided; but when that life is rendered secure, and is warmed again with more than the blood, and animated with more than the strength of former years, we shall endeavor, no doubt, to regain what has been lost in the confusion and distress of civil war. Happily, the desire for justice is unmixed with ambitious motives. When we assert our rights, and assume our station as a naval power on the high seas, we shall do so without any spirit of encroachment, or any wish to create a disturbance in the family of nations. But we ought to do so with sufficient force to be able to show, if it should prove expedient, that, in the administration of the

affairs of a great empire, pride and hate have been unsafe counsellors.

In the mean time, we must be careful neither to overrate our own power, nor to underrate the power of a possible enemy.

ART. VI. — 1. *The Cotton Trade.* By GEORGE MCHENRY. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1863. 8vo. pp. 292.

2. *Cotton Cultivation in India and other Countries.* By JOSEPH GIBBS, C. E. London: E. & T. N. Spon. 1862. 8vo. pp. 248.

3. *The Culture of Cotton.* By J. W. MALLET, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Alabama. London: Chapman and Hall. 1862. 8vo. pp. 183.

4. *The Cotton-Planter's Manual.* By J. A. TURNER. New York: C. M. Saxton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 320.

5. *Reports and Extracts from Letters published by the New England Educational Commission for Freedmen.* Boston: 1863, 1864.

6. *Report to the Western Sanitary Commission in regard to leasing Abandoned Plantations.* By JAMES E. YEATMAN, President Western Sanitary Commission. St. Louis. 1864.

7. *Free Labor in South Carolina. Results of Practical Experiments.* Letter from EDWARD S. PHILBRICK. New York Evening Post, March 3, 1864.

LESS than three years ago the Cotton States rebelled against the government which had so long protected them even in that most unlawful of all legal powers, the power to hold human beings in bondage.

They did this in full confidence that England and the other countries of Europe, which had for several years purchased of them from eighty to ninety per cent of their total consumption of cotton, were absolutely dependent upon them for their supply, and would be obliged to support them in their effort to obtain the power to extend human bondage not only over new territories, but over the vast area of the existing Slave States,

then and now unoccupied for want of hands to till it, but which they hoped to occupy by the reopening of the African slave-trade.

Had not many of the foremost literary men and the mass of the workingmen of England set themselves against the aristocracy and the mercantile class in opposition to the establishment of a nation founded upon a crime by recognizing it as having equal national rights with their own, this recognition might have taken place; and we may be grateful to the English people for seeing, even before it was generally seen by ourselves, that this war was not simply a war for the emancipation of slaves, but a war for the emancipation of labor from the control of a great landed aristocracy, — a struggle in which they themselves have a not less vital interest than we have, and in which they may gain new hope and strength from our success.

But this supposed dependence of Europe upon the Cotton States has proved to be an utter fallacy. Already the extreme pressure has passed, and a supply of cotton sufficient to employ all the mills of England and the Continent from four to four and a half days in each week during the year 1864 can be safely predicted, and of this supply only about 130,000 bales are estimated to come from America.

Five estimates have been made of the supply of cotton for 1864 by persons of great experience in the cotton-trade; they vary from 2,445,000 bales to 2,915,000 bales. The average of these estimates is very nearly the estimate made by Messrs. Ellison and Haywood, as follows: —

	Bales.	Average Weight.	Pounds.
United States, . .	130,000	430	55,900,000
East India, . . .	1,750,000	370	647,500,000
China, . . .	250,000	200	50,000,000
Egypt, . . .	280,000	470	131,600,000
Turkey and Greece, .	140,000	340	47,600,000
Italy and Malta, . .	25,000	220	5,500,000
Brazil, . . .	155,000	180	27,900,000
West Indies, &c., .	50,000	200	10,000,000
	2,780,000		976,000,000

being about the weight of the total importation of the year 1857.

It will be observed that in the above estimate only $5\frac{73}{100}$ per cent is relied upon from the United States.

The importations of cotton into England have been as follows:

In 1858,	1,025,569,000 lbs.	In 1861,	1,261,382,000 lbs.
In 1859,	1,190,888,000 lbs.	In 1862,	533,176,000 lbs.
In 1860,	1,435,800,000 lbs.	In 1863,	691,847,000 lbs.

From 1858 to 1861, inclusive, over 80 per cent was from the United States.

The supply expected for 1864 will not meet the absolute need of England, and will not enable her to run all her mills upon the same goods that she has been accustomed to make. For her most profitable use no substitute has yet appeared to take the place of American cotton, available as it is with the least amount and cost of labor for all numbers of yarn from No. 10 to No. 100; and it is probable that, whenever American cotton is restored in full supply, it will again drive a large portion of these new supplies from the market; not that it is to be expected, or even desired, that we shall ever secure again such a monopoly as we have hitherto enjoyed, for the future supply to be expected from Egypt alone will prevent such monopoly.

For the very finest work, such as laces and fine thread, no substitute for Sea-Island cotton has been found in any quantity; and it will be only by the free-labor cultivation of the Sea Islands during the past two years that an absolute exhaustion of this staple, and the loss of the best seed, will have been prevented.

For fine numbers,* yet not the finest, the cotton from Egypt and South America takes the place of that from New Orleans and Texas, and it is better than any cotton raised in this country except the Sea Island. There is a larger proportional supply of fine Egyptian and Brazilian cotton than of any other.

For coarse, common goods, the large supply of East-Indian, Turkish, and Smyrna cotton affords a substitute for our upland cotton, worked, it is true, at much less product and at far higher cost, but thereby furnishing employment to a larger number of operatives.

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* The *number* of cotton thread or yarn designates the number of skeins or hanks of 840 yards each required to weigh one pound avoirdupois.

For medium goods, no good substitute to take the place of American cotton has appeared, and such goods are now produced by mixing a small supply of American cotton with the shorter staples. But as the supply of the better cottons of Egypt and South America is increasing in a far greater ratio than any other, and as these cottons are not too long to be manufactured on ordinary machinery in the cheapest manner, they may soon be made available for medium work.

It is thus safe to predict that, if the supply of American cotton should be kept back even two years more, Europe will become absolutely independent of this country for her supply, and will have a supply amply sufficient to employ all the operatives who may then remain in her cotton-manufacturing districts. Many of them will have been drawn off by emigration to this country, or by employment in other departments of textile manufacture, which have been greatly stimulated by the scarcity of cotton.

The foregoing statements are a sufficient refutation of the book first referred to at the head of this article, "The Cotton Trade," which is only noticed to prove the great pains and expense taken by the Confederates to warp the judgment of the English people and to obtain their support. It is a handsome octavo volume of three hundred pages, printed and bound in the best manner, filled with false statements of alleged fact, and garbled extracts from commercial and census tables, and intended to prove that the prosperity of England is dependent upon cotton, and that the supply of cotton can only be obtained as the result of slave labor in the Southern States.

The second work referred to, "Cotton Cultivation in India and other Countries," is in itself the most thorough and practical refutation of the first. The writer, an eminent civil engineer, states in the Preface, that the

"groundwork of these reports is based upon practical knowledge, experience, and an extended acquaintance with countries which have been inspected and surveyed about three years since with a view of introducing systems of adequate cultivation and other improvements connected with extensive works of irrigation.

"The attainment of new sources of cotton supply by the various manufacturers of Europe would by these means have been materially

advanced. The war between France and Austria interposed obstacles to the further prosecution of these undertakings."

Mr. Gibbs states that in this book he recommends no works of irrigation greater or more expensive than he has elsewhere constructed; and in a plain, practical style he enforces upon the reader the conviction that in Egypt, Asia Minor, Turkey, Italy, and Greece we are to find our most successful and permanent competitors in the production of cotton.

No climate or soil in the world can probably be found better fitted to the production of cotton than the climate and soil of Egypt. As has been stated, the quality of her cotton is only excelled by that of the Sea Islands; the product per acre is equal to that of this country upon the average; the absence of rain affords a positive advantage over us, giving perfect security that the crop shall always be gathered in the best order. There is an unlimited supply of labor, unintelligent, and, with rare exception, using the same tools which were in use in the time of the Pharaohs, yet, under the energetic direction of the present Pacha, capable of being slowly but surely improved. The present Pacha is the largest and best cultivator of cotton in the world; he has the assistance of able English and French engineers; he is introducing steam cultivation to a great extent, and with entire success; and he can command an unlimited supply of labor during the picking season.

The crop of Egypt, which was only about 90,000 bales in 1860, was 240,000 bales in 1863, and is estimated at 350,000 bales in 1864,* despite a murrain which has swept off a large portion of the working cattle. From the profits of a single crop, works of irrigation could be constructed, or old works restored, sufficient to bring under cultivation two million acres of land capable of producing a bale to the acre.

In regard to a single section of the country, the Delta, Mr. Gibbs makes the following statement: —

"I have examined the whole of the Delta from Cairo to the seaboard, and all the branches of the Nile, and the canals leading from it, and in

* A considerable portion of the crop is shipped to France, and is not included in the preceding estimate of receipts in England.

some cases have made minute surveys of the whole country, and I can state that at least one million five hundred thousand acres can at once be put under cultivation for cotton."

Of one of several sections of the valley of the Nile treated of by Mr. Gibbs, he says: —

"At Beni-Souef, the Nile valley widens out on the Lybian side to a vast extent, and forms the Fayium, on the northeast side of which is situated the Berket-el-Korn, being the receptacle for the extra overflow water from the land lying below the Nile and above this lake. This division of the country was in ancient times celebrated for its productiveness and for its equally celebrated lake of Mœris. This lake undoubtedly was a high-level reservoir. . . . . If the works were now restored on a good principle, not only would the value of the present imperfectly tilled land be greatly increased, but six to seven hundred thousand acres (English) would be added to the cultivated area of the country, of a quality inferior to no other land, and capable, from its peculiar local features and beautiful climate, of growing three agricultural crops per annum, or one crop of flax and one of cotton each year."

It thus appears, not only from this evidence, but from a fourfold increase in the crop in three years, that in Egypt the Southern States have developed by their own act their most formidable rival; for by the expenditure of the enormous profit of her present crop in permanent improvements, Egypt is placing herself in a position from which she cannot easily be driven, even when Yankee intelligence and free labor shall be fully applied to cotton cultivation in this country.

The uncertainty in regard to cotton cultivation in Egypt is the uncertainty attending the policy of a semi-barbarous despotism. The present Pacha, being intelligent and energetic, invites European assistance, and by this he may develop a crop of two million bales of cotton within the next five years. Should this be done, it is not to be supposed that any dogma of non-intervention will prevent England and France from taking measures to secure the permanence of such supply, even at the cost of a joint protectorate.

From European Turkey and Greece, in which there are great areas of land capable of producing a useful quality of

cotton, and from Asia Minor, 150,000 to 300,000 bales of cotton are expected in 1864.*

In Asia Minor near ancient Tarsus, and also upon the coast of Salonica, there are vast areas of marsh land periodically covered with water during the rainy season, and dry in the hot season, thereby causing most dangerous miasms, which the most insignificant and inexpensive works would entirely obviate, at the same time rendering a rich tract of country healthy, and available for producing cotton of the best quality.

As large profits are pouring capital into Turkey to an extent never dreamed of in these late years, and as English and French intelligence is being applied to her soil, it may be that the "sick man" may recover.

Thus it would seem that the barbarism of the South, while destroying itself, may in the providence of God be working out the regeneration of Eastern Europe, of Asia Minor, and of Egypt.

Large tracts of good cotton land are found in Ceylon, North Australia, New Zealand, and in the West Indies; but distance from market, the scarcity of labor, or other causes, must prevent these countries being permanent competitors with our own; the same may be said of Brazil, and of the other tropical regions of South America. Although the quality of South American cotton is better than ours, the crop is not likely long to compete with our own, as at ordinary prices coffee and sugar are more profitable crops in regions so well adapted to their growth.

Upon the Paraguay and Parana rivers there is an unlimited extent of the best cotton land, with a perfectly healthy climate; but the development of this region has been barred by frequent wars; and although it has now become for the interest of its inhabitants to keep the peace, and, under the stimulus of high prices for cotton, they are inviting European immigration, yet, for many years to come, for every pound of cotton raised they will require a pound of cotton cloth. In this section, as in Central and Southern Africa, as the arts of peace are introduced, the wants of the people will increase, and cotton cloth will be re-

* There is greater difference of estimate as to these countries than as to any other.

quired by the many much more rapidly than raw cotton will be produced by the few.

We turn now to India, to which England looked chiefly for aid, and where she has been bitterly disappointed. The receipts in 1863 have been less than in 1862, as in the year 1862 a large accumulation of old cotton was collected and sent to market; and although a large increase is hoped for in 1864, its quality does not improve. It is more adulterated with trash, and is only available for coarse work, and not for the fine light cloths called for by the hot countries in which England finds a large market. We find, indeed, that, by costly works of irrigation in some parts of India, where little cotton is now produced, the quality may be much improved, yet the proverbial slowness of Eastern nations, and the reluctance of England to change the land tenure, now in many parts of her Eastern possessions as bad as it can be, will prevent such measures being taken as would speedily make India a strong competitor with this country. Her present staple, together with that of China and Japan, must be driven from the market, except for a small portion of the world's demand, so soon as a tolerable supply of American cotton can again be furnished with certainty. Yet the supply from India will have proved of the utmost value to England, by enabling her to bridge over the gap in the supply from this country, and it is not unlikely that we may hereafter find the most profitable use for our coarse mills in New England in spinning East India cotton.

Coming now to the prospects of cotton culture in our own country, we find in "The Culture of Cotton" and "The Cotton-Planter's Manual" a minute description of that soil and culture on which it is yet to be proved that "salvation is of the Yankee."

Let any New England farmer read the description of the "cane-brake" lands of Alabama, with a soil from twenty-five to sixty feet deep, lands without a stone, on which the steam-plough might cut two to three feet instead of the shiftless four to six inches of slave cultivation, and in which the long tap-root of the cotton plant may burrow deep for the supply of moisture held by its wonderfully retentive power through the

driest seasons; or let him read the description of the upland prairie cotton-lands, on which crops may be raised secure from frost, and large enough for profit, if not as large as on bottom-land; let him find that the fever of the river-bottoms has been banished by the use of rain-water stored up in the winter; let him find that upon the uplands there is no cause of ill-health, but that black and white can work as they have always worked side by side in the cotton-field; let him realize that the prejudice against Southern climate has been caused by the habits of the people; let him realize that, for two or three years after the end of the war, the work of a common laborer will yield from $1,000 to $2,000 salable product; and if he does not then seek his own material advantage upon these cotton-lands, it must be because the Yankee has proved that he is dead by non-success in subjugating the slave power.

It is already evident that the whole cotton country must be permeated and regenerated by New England men and by New England ideas, and that by their work the cultivation of cotton, which now covers only one and two thirds per cent of the area of the Cotton States,* will be developed to its fullest extent. At the same time, the increased value of the product of the country caused by the simple transfer of labor from the sterile North to the fertile South will serve as a basis for the payment of the debt incurred during the war within twenty or thirty years.

There is but one obstacle to this, and that is "The Negro Question"; and in the "Reports of the New England Educational Commission for Freedmen," and in the report upon "The Cultivation of Cotton by Free Labor upon the Sea Islands," we have the complete and practical solution of this question, and of the future cultivation of cotton in this country. This is a bold statement, but it will bear the closest test.

The New England Educational Commission for Freedmen was the first society organized in the North to take charge of the emancipated slaves in their transition from slavery to free-

* One quarter of one per cent of the area of Texas produced, in 1860, 405,000 bales of cotton, being one half the consumption of the North, one fifth the consumption of England.

dom. It was called into existence by a letter from Mr. Edward L. Pierce, who had been appointed as the Superintendent of Freedmen at Port Royal by the Secretary of the Treasury; he asked his friends in the North to send to his aid two or three missionaries or teachers, and for this simple purpose the Commission was organized. The scope of its work was, however, speedily enlarged; ample means were obtained, earnest, practical men and women applied to be employed, or volunteered to go without pay, and in less than four weeks from the first call, on the 3d of March, 1862, thirty-one persons, of whom four were women, sailed from New York, under the auspices of the Commission, for the scene of their new labors. They were accompanied by twenty-one persons sent out by the Freedmen's Relief Society, which had been organized a little later in New York, and by three ladies from Washington. Landing at Port Royal, each of these persons was immediately placed in charge of from one to five plantations, and although joined soon after by twenty more from Boston, but few of their number could be spared as teachers; nearly all became superintendents, charged with initiating the new system of labor under which the freed people were so soon to become a self-sustaining community. They found the blacks in an entirely unorganized condition, utterly uncertain as to their own position, and destitute of the very necessaries of life; they were furnished with rations by the government, but were clad only in the rags of the garments which had been supplied them by their former masters, nearly two years before.

The first endeavor was to get a food crop planted, the second, a small crop of cotton, although it was then two months later than the usual date for preparing the ground for cotton. The superintendents were authorized by the government to promise small wages for labor; this promise could not be fulfilled for many months; but under all disadvantages no difficulty was experienced in organizing an efficient system of labor, which soon appearing to be entirely successful, the larger portion of the superintendents were taken out of the hands of the societies that had sent them forward into the employment and pay of the government.

Schools were organized, in which three thousand children

have been taught, and for many months, while only promises to pay for work could be given, the confidence of the freedmen was maintained by asking them, in answer to all complaints, "Are we not teaching your children?"

The second year has just passed, and in its course, notwithstanding the enlistment of nearly all the able-bodied men in the army, a crop of corn and other food sufficient for a twelvemonth has been provided, and nearly one thousand bales of fine Sea-Island cotton have been raised, which are now being sent to market, partly on account of parties from the North, who purchased land at the tax sales in the spring of 1863, partly on account of some of the freedmen, who have themselves already purchased or leased small parcels of land, and the remainder on account of the government, the product of lands cultivated under superintendents. It can now be claimed that the colored population of the Sea Islands, over fifteen thousand in number, have been brought in two years from a state of utter destitution and ignorance to absolute prosperity and partial education, and this has been accomplished under all the disadvantages of military occupation and actual war, by two comparatively feeble societies in Boston and New York, aided by the Port Royal Relief Committee of Philadelphia, whose first efforts were principally to furnish supplies, and to establish stores in which goods might be sold at cost, but who now maintain a large number of teachers, having reorganized as the Freedmen's Relief Association of Philadelphia.

The oft-reiterated charge, that the emancipated negro lapses into barbarism and will not work, which any impartial investigation might have found to be entirely disproved in any and all of the British West Indies, has been again disproved upon our own soil. This charge is as false as the motive which prompts it is wicked and selfish. It has been the chief weapon of the slaveholder, used with design and malice, — believed by the quietist in the North, because he had not the energy or the ability to investigate for himself; believed by the selfish politician, because it opened to him the road to place and power; believed by the cotton-spinner, because the slave system gave him a supply of cotton ample for use and cheap enough for profitable manufacture; assented to or not disbelieved by the

great mass of the community, because they had not that living faith in the infinite justice of God which should cause them to see that a system which made tools and chattels of men and women could only degrade and not elevate, and that the very fact that a useful product could be produced under a system of labor so utterly false by all rules of sound political economy, was in itself an evidence that a system in accordance with sound principles must produce better results for the highest self-interest of a nation, since the true principle of political economy for a nation cannot be opposed to, but must harmonize with, the highest morality and the strictest justice to the most humble of its people.

The efforts of the Commission have been successful in many other places, but our attention is mainly called to Port Royal, because the regeneration of fifteen thousand freed people by simple practical methods, although the number is small compared to the whole negro population of the country, is yet a result on a scale sufficient to justify our assertion that the negro question is solved.

The most hopeful sign in this experiment has been the great desire of the freedmen to become freeholders, and this desire many have already realized. In some instances, several freedmen united their small earnings of the year 1862, and purchased the plantations on which they belonged at the tax sales; in others, small sums were loaned them by their employers for the same purpose. These men may be said to have become rich; there are some among them who have already accumulated from one to two thousand dollars, and at a recent sale of town lots and houses in Beaufort they were large purchasers.

The attachment of the negroes to the place of their birth is very great, and will prevent their ever becoming vagrants. The most powerful incentive to labor, and the most convincing proof to them that they were absolutely free, has been the idea held out to them by our teachers, and now partially realized, that they should become the absolute possessors of their own cabins.

The fifteen thousand people at Port Royal were probably the most difficult portion of their race to be dealt with, because of

their entirely isolated and absolutely ignorant condition. The vast difference between them and the negroes of Middle Tennessee is proved by the fact, that the latter, when released from servitude, sought for work themselves, were to a very limited extent applicants for aid to the government officers, and without any assistance organized schools for their children in and around Nashville, in which schools Major Stearns, when sent to that section to recruit colored regiments, found over eight hundred children receiving instruction from teachers paid by their parents, — the slaves but just emancipated.

We refer to these facts in the short history of the freedmen, because it is from their labor that our immediate supply of cotton is to be obtained. How soon that supply will come, and how soon the cotton question will be solved, may be inferred from Mr. Philbrick's narrative of the cultivation of cotton by free labor for account of private owners upon the Sea Islands.

This gentleman, one of the earliest volunteers in the service of the Commission, after conducting two of the largest plantations for account of the government in 1862, with a small profit over all expenses, notwithstanding the lateness of the date on which he began his work, came North and obtained subscriptions to the amount of $30,000, afterwards increased to $40,000, with a view to larger operations the next season. He then purchased at the tax sales eleven plantations, containing 6,000 acres, and leased two others. Upon these plantations was a population of 920 old men, women, and children, the able-bodied men being nearly all in the army. Six gentlemen who had been sent out by the Commission as superintendents were employed without salary, but with an interest in the crops; the "job" system was adopted everywhere, as it had already been proved with the black as successful an incentive to labor as it is with the white. A portion of land was allotted to each family for their provision crops, and they were held responsible for the production of a sufficient supply, and to each family was assigned such portion of cotton-land as they chose to undertake.

Very moderate wages were paid for planting and hoeing at a fixed rate per acre, the principal payment being reserved for the end, when the crop was paid for *per pound* as gathered. All other kinds of work, such as ploughing, collecting salt-marsh

mud and grass for manure, ginning, cleaning, and packing, were paid for by the piece, each family preparing for market the cotton they had raised.

Mr. Philbrick's statement of results cannot be remodelled; it must be given as he gives it.

"The amount of wages earned per day varied, of course, with the industry and capacity of the individual. It has averaged about fifty-five cents per day for the time spent in the cotton-field or in preparing manure, ginning, &c., in addition to which wages for a portion of his time, the negro has had free house-rent and the use of land for raising his provision crops, on which the remainder of his time was spent at his own discretion. Many have done habitually double the amount of work they were formerly required to do by their masters in a day, and, as they say, with no more fatigue.

"The whole number of laborers employed on the thirteen estates was about four hundred, rating two children as one hand. Most of this number were women, children, and old men, for the young men were all called into the United States service.

"With this help there were planted eight hundred and fourteen acres of cotton, from which a crop of seventy-two thousand pounds of cotton was obtained, being two hundred bales of three hundred and sixty pounds each, or about two thirds the former average crop per acre. With the usual amount of manure, a much better result could have been obtained; but as the lands were hurriedly planted, within a few weeks after taking possession, no opportunity was afforded for manuring to any extent.

"The whole amount paid out in wages, including the collection of manures for the next crop, the harvesting of the crops for feeding the animals, and the preparation of the cotton for market, has been about twenty thousand dollars. Estimating the other expenses, namely, the depreciation of outfit and the interest account, to be seven thousand dollars more, which will be near the truth, the cost of the cotton per pound will be about thirty-seven cents.

"The cost of producing this long-staple cotton under the slave system was at least six times the cost of producing upland cotton, owing to the small yield and the careful nursing required by this delicate variety. The cost is thus spoken of in De Bow's Review, Vol. XVI. p. 598: 'The cost of producing a bag of ordinary Sea-Island cotton is about $75. That of the finest is twice as much.' Now the bag contained three hundred and fifty pounds, making the price per pound from twenty-one to forty-two cents, or an average of thirty-one and a half cents. This was written in 1854, when the market price of slaves, the principal item in

the cost of growing cotton, was at least twenty-five per cent lower than in 1860. So the cost of growing the average long-staple at the beginning of the rebellion was about forty cents per pound. It is well known that, for several years previous to the war, this staple sold at from forty to sixty cents. The cost of its production, as stated above, may appear to be much greater than has generally been supposed, for it has not been usual for Southern men to consider the interest of the capital invested in reckoning their expenses; but as among commercial men in all other parts of the world the interest on fixed capital is considered as part of the current expenses of an enterprise, it does not appear inconsistent with custom and a fair statement of the subject, and it has accordingly entered into the above estimates.

"It must be remembered that this free-labor experiment has been surrounded by all the annoyances of a military occupation, that we were deprived of the services of the able-bodied men, were almost entirely without manure and live stock, and quite destitute of experienced superintendence; and though during the first year of an experimental organization, and though paying for our labor in a depreciated currency, we have still produced two hundred bales of cotton at a cost at least as low as it was done by the system of compulsory labor, when the cost was reckoned in hard money, and when the planter enjoyed all the advantages of experienced superintendence, a thorough and well-studied organization, nearly perfect in its way, with all the outfit of live stock and manure which he saw fit to provide, and all the able-bodied men to help him.

"Moreover, these two hundred bales of cotton have been produced by the application of a cash capital of only forty thousand dollars, including the cost of the land and all expenses for a year, while under the old system the market value of the negroes alone which were required to produce the same amount of long-staple cotton was not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or more than six times the amount of capital required under the free-labor system!

"Upon the eleven plantations purchased and cultivated as above, five free schools have been supported at the expense of the proprietors, giving instruction to over three hundred pupils.

"The chief difficulty in inducing freed negroes to work well is in securing their confidence, for their past experience has bred distrust in the white man; but this difficulty may soon be overcome by prompt payments and a recognition of their just claims.

"The lack of organization and of division of labor, which is unavoidable under the system of individual responsibility here adopted, is, in the end, fully compensated for by the rapid development of ambition and self-reliance in the laborer.

"The natural tendency of the freed negro is to rest satisfied with supplying his simple wants, which he can do in the Southern States with a very small amount of labor. This fault is easily corrected by bringing within his reach, by purchase, at low rates, articles which minister to new and civilized wants, stimulating industry for the sake of gratifying his newly-acquired tastes. The freed negro spends his money freely, but not without some discretion, takes pride in providing for his own wants, and in imitating the style of his superiors.

"Believing it to be a necessary part of the new system that the freedman should have ready means of spending his first earnings in the purchase of really useful and civilizing articles, five stores have been established upon these plantations, where there has been sold, at cost, during the past year, nearly $ 20,000 worth of plain cloth, domestic utensils, and a variety of food, soap, candles, hardware, tools, &c., &c.

"It has not seemed advisable to place any sort of restrictions upon the negroes in regard to what sort of labor or what amount of labor each one should perform. Any attempt in such a direction would serve to check the healthy development of industry, by begetting suspicion and repugnance towards the employer.

"It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the enormous profits of raising cotton at present, if, as shown above, it can be raised at about the same cost as before the war. Sea-Island cotton has been sold lately at about one dollar and a half per pound, which, according to the above statement, is about four times the cost of its production; but upland cotton can be produced at one sixth the cost per pound, — say eight cents, or about one tenth of its present market value. If, then, the culture of Sea-Island cotton can be made as profitable as it has proved in this experiment, how much more so must the culture of upland cotton prove at present prices!"

This cotton is now in New York; it has been pronounced by experts to be of the finest quality, and prepared for market in the best manner. It would have brought in ordinary times from sixty to eighty cents per pound, but is now worth about double those prices, while the common cotton, ordinarily worth ten to twelve cents, now brings seventy-five to eighty cents.

The company of which Mr. Philbrick was the head was not organized for the simple purpose of making money for the subscribers, but to prove that the production of cotton could be made to pay very largely, even at ordinary prices, when raised by free labor, by a company conducted on the strictest business principles; the only departure from such principles

being the establishment of schools for the children at the expense of the business, and that has been simply a form of voluntary taxation no larger than the tax which all business in the North is assessed for the support of our schools.

It is somewhat to be regretted that this demonstration could not have been made upon the upland or green-seed cotton, and not upon an exceptional staple like the Sea-Island; but great success has attended the cultivation of the common variety on the Mississippi, of which, however, no details of cost can yet be obtained.

The statement of the cost of raising Sea-Island cotton in former times, although quoted from De Bow, will be challenged and denied by slaveholders and their advocates, because the planter never estimated interest as a part of the cost of cotton. The 4,000,000 slaves of the South represented a capital of $2,000,000,000, on which the annual interest was $120,000,000. The planter estimated this interest as so much profit, not realizing, what we have proved, that with one fifth part of the capital used upon his plantation, and with the remainder invested in real property, railroads, canals, and other internal improvements paying him interest, he might have produced far larger crops, at the same time settling the country with a dense population having a common interest. But under the slave system it was necessary that all surplus should be invested, not in real property, by which the resources of the country should be developed, but in fictitious property, now swept away forever, by which the resources of the country were wasted.

We may imagine how rapidly the South may be developed, how easily the national debt may be paid, when we realize that, in the new State of Texas, planters were able to pay, from 1850 to 1860, five millions of dollars annually for human live stock to the Border States, and yet by so doing only succeeded in placing one fifth of one per cent of their land under cultivation in cotton, on which they produced in 1860 one half of all the cotton consumed in New England in the same year, viz. 405,000 bales.

But the final and absolute solution of the cotton and the negro questions is contained in a single page of Mr. Yeat-

man's Report to the Western Sanitary Commission in regard to leasing abandoned plantations.

Thirty-three freedmen have leased abandoned plantations upon the Mississippi River during the past year. They must have been entirely without capital, for two years ago they did not even own themselves; they have been exposed to incursions from guerillas, and subject to many obstacles and disadvantages; but by working themselves, and hiring their less enterprising companions, they have made a crop of 377 bales of cotton, of which 101 bales had been sold, at the date of Mr. Yeatman's Report, for $24,239.70; and if the remainder be estimated at the same rate, the total value of their crop was over $91,000, or nearly $3,000 each, on an average, for the work of a single season.

From this result we may draw a comparison between the systems of slave and free labor.

Under the slave system the force required to produce 377 bales of cotton would have been forty-seven full hands, and with each full hand at least two children, useful only during the picking season. This force would have represented a capital, or necessary investment, as follows: —

47 full hands	@ $1,000 each, ...	$47,000
94 children	@ $300 each	28,200
	Total,	$75,200

This quantity of cotton would be sufficient for the supply of 3,600 spindles on medium cloth, No. 30 yarn. A mill of this capacity with all requisite tenements could have been built in 1860 for less than $60,000, or four fifths the sum then required to be invested in human chattels to supply it with raw material. In England, such a mill could have been erected for less than $40,000.

Slave Labor,

To produce 377 bales of cotton, required 141 *chattels,* representing a capital of $75,200

Free Labor,

To produce 377 bales of cotton, under every possible disadvantage, required 33 *freemen,* representing a capital of $00,000

Among this 33 is it not fair to take one as the criterion of what one in every 33 may accomplish?

Take, then, Sancho Lynch, at Goodrich's Landing, "A right smart handy nigger-boy," to use the terms of two years ago; hiring his associates, he produced 75 bales of cotton, valued at $18,000.

One slave-owner would have required an invested capital of $15,000 to accomplish what this *man* less than two years old in freedom has accomplished with no other capital than his own ability; and yet this man could not be trusted to take care of himself!

Under the slave system one may picture to himself the large plantation, perhaps one tenth under cultivation, the rest held or purchased for the purpose of keeping at a distance the poor white trash who own no slaves, — upon the field the men and women working with rude, strong tools under the lash of the overseer, clad in the coarsest garments made by the spinning-jenny and the hand-loom upon the plantation, — the children grovelling in vice and ignorance legally enforced, — no marriage rite, no law but the law of force, often administered by a drunken brute, — in the master's house no God but the God of infinite justice destroying those who would resist his divine command, but in the field the God of mercy saving by their patience, by their innate cheerfulness, by the fulness of their affections, the poor victims of oppression for the day of their deliverance now dawning upon them.

Then picture this land as it shall surely be a few years hence, — the land divided, if not by confiscation, then by the operation of the ordinary working of our system of land tenure (for with the restoration of the State comes back the mortgage for foreclosure, or the need that the owner shall sell a portion of his land in order that he may be able to use the remainder), — the freedmen developing, as at Port Royal, the desire to become land-owners, and enabled to become so by the large profits which the next few years must yield to all cultivators of cotton, — villages established, — the Yankee school-teacher everywhere at work, — the men in the fields, — the women in their own homes, — the children at school, — none clad now in coarse hand-made fabrics, but in New Eng-

land manufactures purchased and paid for with their own money, — the poor white trash no longer repelled and forced to spread over Southern Illinois and Indiana the darkness of Egypt, but at home slowly and surely learning that true independence which they now honestly but blindly seek under the false lead of the Slaveholder of the South and the Copperhead of the North, — and everywhere the church spire pointing its finger toward heaven, leading up to the one Infinite Power which is now guiding this nation through sorrow and tribulation — the atonement for its great national crime — to liberty and union eternal as the heavens.

Having thus glanced over the present condition of the supply of cotton, we may come to the following conclusions.

England (containing 33,000,000 cotton spindles) and the Continent of Europe (containing about 12,500,000 spindles) are nearly independent of this country for their supply, and in two or three years will be absolutely so.

Of the new supplies, it seems probable that one third may be maintained in competition with this country. The remainder, the product of India and other Eastern countries, will be driven out, and we shall regain perhaps too great a monopoly in furnishing the supply.

How soon this result may be reached cannot be foretold. Under the present liberal policy of the government, allowing planter-owners to bring their cotton to our lines and to sell it upon taking the oath under the amnesty proclamation, it is hoped that the old stock, now estimated at 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 bales, may be gradually moved, so that no great amount may remain on hand when the rebellion is suppressed, to cause a sudden and large fall in price, and produce a general commercial crisis. If this gradual removal shall not take place, it is to be hoped, but not expected, that enough shall be burned by the Confederates to reduce the stock to one million bales or less. By this the price of the first three or four free-labor crops may be kept very high.

With such a stimulus for production, the number of negro laborers will be inadequate, there being an average of less than one negro laborer to the square mile of territory in the Cotton States; wages will be very high, and the competition for the

services of the freedmen will prevent their being abused or oppressed, so that the chief danger to which they will be exposed will be that their wages may increase faster than their wants, and thereby they may be led into habits of idleness.

It may be deemed somewhat strange that a cotton manufacturer should advocate high prices for cotton, but the rapid increase in the population of the country, and the large new market to be opened by changing four million slaves, now clad in the coarsest homespun, to four million freemen, large purchasers of Northern manufactures, will secure a market, in time of peace, for the product of all the spindles, at whatever price the raw material may rule. We had only 5,000,000 spindles in 1860, and there can be no increase in that number during the five succeeding years.

Already there are six hundred applications to lease abandoned plantations on the Mississippi, and full protection is to be granted by the War Department. Many of the applicants are known to the writer as substantial New England men, with ample capital; and letters from them already state that no such opening for enterprise and capital was ever before offered in this country. Following the lessees, the various Freedmen's Aid Societies of the East and West are sending teachers sufficient for the care of the children.

Congress is now legislating upon the subject of a Bureau of Emancipation. It is to be hoped that they will be guided by the experience gained by the several Freedmen's Aid Societies of the country, and by the almost unaided efforts of the negroes around Nashville, in New Orleans, and in some regions upon the Mississippi, to become self-supporting.

Let them avoid over-legislation, too much guardianship, too much taking care, but recognize in the negro a man fully competent to make his own contracts, if protected from injustice and abuse, and for whom the only necessary compulsion is to be paid fair wages for a fair day's work. It may be that the Bureau of Emancipation will be more needed to organize and civilize the poor whites, who are unused to labor, and believe it to be degrading, than it will be for the poor blacks, who welcome the opportunity to labor for themselves as the pathway to freedom and prosperity.

ART. VII. — 1. *Geographical Studies by the late* PROFESSOR CARL RITTER, *of Berlin. Translated from the original German, by* WILLIAM LEONHARD GAGE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1863. 12mo. pp. xii., 356.

2. *Einleitung zur allgemeinen vergleichenden Geographie, etc.* Berlin. 1852. 8vo.

3. *Vorlesungen an der Universität zu Berlin gehalten von* CARL RITTER. Herausgegeben von H. A. DANIEL. 1. *Geschichte der Erdkunde.* 2. *Allgemeine Erdkunde.* 3. *Europa.* 3 vols. Berlin. 1861 – 63. 8vo.

4. *Zur Erinnerung an Carl Ritter.* Von DR. G. KRAMER. (*Zeitschrift für allgemeine Erdkunde.* 1859.)

5. *Carl Ritter, an Address to the American Geographical Society, February* 16, 1860. By PROFESSOR ARNOLD GUYOT. (*Journal of the American Geographical and Statistical Society*, Vol. II. 1860.)

THE name of Carl Ritter is familiarly known to all who are acquainted with the progress of Physical Geography. Even among those who have not read a page of his writings his reputation is established as one of the foremost philosophers of the nineteenth century. It is generally conceded that few indeed, in any age, have done so much as he to generalize our knowledge of the globe, and show its adaptation to the wants of man.

Now and then, in every department of human activity, there appears a creative mind; as frequently in literature and science as in politics, statesmanship, and strategy. Such a mind sees old facts in new combinations, brings order out of confusion, deduces method from chaos. Such a mind seems to have the power of crystallizing knowledge, of shaping into forms of symmetry and beauty materials which were before incoherent, if not dissimilar. Such men exhibit the power of genius, discovering treasures which can never again be hid, and revealing truths which will never vanish from the ken of their fellowmen. Such thinkers give a wonderful impulse to the studies of others, exciting attention, suggesting inquiries, and pointing out new and conclusive methods of investigation. It is often

the case that their opinions and methods become more widely known through the writings of their followers and pupils than by their own statements.

To this class of scholars belongs Carl Ritter. Instead of merely repeating the tedious and burdensome mass of facts which had been gathered in the books and taught in the schools under the name of Geography, he deduced from a wide range of study a few definite principles, obvious enough when once proclaimed, but never distinctly and sharply set forth until he gave them utterance. He illustrated these principles by wide observation, extended learning, and the exercise of remarkable sagacity. He discovered, in the aggregation of items which mankind had been for ages collecting, some of the laws which underlie phenomena, — relations which control activities and results, — indications of a plan which evinces at once the wisdom and the power of a Supreme Creator. Having discerned and announced these fundamental principles, he applied them to the elucidation of all which we know of the globe and its inhabitants.

The world was ready for such a teacher. Every department of natural and physical science had begun to make progress on the highway of truth, and in many different directions conclusions had been reached which are as sure to stand as the earth itself, upon which they are based. The generation of travellers, whose glory consisted in relating that which was strange and amusing, rather than that which was important and characteristic, and whose aim seemed to be to surpass one another in the narration of exciting extravagances, had given way to a class of truly learned explorers, trained in the methods of exact science, and whose only aim was to ascertain the truth. The rude measurements of the eye and the shrewd guesses of experts were superseded by the more precise revelations of the barometer and level. The governments of the civilized world had begun to vie with one another in sending out expeditions, not to discover territories before unheard of, but to bring back positive and permanently trustworthy information respecting regions imperfectly known. In all civilized countries, and even in uncivilized lands controlled by enlightened nations, topographical and hydrographical surveys, made with the most

accurate apparatus which art has devised, had begun to furnish minute and exact information respecting the structure of the earth. Increased facilities of locomotion and of postal communication made distant investigations possible at a moderate cost. Zoölogy, botany, and mineralogy were studied almost as new sciences, so new and revolutionary were the methods of classification upon which they proceeded. The laws of climate assumed shape. The philosophical study of language cast its light upon the origin of races, while archæological and historical investigations led to definite knowledge respecting the careers of nations, far more extensive than had been attained in any previous century.

Under these circumstances, it is evident that the time had come for bringing together and compacting results which had been reached in very different paths of investigation. Eratosthenes, says Ritter, in developing the first astronomical geography; Herodotus and Strabo, the first geographical history and historical geography; Cluver, the first ancient geography; Bergmann, the first geographical physics; and Büsching, the first application of geography to politics, — were all laying the foundations for a thorough system of physical geography. So also Werner, by his geological studies; Saussure, De Luc, and Humboldt, by revealing the connection of the earth and the atmosphere, and Buffon, by showing the connection of animate and inanimate nature; Zimmermann, by showing the relations of animals to the surface of the earth, and Blumenbach, by his observations on the races of men, — were all preparing the way for the new science of geography.

It was to the development of this new science, General Comparative Physical Geography, as he termed it, that Ritter devoted the powers of his well-trained mind, not in a bold or boastful spirit, but calmly, steadily, and successfully, with the quiet assurance of one who knows he is studying and announcing truth. He does not claim to have originated the conception which he endeavors to amplify, illustrate, and defend. To Humboldt he assigns the title of the Founder of Physical Geography. "He has opened a field," says Ritter, "which we with our weak powers shall try to till."

What this science became under his skilful culture we shall

presently attempt to show. It only remains for us, in this connection, to call attention to the conviction underlying all which Ritter has announced. "The ideal background, hypothesis, theory, call it what you will," as he says, "the point of departure," as he again expresses it, "does not lie in the conception of a single truth, but in the union of all truths." Man was fitted to dwell in the earth; the earth was designed as the home of the human race. Nature and history are alike developments of a Creator's plan.

From this general statement of Ritter's position, let us proceed to look at his life.

Nearly five years have passed since Humboldt, at the age of ninety, and Ritter, at the age of eighty, were brought, within the same semester, to the close of their mortal career. No full biography of either has yet been given to the public, nor do we hear of any which is in preparation. Unfortunately for memorial purposes, the libraries of both these scholars, soon after their decease, were transferred to the booksellers. One was immediately scattered beneath the hammer of the auctioneer, and the other, though still an unbroken collection, is likely to be dispersed at a very early day. If these libraries were only collections of printed books, this distribution, though it might be regretted, could hardly interfere with the preparation of elaborate memoirs of the distinguished owners; but there is reason to think that a large amount of *personalia*, including manuscript annotations, original drawings and sketches, letters, original memoranda and memoirs, were disposed of with the books, and may never be accessible again to the inquiries of a biographer.

Humboldt was in every sense so much of a public man, — he had travelled so widely, he had made his researches with the aid of so many collaborators, he had received the visits of so many men of science from every civilized land, and had always written letters with so free a hand, — that his career, if not already thoroughly known, can be traced in almost every step with comparative ease. The unfortunate publication of his correspondence with the friend whom he had selected, if not as a biographer, at least as a confidant, to whom each transient compliment and each spiteful fling might be transmitted, has

checked, we presume, the curiosity of his admirers to know more of his inner life.

With regard to Ritter, on the contrary, all that is known most clearly indicates that all we can learn of his character will sustain our respect and affection. Every one who came into personal relations with him was as much impressed with the simplicity and excellence of his heart, as with the learning and sagacity of his mind. But his life, compared with that of Humboldt, was screened from observation. He lived at home, among his books; and, although accessible to every one who wished to make his acquaintance, his renown was not of that brilliant character which caused him to be the observed of all observers. We trust that among his numerous admiring pupils some one will be found to reveal to us more than we now know of his inborn characteristics of mind and heart, the early steps of his intellectual discipline, and his later processes of literary production, his domestic life, and his religious sentiments. No one apprehends that the memoranda of any Varnhagen von Ense will cancel our enthusiasm as it increases our knowledge.

Several appreciative sketches of Ritter's life, most if not all of them written by those who were personally acquainted with him, have already been printed. Hofmann, Strauss, Bogekamp, and Kramer, among his own countrymen, Lortet in France, Guyot and Gage in this country, have all made public their estimates of the great geographer. The most recent of these is that of Mr. Gage; that which shows the most acquaintance with the incidents of Ritter's life is that of Dr. Kramer; that which indicates the most complete appreciation of, and sympathy with, the intellectual and moral characteristics of the great master is that of Professor Guyot. From these various sources it is easy for us to prepare an outline of his career. It is the story of one whose early life was beset with difficulties, which at first were decided obstacles to his progress, but which in the end contributed abundantly to his intellectual vigor and his eminent learning.

Carl Ritter, the son of a physician poor in material possessions, but skilled and honored in his profession, was born on the edge of the Harz Mountains in the town of Quedlinburg,

not many miles southwest of Magdeburg, on the 7th of August, 1779. When he was about five years old his father died, leaving a widow and five small children, with very slender means of support. It happened that Christian Gotthilf Salzmann, a well-known teacher, who had been associated with Basedow in the Philanthropinum at Dessau, was then about to open a school for boys at Schnepfenthal, in which the peculiar views of education advocated by "the Philanthropinists" were to be faithfully carried out. Among the characteristics of "the new schools" of that day may be mentioned the special attention which was paid to the modern languages, instead of the ancient, and the general preference of what in these times would be termed "practical" studies to those of a more abstract and scientific character. Physical education received especial care. Religious culture was neglected, though a pure morality was taught. Those who are familiar with the pedagogical history of Germany are well aware of the merits, and the no less obvious defects, of the Philanthropinist teachers. Salzmann appears to have been one of the best of the innovators. Even Raumer, who totally dislikes the peculiar views which he advocated, bears testimony, in his History of Education, to the honest, conscientious, and persevering activity of Salzmann and Campe.

The deficiencies in his classical training Ritter made up at a later day by his own industrious efforts, and certainly his heart was not chilled by the cold rationalism which is said to have reigned at Schnepfenthal.

There were some advantages in the school, and one which seems to have exerted a strong influence on the rising geographer was the geographical position of Schnepfenthal. "This lovely spot," says Dr. Kramer, "which Ritter always considered his true home, was situated at one end of the Thuringian forest, and was surrounded by a charming landscape, having in one direction a view of a far-extending fertile plain, richly adorned with cities and villages; while in the other there rose well-timbered mountains of various shapes, intersected by fine valleys. All around was activity and life. Here he received from his early youth the most vivid impression of the glory of God's creation, of the variety of formations

on the surface of the earth, and their special relations to the life upon them."

The youthful Ritter was favored, not only by the position of the school, but by having as one of his chief instructors the tutor of his earlier years, T. C. F. GutsMuths, a native of Quedlinburg, whose acquaintance Salzmann made simultaneously with that of the Ritter family, and whose services were gladly secured for the new school at Schnepfenthal. GutsMuths was a teacher of geography, as well as of gymnastics, in Salzmann's school. His instructions were distinguished by thoroughness, and by the ingenuity of his illustrations, as is exemplified by the travels about home to which he accustomed his pupils, by the maps which he would draw, and by other of his contrivances to awaken an interest in study. Between Ritter and this teacher there sprang up a warm friendship, which lasted till death interrupted it. GutsMuths, as well as Ritter, became the author of various geographical works, and this similarity of tastes and studies undoubtedly cemented their affection.

After eleven years of school-boy life at Schnepfenthal, Ritter went to Halle for the purpose of attending the lectures of the University. He was enabled to do so by the aid of Mr. Hollweg, a wealthy merchant of Frankfort, who furnished him with pecuniary assistance on condition that, at the end of his University studies, he would become the teacher of his sons. While residing in Halle he was an inmate of the family of A. H. Niemeyer, just then conspicuous by the publication of his work on the Principles of Education and Instruction. Halle was then distinguished for its intellectual activity, and its nearness to the University of Jena and the ducal court at Weimar contributed somewhat to its advantages. An interesting picture of the university life at Halle, a year or two later than the time of Ritter's residence, is given by Von Raumer in his History of Education.

When Ritter had resided two years at Halle, he proceeded to fulfil his engagement as a private instructor in Mr. Hollweg's family. The instructions of the school-room were varied by frequent journeys with his pupils; and the opportunity which he thus enjoyed of becoming personally acquainted with

Italy and Switzerland, the most interesting physical regions in Europe, quickened without a doubt his fondness for the study of nature and history. While at Frankfort, he saw something of Humboldt and Von Buch ; Matthiae and Grotefend taught him Greek and Latin ; Ebel, the author of a work on Switzerland, became his personal friend ; his pupils, one of whom was a son of the celebrated physician Soemmering, were full of promise ; and this whole period of early discipline appears to have been of the greatest value in training him for after work. He was for twenty-one years employed by Mr. Hollweg ; but his tasks were freed from monotony by the journeys referred to, and by his residence with his pupils at the University of Göttingen from 1814 to 1816. Whether quietly engaged at Frankfort, or actively occupied by travelling, he was observing, inquiring, reflecting, and describing.

In 1819 Ritter's engagements with the Hollwegs were over, and his more public career began. We have dwelt at some length on the earlier portions of his life, because they obviously contain the germs of his later distinction. Good parentage, good native impulses, good surroundings, good teachings, and good friends had all combined, as we have seen, to develop a symmetrical character, well trained in various branches of knowledge, practised both in observation and reflection, and decidedly interested in the study of geography and history. Although he had not become famous, his reputation was high, his name was spotless.

As it will appear when we refer to his published works, Ritter had already ventured upon the preparation of two or three treatises in his chosen departments. These were so well received that he was invited to become Professor of History in the Gymnasium at Frankfort. This was the beginning of the public life to which all previous training had been undesignedly preparatory. Within a twelvemonth, still more conspicuous and honorable positions were offered him. He was invited to Berlin, with the appointment of a Professorship in the University of that city and also in the Military School. He accepted the call, and the capital of Prussia became his home for the remainder of his life. We will not attempt to recount the stations of influence and honor which he occupied

during the years of his maturity and age. At first, it is true, he was almost unknown among the many men of brilliant powers whom the University had drawn together. When he first announced his lectures, no hearers came forward, and the next term but a few presented themselves. But this state of things soon changed, and in 1823 his original lecture-room was so full that he was compelled to take a larger one. From that time forward his successive courses were among the most attractive and instructive which were given in Berlin. The testimony of all his hearers is unanimous as to his eloquence, his suggestiveness, his skill in awakening a love of knowledge, and in imparting knowledge.

Professor Guyot, who attended his lectures between 1830 and 1835, remarks that Ritter, during his long career as an academic teacher, achieved a success rarely equalled. "Few can boast," he continues, "of a more constant popularity. . . . . Not by any effort of striking eloquence of words or manner did he secure a willing ear from his pupils, but by offering to their eyes a thorough, substantial, and yet pleasant picture of the vivid images and ideas which filled his own mind. . . . . His words were always instructive and suggestive. The hearer could not help being impressed with the fulness and thoroughness of knowledge, the perfect mastery and love of his subject, evinced by the lecturer, while at the same time he was charmed by the happy selection of the facts presented."

In like manner, Mr. Gage, who attended Ritter's lectures some twenty years later, refers to their popularity. "When I was in Berlin," he says, "five years ago [1855], Ritter's room was still full. More than three hundred young men were hearing his lectures. He knew his art well. With almost womanly tact he seized upon those features which present circumstances made interesting, and culled out of the immense masses of matter lying in his mind just what he could use with the greatest profit."

Ritter's influence was not confined to the lecture-room. In all the institutions of learning, in the Academy of Sciences, in the court circles, in all projects respecting scientific expeditions, he was appealed to constantly as a wise and interested

adviser, so that, after nearly ten years' residence in Berlin, he appears to have become so much engrossed by the various scientific and literary duties which were imposed on him, that he determined to concentrate his attention more earnestly on his geographical studies. The fruit of his industry was made apparent in the successive volumes which he gave to the public. He became more than ever a student, at a period in life when many men give up diligent attempts to acquire knowledge, and content themselves with what they have already learned. For relaxation in the summer months he made frequent tours to different parts of the Continent, but never went so far as to visit the Holy Land and Egypt. The classes which he taught, the sessions of the Academy of Sciences, and the less 'stately but more interesting meetings of the Geographical Society of which he was the founder, brought him into such constant contact with other minds, that, although he dwelt among his books, he was far from being a recluse. In these engrossing occupations his years glided happily away till their close on the 28th of September, 1859. His wife, whom he had married about the time of his removal to Berlin, had died nearly twenty years before him.

Thus it appears that his life of fourscore years was divided into two nearly equal epochs, — the period of preparation and the period of production. Penniless and friendless at the outset of his life, he was happily led forward, by one good providence after another, and by paths which often seemed of very uncertain termination, to those attainments which all the world admired; and when, by the various discipline of forty years, he had reached maturity and vigor, forty years more of comparative ease and dignity were allotted to him, and were improved with unwavering diligence for the service of mankind.

From this sketch of the outward life of Ritter, drawn, as we have intimated, from the recollections of his personal friends, especially from Kramer and Guyot, we proceed to notice his work as an author.

His literary productions may be briefly enumerated as consisting of three elaborate treatises on three separate continents, Europe, Africa, and Asia; several learned dissertations presented to the Berlin Academy, a few of which were afterwards

published in a volume by themselves; numerous occasional essays on geographical topics, most of which were contributed to the *Zeitschrift für Erdkunde;* and several courses of lectures, three series of which, left by the author in a nearly complete condition, have been published since his death by Dr. H. A. Daniel.

We shall merely attempt to acquaint the reader with the general scope of these various works; to do anything more, to enter into any elaborate examination or estimate of their value, would lead us quite beyond the limits of an article like this.

Europe was the first of Ritter's Continental studies. As early as 1806 he published six charts of Europe, and five years later, in 1811, a Geography of Europe, in two octavo volumes. Neither of these works have come under our eye, but we are informed that they are only the *incunabula* of what was lying in his mind. He had not yet made the extended journeys to which we have referred, and we infer that his writings indicated that he was more a student of books than an observer of nature. His views passed for what they were worth; the work in which they were published was not reissued by the author. A few years later, in 1817–18, after travelling widely, and after extensive researches in the libraries of Göttingen and Berlin, Ritter issued the earliest portion of *Die Erdkunde*,— the work which became the master-work of his lifetime. Although it was limited to two volumes, and to the description of two continents only, it is evident from the title, the introduction, and the method of discussion, that the author had made a great advance from his former position, and that he was already in command of new and far-reaching principles of geographical study. The title alone is highly significant. It remained unchanged through all the expanding series of volumes of which these two early volumes were the germ. It reads as follows: "Geography in Relation to Nature and the History of Mankind; or General Comparative Geography, as a sure Basis for studying and teaching the Physical and Historical Sciences."

The Introduction to this work, as it was written in 1818, is given in Mr. Gage's volume. We would recommend its pe-

rusal to every reader who desires to appreciate the task which Ritter proposed to himself. It there appears what was his conception of a "General Comparative Geography"; how the continents, in their vertical as well as horizontal dimensions, the land, the ocean, and the atmosphere, the three kingdoms of nature, and the human race, are regarded as combining to make the World, a unit which must be studied in the light of history and of natural science, if we would think of fully understanding either the whole or any portion of it.

In 1822 Ritter republished his volume on Africa, bringing down the work to the consideration of all discoveries made as late as 1820. Ten years afterwards he began to republish the volume on Asia, taking the year 1830 as the date to which all his statements had reference. He promised to complete his description of this continent in four volumes, — the first being devoted to the high plateaux and mountains of the East, the second to the Southern Indies, and the remaining two to Western Asia. These completed, he proposed to take up Europe once more, and discuss its geography on the same plan. He little realized the task he was undertaking; or rather he was unable to foresee the immense amount of material which would come into his possession, and the increasing interest which his mind would take in every characteristic detail, however minute. Twenty-seven years rolled by; and twenty stout volumes, numbering in all some twenty thousand pages (exclusive of the indexes), were published on the Geography of Asia. But even this part of the work was not complete when death terminated the labors of the author. The task which he had entered upon was too vast for the lifetime of a single man. Only an association of scholars could execute a scheme so comprehensive.

Although this enlarged revision of the *Erdkunde von Asien* was left unfinished, the plan of the author was developed in it, and many separate monographs which the work contains were so thoroughly elaborated that they of necessity will be the basis of all future investigations. Ritter's conception of a continent was that of a vast plateau, bordered on every side by transition-lands and terraces, which terminate in low lands on the level of the sea. The high lands of Asia are divided into two clear

divisions by the mountains of the Hindu-Kush, the eastern plateau being far higher, far more extended, and surmounted by far higher chains of mountains, than the plateau of the west. His description of the continent begins with the Eastern highlands, to which he gives three volumes, — followed by two more on the Indian peninsulas, — making five in all. This constitutes the first division of the work. Passing from the Oriental to the Occidental part of the continent, he devotes one volume to the transition region between the eastern and western plateaus, including here not only a detailed examination of the Hindu-Kush, but also of the Indus river-system on the south, and of the Turkestan high land on the north. The Iranian plateau is next discussed in two volumes. An equal amount of space is devoted to Mesopotamia, and the river system of the twin-streams Tigris and Euphrates. Two volumes are then occupied with Arabia. Syria (including the peninsula of Sinai and Palestine) is next taken up, expanding with the increasing acquisitions of the author into six volumes; and the work terminates with a study of Asia Minor, which the author hoped to complete in three volumes, but of which two only appeared.

From this summary of the chief contents of the work, it is obvious that the great natural subdivisions of the continent, and not political dominions, were prominent in the author's mind. He does indeed discuss historical movements; but he always regards them as in some measure controlled and guided by the physical structure of countries. The various monographs which constitute the latter portion of the work are models of geographical studies. Scattered through all the volumes are elaborate essays — *excursus* they may perhaps be called — on the various peculiar features and characteristics of the different countries.

We have already mentioned that Ritter's pen was not employed solely in the production of this great work. As a member of the Academy of Sciences, he was continually making contributions to the transactions of that body, in some of which are to be found the clearest statements which he has given of his conception of the true science of geography. The better to bring these views before the public, he issued five of

his academic dissertations, together with the original Introduction to the *Erdkunde*, in an octavo volume designed for general circulation. This volume has been recently translated by Mr. Gage. The collection, it must be acknowledged, is quite fragmentary in its structure. The earliest of its essays was written in 1818, the latest in 1850, at an interval of more than thirty years. In reproducing them, the author does not emend nor modernize any of his statements or illustrations, but contents himself with briefly reminding the reader of the rapid advancement which has been made in our knowledge of the globe since the earlier pages were written. Notwithstanding this lack of freshness, no better selection probably could have been made, when Mr. Gage made his translation, to exhibit the philosophy of Ritter. After a general survey of the province of physical geography and its relations to other sciences, a view is given of the structure of the great land-masses of the globe, bringing clearly to view the importance of considering vertical as well as horizontal measurements, reliefs as well as superficial areas. This is followed by an exhibition of the relations which the continents have to one another arising from their geographical position and horizontal dimensions. The application of geometrical figures and of numerical statements in delineating geographical figures and relations, is next briefly discussed. The connection between the world and human history is considered in the three remaining disquisitions, one of which treats of the historical element in geography, and another of the geographical element in history.

We are heartily glad that this volume has been made accessible to our countrymen in an English form. It is by no means easy reading, either in the original or the translation. The originality of the author's conceptions, his imaginative phraseology, and his involved sentences, are obstacles which require a little effort to overcome; but let a thoughtful reader master the fundamental positions of the writer, and enter into his spirit, and he will be richly repaid for the exertion. We commend the volume especially to all teachers of geography, trusting that Mr. Gage will be rewarded as he deserves for the evident labor and skill which are evinced in his version. Besides these academic *Abhandlungen*, which have been trans-

lated, Ritter at different times directed his attention to the following themes, all of which are treated in a masterly way. In 1824 he discussed the history of Arabia Petræa and its inhabitants; in 1829, the Age of the Runen Calendar; in 1830 he gave a sketch of the Himalayan mountain system; in 1839 he investigated the geographical distribution of sugar-cane, and in 1851 that of cotton; in 1854 he examined various historical monuments from Northern Syria. These treatises may be found in the Berlin Transactions. Two or three similar treatises appeared as separate pamphlets.

Ritter's contributions to the Berlin *Zeitschrift für Erdkunde*, and in the preceding *Monatsberichten* of the Berlin Geographical Society, are, according to our count, more than seventy in number. Some of them, it is true, are brief notes, which it cost him but little effort to prepare; but others of the essays are elaborate discussions, not so much of general principles as of specific questions or announcements. He was in the receipt of original information, and of printed documents difficult to obtain, sent to him from various distant lands by residents or travellers who knew of his universal knowledge. Such intelligence he often made the basis of a communication to the Geographical Society, adding his own comments or strictures upon the statements of others. To review this phase of his activity, would require far more space than we can here command.

Notwithstanding all these voluminous writings, we are of opinion that Ritter's greatest direct influence was exerted in the lecture-room. Forty successive years devoted to the work of instructing large classes of young men, numbered usually by scores, and sometimes by hundreds, enabled him to impress his intellectual character on the rising generation of scholars, and it was through them, and through their lectures, text-books, travels, and observations, that he chiefly acted on the public at large. A lack of sharp, clear statement, of that precision of style in which French writers excel, is sometimes complained of by the readers of Ritter's volumes. But this defect, if such we may call it, was not obvious in the lecture-room, where the tones of his voice, the informal, almost conversational explanations which he would give, and the rapidly-drawn illustrative sketches which he put on the blackboard, removed all doubt

in regard to his meaning. While he lived, none of his lectures were printed, but since his death, as we have already remarked, they have not been entirely withheld. Dr. H. A. Daniel, Professor in the Royal Pädagogium at Halle, and himself the author of a Hand-book of Geography highly valued in Germany, has published three successive series of lectures, basing the text on Ritter's own notes, compared with and expanded by the *Heften* of his pupils, those elaborate transcripts of the Professor's words, which German students, above all others, know how to make. In these three courses we see more distinct than anywhere else the teacher of geography. Free from excessive details, systematic, clear, bold, and fresh, they are better fitted to bring up to the mind Ritter, the university instructor, than all his other writings. Elsewhere he is the academician, the encyclopedist, the President of the Geographical Society; here he is the teacher surrounded by his pupils, appreciating their wants, knowing their impressibility, and eager to see them enter upon the paths in which he has himself found such enjoyment and profit. These little volumes, more even than any others, we commend to the attention of all who would become acquainted with the master. The first series is devoted to the History of Geography and Discovery. Beginning with remote antiquity, he traces the progress of our knowledge of the earth through the Hebrews, Egyptians, and Phœnicians, the Greeks, especially in the time of Alexander the Great, the Indians and Chinese, and finally the Romans. Then proceeding to the Middle Ages, he takes up the great irruption of the Barbarians, the spread of Christianity, the conquests of the Mohammedans and the establishment of the Empire of the Caliphs, the discoveries and exploits of the Northmen, the rise of the commercial republics of Italy, and the discoveries of the Portuguese down to the time of Columbus.

The second series of lectures is an exposition of the underlying principles of Physical Geography. In these discourses Ritter shows what is the proper field of his favorite science, discusses the sources from which it is derived, and points out the various auxiliary branches of knowledge. He next takes up the globe, and calls attentionto its most general features; —

its shape; its three constituent elements, — air, water, and land; the marked contrast between the land and water hemispheres; the position of the continents, and their influence upon the progress of history. He goes on from this to a special examination of the surface of the earth, first in its vertical and then in its horizontal dimensions, — dwelling upon the characteristic highlands, or plateaus, and the corresponding lowlands, or plains; pointing out the greater elevations of mountain-chains, and the remarkable continental depressions, like that of the Pontine and Caspian Seas; and also characterizing the streams of the earth, those watercourses which become transition regions between the mountains and the plains. Finally, he discusses the horizontal forms of the land, — the several continents, with their projecting peninsulas, indenting seas, and adjacent archipelagos and islands.

In the third volume Europe is thoroughly and methodically described in all its great natural features, — mountain-chains, plateaus, plains, and watercourses, — including not only those of the main continental trunk, but those also of every adjacent member, peninsula, and island. The principles laid down in an abstract form in the second series are here exhibited in the concrete.

Thus vast, comprehensive, and detailed were the studies of Ritter. Every page of his writing evinces a thorough acquaintance with the sources of information, singular good judgment in respect to the comparative weight of different authorities, vivid conceptions of the actual appearance and structure of every region which he describes, and a peculiar power of eliminating what is essential, characteristic, and permanent from that which is only transient or insignificant. His powers of generalization were of the highest order.

We have already made several incidental allusions to the original methods and principles of which Ritter was the author. Those who are desirous of gaining a more extended view of his writings may consult a sketch by Dr. Bogekamp in Mr. Gage's volume, or the eulogy before referred to, by Professor Guyot. We will only notice at the present time some of the most general of Ritter's conceptions.

He regarded the world as an integer, an organized body,

every part of which had an important relation to every other part, and all the parts of which were essential to the completeness of the whole. In the complex arrangement of land and water, hill and valley, peninsula and highland, plateau and plain, he saw no confusion, but order, arrangement, and adaptation to an end. To him the earth was like a tree, with root, trunk, branch, leaf, blossom, fruit, each necessary to the perfection of the whole; or like the human form, with chest, head, and limbs, none of which can be removed without obvious injury to the vitality of the organism. Sometimes he went so far as to use a still more forcible expression, saying that the globe has a life of its own, — the winds, waters, and land-masses acting upon one another like animated organs, every region having its own function to perform, thus promoting the well-being of all the rest. To him these were no fanciful analogies. They were living truths, expressed in figures which may seem bold, and perhaps incomprehensible, to those who have not considered them, but established in his mind on foundations which cannot be shaken.

He claimed that Geography should not content itself with a mere description of the surface of the earth, but everywhere comparisons should be instituted. Both resemblances and contrasts are thus brought to view; and phenomena hard to be understood in one region become quite intelligible when considered in the light gained elsewhere. The continents of the Old World, forming a closely compacted mass, are very differently constituted from those of the New World, stretched out, as it were, into a long and comparatively narrow extent. The three continents of the north have very different characteristics from the three continents which face them on the south, the former having thus far been the historical continents, fitted, by their more temperate climate, for the higher development of mankind. Not only are the continents to be compared with one another, but peninsulas, island groups, mountain chains, plateaus, plains, watercourses, inland seas, and oceans are to be connectedly considered, — for thus will the peculiarities of their structure be revealed, their part in the world's economy be indicated, and their influence on the progress of civilization be made apparent. Such comparisons not only serve us in the

solution of events which have already transpired; they likewise foreshadow those which will occur. Again, he remarks, "Our earth is a star among the stars; and shall not we who are on it prepare ourselves by the study of it for the contemplation of the universe and its Author?"

Another principle, now universally recognized, to which Ritter early called attention, is the importance of taking into consideration vertical as well as horizontal dimensions in the study of the earth. Elevations of a few hundred feet produce changes in the entire aspect of a region, — the climate, the vegetation, the animal kingdom, the capabilities, necessities, and occupations of men, differing as decidedly as they do in an equal number of miles of horizontal separation. In all of Ritter's examinations of the world, the relief, the upheaval, the relation of high land to low land, are invariably considered. Every continent — not only so, but every member of a continent, every natural subdivision of the land — is to be regarded, not as a flat superficies, but as a solid body, diversified by many inequalities, and presenting differences as manifold and as important as those of its horizontal outlines. This mode of looking at the surface of the earth has happily become so familiar, that we need not dwell upon it, except to remind the reader that it was not always so common. When Humboldt applied this principle to the elucidation of the American continent, and Ritter showed its application to every portion of the globe, a vast stride was taken in the progress of geographical science.

Ritter always regarded the world as the dwelling-place of man. He was no materialist; he did not consider that physical forces produced the social and moral condition of the race; he never forgot the ascendency of mind and will over inert matter, nor the triumphant subjugation of the earth to the necessities of man which has ever been in progress. But as the body is fitted to minister to the wants of the soul, — or as a convenient house is favorable, if not indispensable, to the intellectual and moral welfare of those who dwell within its walls, — so he considered that the earth was made to be the home of man. Thus geography and history are co-operating sciences, intimately connected, so that neither can dispense with the lessons of the other. Both exhibit the purposes of a

wise Creator. "This view," says Guyot, "was the normal synthesis required by the rapid progress of physical, ethnological, and historical sciences, which, since the beginning of this century, have shed so much light on the deeper nature of the physical world and of human society. It was that harmonic unity of elements, diverse and yet akin, craved by every philosophic mind conversant with the results of scientific inquiry. The philosophy of history, that science of modern times, hails now with joy a still younger sister, the philosophy of geography, the one a helper to the other; both forever as inseparable as man is from nature."

We are aware that these indications of Ritter's philosophy are only of the most general character; to see how they are applied, and especially to understand the numerous subordinate principles which they involve, we must take up some region, such as the continent of Europe, which he treats in a course of lectures; or the peninsula of Arabia, and the river-system of the Euphrates and Tigris, which are parts of the *Erdkunde von Asien*. Thus only will his method be really understood.

We have said little as to Ritter's personal characteristics, but we should do him injustice if we did not refer to the simplicity, purity, and dignity of his private life, and to the respect which was bestowed upon him by all his contemporaries. His great intellectual qualities have been sufficiently indicated, his devoutness and elevation of soul were no less eminent. He was in the best sense a Christian philosopher, loving the truth supremely, and delighting everywhere to trace the harmony which exists between the works and word of the Creator.

His name is constantly associated in his fatherland with that of Humboldt. They were neighbors and friends through the latter part of their lives, ever maintaining the most friendly relations. Each spoke of the other in terms of high praise; each profited by the researches of the other. Ritter testifies that he could not have written his great work without Humboldt's travels and observations in the Old World and the New. Humboldt was continually showing his regard for Ritter by sending to him, as we are informed, the letters which he received on geographical subjects from various parts of the

world. "Let this go into Ritter's archives," he would say, as if that was the surest way of securing scientific utility.

But though their pursuits were kindred, they were also very different. Humboldt was endeavoring to interpret the physics of the globe, to study the laws which underlie all the purely natural phenomena. Heat, light, magnetism, earthquakes, volcanoes, the winds, the oceanic currents, were the themes of which he was most fond. The adaptation of the earth to human society, the effect of the world upon man, and the influence of man upon the earth, the laws of structure and climate in their relations to animal and vegetable life, the distribution of animals and vegetables subservient to man, the geographical basis in the progress of civilization, the differences of races and nations, were favorite themes with Ritter. One loved most the physical, the other the historical, study of the earth. One was emphatically a naturalist, the other a humanist. In other words, Humboldt was devoted to the study of the material creation, not indeed to the exclusion of man, but with a preponderating interest in natural phenomena; Ritter, on the other hand, was a student of history, and in all his geographical inquiries Man, his necessities, aptitudes, and deeds, was present. Humboldt was emphatically a scientific explorer, observing and collecting in distant climes where the structure of the globe is most remarkable and interesting, and then returning to work out his conclusions. Ritter was chiefly the man of books, the student at home, weighing the testimony of early and recent explorers, harmonizing their statements, and deducing general laws from the special researches of many investigators.

In quoting the words of Professor Guyot, early in this article, respecting the little real knowledge of Ritter which there is in this country, we were disposed to make some qualification of his remark. We think that Mr. Guyot himself has done a great deal to make our countrymen familiar with the views of the German geographer. We well remember the delight with which, many years ago, we listened to his eloquent exhibition of the principles of Physical Geography as laid down by Humboldt, Steffens, and Ritter. We have read and re-read his "Earth and Man," one of the best presentations of this new

science to be met with in any language, if not the very best. We have seen that, by his lectures in the Normal Schools and at the Teachers' Institutes, there has been awakened among the teachers, especially of New England, a real love of geographical science, and an earnest, intelligent inquiry for more detailed treatises than any which are now accessible in English, embodying the principles in their manifold applications. We are confident that in the next few years a great impulse will be given to studies of this character, and, as the years roll on, we look forward to increasing honor among our countrymen for the life and labors of Carl Ritter.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Annual Report of the Western Sanitary Commission for the Years ending July*, 1862, *and July*, 1863. St. Louis, Mo.

2. *Circular of Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, to be held in St. Louis, May 17th*, 1864. Major-General W. S. ROSECRANS, President.

IN the article on the Sanitary Commission in our January number, our readers will have observed that the name of St. Louis, Missouri, does not appear on the roll of honor. The State is referred to, in a single line, as being the only loyal State out of the circle of sanitary allegiance. By what cause it has been thus left out does not appear. Nor is it said whether that State and city, which have been so prominent in the war for liberty, have done or attempted anything whatever in the work of humanity. Those of our readers who know nothing of the facts have probably concluded that the circumstances of peculiar difficulty under which Missouri has been compelled to play her part, — the devastation of her territory by the Confederate invaders and guerilla bands of robbers, the destruction of her trade, the social dissensions among her own people, the prevailing "sympathy" of the wealthier classes for the Southern cause or trade, her rapid transition from slavery to freedom, changing all the relations and conduct of industrial pursuits, and the extraordinary demands upon her,

especially at the commercial metropolis, in the prosecution of civil war upon a scale of unequalled magnitude, while her resources were nearly all cut off, — that these and other causes furnish a sufficient apology for her exceptional position, which is to be regretted, but not too severely blamed. To others it is known that such apology is not needed. But probably very few are prepared to learn that St. Louis, so far from being delinquent, has stood among the foremost cities of the loyal States in the sanitary and relief departments of the war. The fact is, that, if we estimate the whole amount done by the United States Sanitary Commission and all its branches, including all the large central cities named in our last number, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, Pittsburg, &c., — taking the estimate as made by Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows (Doc. 69 U. S. San. Com.), — the distributions and expenditures by the organization known as the Western Sanitary Commission at St. Louis have risen to between one fifth and one fourth of the whole amount. Its cash receipts, if California is left out of the estimate, have been almost as great as those at Washington. It has had, with trifling exceptions, exclusive (sanitary) care of all the armies west of the Mississippi, from the beginning of the war until now. For the first year of the war, the time of greatest difficulty, it had almost a monopoly in fitting up and supplying hospital steamers and all other Western river work, including supplies to the gunboat flotilla on the Mississippi, and has kept its agents and stores of hospital supplies at every important point in the Western department. It has established soldiers' homes in different places, in which six hundred guests, chiefly invalids and convalescents, are taken care of, as the daily average, provided with whatever help they need, and forwarded to their destination. It has labored indefatigably, and at great expense, particularly in the earlier half of the war, in the establishment of hospitals, and in providing all the necessary means for the comfort of the patients, and has shared the labors of medical directors and purveyors, of surgeons, nurses, and attendants, almost never coming into conflict with them, or receiving anything but their thanks. Under the commission of Miss D. L. Dix, it has had charge

of selecting and assigning to places of duty all female nurses in the Western Department, — a labor of great importance and difficulty, but which could not be declined. In two recent months, one hundred certificates to female nurses have been issued. Against all prejudices, and notwithstanding real and unavoidable difficulties in the way, the employment of female nurses has steadily grown in favor, and the Western Commission regards them as an indispensable part of every good hospital, both in the sick-wards and in the special diet-department. By special orders of Generals Halleck and Schofield, this Commission has also had superintendence at St. Louis of the interests of the Union refugees from Rebel States, and has provided for many thousands of that unfortunate class. During the last few months, by what has seemed a providential necessity, the Freedmen's cause has come under its care, with the cordial approval of the Secretaries of War and the Treasury, and by its prompt and efficient attention to the claims of the oppressed the most satisfactory results have been already attained.

The outlay of the Western Sanitary Commission, for over two years, has averaged, in money and goods, fifty thousand dollars per month, the whole of which has gone to the direct prevention or relief of suffering, deducting one and a half per cent, which covers the total costs of all salaries, agencies, and distribution. Of course, a great deal of the labor, especially the more responsible part, has been done gratuitously, and every facility has been afforded by government officers, by free transportation, "detached service," and in every other practicable way. From St. Louis to New Orleans, from Pea Ridge to Chattanooga, by every commander of the Department of the Missouri and every general in the field, by the head of the Western Medical Department and the various medical directors, by quartermasters and transportation-masters, and all other officers, the Commission and its agents have been most kindly recognized, and have scarcely ever solicited a favor in vain. It has received far more credit from them than it could have claimed as its proper due. Its co-operation has often been asked, and never refused. Its representations of official neglect, and its suggestions of change, have been uniformly attended to, and, except where it has ignorantly violated regu-

lations, or neglected proper official etiquette, no complaint or hard feeling has ever been expressed.

In fact, the whole medical administration in the West has been admirably managed for two years past. Before that time it was a divided management, without a general head. But since the reorganization of the Medical Department, by which the whole region west of the Alleghany Mountains was placed under direction of the Assistant Surgeon-General, Dr. R. C. Wood, everything has been well ordered. Probably no armies have ever been more amply or promptly provided with medical supplies than those of the West. The surgeons in field and hospital have been held to strict responsibility, and although many abuses and negligences have arisen, they have been corrected as soon as known. Comparatively few complaints of inefficiency have been heard at the West, and from the testimony of both officers and men we are satisfied that just cause of complaint has seldom been found. Dr. Wood has given the most ample proof both of mental and physical capacity, and we have known few men who have so perfectly united the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*.

The outlay, and of course the income, of the Sanitary Commission at St. Louis, since the war began to the present time, has amounted to nearly the value of a million and a half of dollars, which has been distributed in hospitals and camps, for the purposes of prevention and cure, among all the armies of the West. In these distributions no sectional or State lines are recognized, and no discrimination for or against any one, on the ground of nationality, lineage, social position, or color, has ever been permitted. The Legislature of Missouri, from its exhausted finances, has contributed $75,000 for relief of Missouri troops, through the Commission; but this sum has been used so as to accomplish the end without any practical discrimination being made. The money was passed into the general fund, and distributing agents were instructed that all soldiers should be treated alike, but to make such memoranda of supplies to Missouri soldiers, wherever found, as would enable them to show the amounts so expended. When the last estimates were given in, it appeared that already over $100,000 had been so expended, and the best evidence was thus afforded

that an enlarged policy is always the best. It is the soldier of the Union whom we help, not the citizen of Missouri or Massachusetts. The means of helping come from all sources promiscuously, and in the same large and catholic spirit should they be expended.

In one respect — we mean the sources of receipts and the manner of their collection — the experience of the Western Sanitary Commission has been remarkable, if not peculiar. It sprang from sudden exigency for relief of suffering, without opportunity to count the cost either of labor or money involved. At its first meeting, its members, a half-dozen in number, agreed to advance the small amount needed for office expenses, and to do without a clerk. They put notices in the St. Louis papers asking contributions, and sent a few lines to the Boston Transcript, requesting New England women to send "knit woollen socks." Similar notices or appeals have been published from time to time, about once in six months, ever since. This has been the whole machinery of collection from first to last. There have been no auxiliary societies, no collectors, no systematic means of replenishing the treasury whatever. Once, however, in Boston, in January, 1863, a number of gentlemen took the matter in hand, and in a fortnight's time $35,000 was paid to Richard C. Greenleaf, Esq., who acted as Treasurer, and was forwarded to St. Louis. He still continues to act in the same capacity. A similar action was also recently taken in St. Louis, and during the "frozen week" of last January, with the thermometer ranging from twenty degrees below zero to two degrees above, the sum of nearly $30,000 was collected. For the rest, whatever has come has been obtained by strictly individual action, without concert or definite plan. Perhaps one further exception should be made, of a New England lady, who in the beginning of the war set apart a room in her house as the "Missouri Room," and, letting all her friends know of this convenient method of sending articles to St. Louis, as fast as boxes could be filled up, she has received and forwarded goods to the amount of $17,000, and in cash nearly as much more. Beyond this the Commission at St. Louis knows nothing of the *modus operandi*, or the moving causes, to which it is indebted for the continued, uninterrupted

stream of gifts by which their warehouses have been kept full and their treasury replenished. It has been a spontaneous and self-directing movement. No better proof could be given of the closeness of the ties which bind our people together, than this cordial sympathy and almost unsolicited generosity, which make for themselves channels to flow in, and only ask that their gifts may be freely used. Boston alone has sent over two hundred thousand dollars; New England, five hundred thousand. And now a new tide of benevolence has begun to flow in the same direction for the suffering freedmen of the Mississippi valley. We earnestly hope that the current of relief for the sick and wounded, for the refugee and the emancipated, may continue to run full and strong. It is more blessed to give than to receive. No one can estimate the amount of good done, not less for patriotism than for humanity. The golden rule, to do as you would be done by, thus practised, will bind the East and West together in bonds that no secession or rebellion will ever disturb again. At this moment no two cities are nearer each other than St. Louis and Boston; no two States, than Missouri and Massachusetts.

This spontaneous method of supplies and total absence of system in collections may not be the best plan. On the contrary, it is evidently a very bad plan for continuousness of action, and is liable at any time to complete failure. That it has worked so well with the Western Commission is a matter of surprise. Nor was it ever adopted as a regular method, but at first came of its own accord, and has continued because it has answered the purpose. Besides, no system of auxiliaries could have been established throughout the States without interference with the plans of the United States Commission, at the risk of creating conflicting interests, and perhaps unkind feeling. The most hateful of all jealousies and controversies are those among philanthropic or charitable associations, and their possibility should be avoided at almost any inconvenience or loss. The only course, therefore, for those whom a sort of destiny made "outsiders" seemed to be that which shaped itself,—to let it be known from time to time that such a place as St. Louis "still lives," and that working men and women can be found there who are willing to do the best they can, and that all contribu-

tions sent there will be gratefully acknowledged and economically used. Thus far, this knowledge has brought the needful supplies. When it fails to do so, the work must cease.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that our present writing is supplementary to the article in our January number, and in no respect controversial or antagonistic. We challenge no comparisons between the two bodies, so different in their organization, so similar in their accomplished results. We are conscious of a certain degree of ludicrousness in such a comparison, if made. It is to compare great things with small. We earnestly deprecate all rivalry or competition, or the seeming of it. We can say as much in praise of the United States Sanitary Commission as its best friends can reasonably desire, and are glad to do so. It has done an immense amount of good, and prevented an immense amount of evil. What the army or the country could have done without it, is a question hard to answer just in proportion to our knowledge of the facts. It may well be proud of the largeness of its plans and the general faithfulness and success with which they have been carried out. Its history is coincident with that of the war, and its deeds of charity and loyalty will constitute one of the brightest chapters in the suppression of the great rebellion. It has supplied not only "butter" to the Medical Department and Commissariat "bread" (we are using its own illustration), but bread and butter both, food and clothing, shelter and kindly care, to tens of thousands of those who were ready to perish. God bless them for it all! In a few years it will be forgotten that the Western Commission had a separate existence, and whatever it may have done will fall into the general result, to swell the grand total of patriotic zeal. Imaginary lines of exclusion and separateness will disappear in the narrative. The one general fact will be all that anybody will care about, — that the American people took care of the American army; that, while the sons were fighting for their country's freedom, the mothers and daughters, from women of fourscore years to little girls of five, were working with an equal patriotism at home; that it was thus a "people's war," to which all classes brought their best offering and in which there were no exempts; that it was a war of civilization against barbarism,

in which the rights of womanhood not less than of manhood were vindicated, and in which the women played their part not less nobly than the men. That is all that history will care about, and not for the agency by which the work was done.

The origin of the Western Sanitary Commission was as follows. After the battle near Springfield, Missouri, August 18th, 1861, which would have been a complete victory had Lyon lived, and was kept from the disasters of defeat by the gallantry of Schofield and others then unknown to fame, when all loyal men in St. Louis were anxious for the result and the disloyal were so exultant that their rejoicing could scarcely be repressed, after eight or ten days had elapsed, the sick and wounded began to be brought in. Absolutely nothing was ready for them. A large unfinished building, the new "House of Refuge," four miles from the city, had been taken for hospital uses, but neither stoves, nor bedsteads, nor beds, nor bedding, nor food, nor nurses, nor anything else, had been prepared. The first hundred arrived at night. They had been brought in wagons a hundred and twenty miles, over a rough road, by hurried marches, suffering for food and water, from Springfield to Rolla, and thence by rail to St. Louis to the station on Fourteenth Street. There, having had nothing to eat for ten hours, they were put into furniture-carts (much better than those instruments of torture called ambulances) and carried the remaining three miles. Bare walls, bare floors, and an empty kitchen received them; but the kind-hearted surgeon, Bailley, did all he could to make kindness take the place of good fare. He obtained from the neighbors cooked food for their supper, and lost no time in getting together the various means of comfort. The poor fellows were so shattered and travel-worn that they were thankful enough to get eatable food, with the hard boards to sleep upon, and no word of complaint did we ever hear one of them utter. In the course of the week three or four hundred more were brought in, the condition of things meanwhile rapidly improving; but so great was the difficulty of obtaining anything that was wanted, that many of the badly wounded men lay there in the same unchanged garments in which they had been brought from the battle-field three weeks before. Every day, however, made things better, and by the end of a month from

the first arrivals Dr. Bailley began to say that "it was not yet what he called a good hospital, but that the men were all comfortable."

In the earlier part of this experience, and to increase the working force of the Medical Department, it was suggested to General Frémont to form a Civilian Commission, "*under the direction* of the Medical Director," and to aid him in his work. A special order to that effect was prepared, which was signed on the same day that brought the telegram countermanding the Frémont proclamation of freedom, — the greatest mistake, in our opinion, then and now, that our freedom-loving President has ever made. The order had been prepared under the counsel of Medical Director DeCamp, and was entirely acceptable to him. "Now," said he, "the work may increase as fast as it pleases." No young man could have worked with more humane or loyal heart than his, or with greater efficiency and success. The requisite orders were obtained from day to day for opening new hospitals, and fitting them up in proper manner, for the hiring of civilian nurses, for special laundry-arrangements, for burial of the dead, for hospital-cars on the railroad, for a convalescent hospital, and whatever else was needed under the extraordinary exigency of the times. The result was, that at the end of six weeks four large hospitals were well established, with over two thousand beds, all occupied, and with all the essential comforts that sick men require. We have heard a good deal of indignant complaint about General Frémont's "barricade," and have no doubt that access to him was often made unnecessarily difficult. But the barricade always yielded to hospital demands, whether by night or day, and no pressure of business ever prevented such claims from being immediately heard and granted.* Under such fostering care, and with such harmony of action, it is no matter of surprise that, by the 1st of November, 1861, the hospitals and hospital

* We may be permitted to add, that General Frémont has not lost his interest in those who have suffered in the war. Since the discontinuance of his active service, he has regularly sent almost the whole of his "pay" to the writer of this article, to be used at discretion for "those that need," — a fact which has been confidentially held, but which can now without impropriety be mentioned. In this time of our country's trial, we claim to belong to no party, but like to see justice done to all.

service were in as good condition, in and near St. Louis, and were doing as large a work, as in any department or district of the loyal States.

At this juncture, the Commission at St. Louis received from Washington a formal remonstrance against their proceedings from beginning to end, with notice that official protest had been made to the Secretary of War, requesting him to vindicate his own authority (infringed by the infringement of the authority of the United States Sanitary Commission) by requiring General Frémont to rescind his order, and put the Western Commission in its proper place of subordination. At the same time, official statements had been made of the general inefficiency and negligence in the whole medical department at the West. Of course, this action of the United States Commission had been taken under great misapprehension of the facts; and as soon as this was corrected, their action was materially modified. Secretary Cameron "had no objection to the Western gentlemen being as independent as they pleased, so long as they were under the Medical Department." The President was of the same opinion, and things were permitted to remain *in statu quo*, and have remained so ever since,—except that Secretary Stanton renewed and reaffirmed the order of General Frémont, establishing the Western Commission by special order of his own, extending its range of action to all the States west of the mountains, under direction as before. It has continued its labors under circumstances of greater or less difficulty, and with varying success, under the command of Major-Generals Halleck, Curtis, Schofield, and Rosecrans, and has helped to take care of the sick and wounded of every campaign and every battle-field and in every hospital within its range of action. It now enjoys, under orders of Major-Generals Grant, Sherman, and others, all the rights and privileges, that is to say, all the opportunities of service, which it can possibly desire. If its means to work with were quadrupled, the opportunity of using them is nowhere denied. It daily co-operates, wherever it can, with the United States Commission and its branches, with the Christian Commission, with the State organizations, and Ladies' Union Aid societies. There is more than room enough for all to work, and more than work enough for all to do.

Whether or not it would have been better for the St. Louis Commission to reorganize as a "Branch" of the United States Commission is a question chiefly of personal interest, as to which "a great deal may be said on both sides." Co-operation under some general plan is the essential point, and not subordination. Independence and individuality of action should always be kept if possible, and when lost, no excellence of system can take their place. The spirit of separation is a very different thing. In the present case, and as things stand now, we can see no reason why the two commissions should not harmonize, virtually if not nominally, into one, if any practical advantages can be thereby secured. But two or three years ago the case was very different. Then St. Louis and Missouri were in a turmoil of excitement and strife. Expected to do the work of a loyal community, not one fourth of its wealthy and influential classes were loyal. The head-quarters of the most important department in the conduct of the war, it was itself debatable ground. One half of the cannon planted on the forts for defence of the city were pointed *at* the city, to keep in awe the enemies within. The number of those who cared to be prominent, even in sanitary works, was not large; and when the Ladies' Union Aid Society was formed, it was almost a secret movement, upon which nine tenths of the citizens looked with disfavor or contempt. A small commission of well-known citizens, appointed by the commander and reporting directly to him, seemed the most feasible plan of action, and this was adopted. The work of each day needed to be done promptly and under orders. Often it was of a confidential nature, such as could be intrusted only to personal friends. Under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, St. Louis has done her part with the best, and has become the centre of a work of almost unequalled magnitude. Its Sanitary Commission, with its office in a single room sixteen feet square, claiming no authority and wishing for none, working for humanity rather than for history, has never refused any labor for the army or hospitals, for prisoners or refugees, for bond or free.

Upon another topic of far deeper and more general interest our present limits will not permit us to speak. We refer to the past and present social and political relations of Missouri

with the loyal States, especially upon the great question of slavery and freedom. It is a subject upon which very incorrect ideas prevail, and its importance is not generally understood. In our opinion, it was the turning-point of the rebellion. When Missouri was saved, the rebellion was virtually crushed. If Missouri had been lost, even temporarily, to the Union, Kentucky would have gone too, and the plans of the Confederacy would have been completely accomplished. European recognition would have followed, and the whole face of affairs been changed. But we must leave this subject to a future number and to abler hands.

ART. IX. — *History of West Point; its Military Importance during the American Revolution, and the Origin and Progress of the United States Military Academy.* By Captain EDWARD C. BOYNTON, A. M., Adjutant of the Military Academy. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1863.

THE simple name of West Point is of as wide and varied significance as that of any spot in American geography. It has more than one special history, and yet all its histories are blended together in harmonious connection, linking the past with the present, the physical with the moral, the glories of our "heroic age" with the stern necessities, and, let us hope, the greater glories of present power and justice and hope. The spirit of Washington still walking upon its plain, and speaking from its inland summits, inspires and encourages the youthful soldiers who are, perhaps, yet to strike manful blows against a mighty treason, and lend their aid in saving the country which he and his worthy compeers fought to establish through long years of weakness and hardship and despondency.

West Point may be considered, then, in reference to its importance as a military position in the Revolutionary period; or it may be treated in its character as the seat of the only military school of the nation.

In the former view, it is full of undying interest, and might

readily demand all our space. The military student sees in it a decisive strategic point, of great importance to both the American and British armies.

To the British its possession was an object of great value, because, could they occupy it, they would remove the chief obstacle to a junction between the forces of General Sir Henry Clinton in New York and those of General Burgoyne in Canada. To keep the navigation of the Hudson River clear and unimpeded was to have the means of sending supplies and troops in either direction, and thus to have two noble bases of operation, — New York city, with its splendid harbor, and Canada, with its importations of men and supplies from England by the St. Lawrence.

To the Americans it was of double and most vital importance. Not only did its bold, fortified headland, its terraced forts and batteries, and its flanking redoubts on Constitution Island and the opposite shore, impede the junction of the British forces and their use of the river, but it protected the single, well-guarded ferry which kept open the communication between the Patriot forces in New England and those in the Middle and Southern States. It is not too much to say, that the permanent loss of this post would have done more to retard our final success than any other military event that could have occurred at that time, and possibly have so discouraged our armies as to lead to some unsatisfactory compromise.

Early engaging the attention of the Congress, boards of officers were appointed by whom plans were devised for a thorough system of fortification, which should include Martelaer's Rock on Constitution Island, both banks of the Hudson, and means for the obstruction of the river, to prevent British vessels from passing in either direction. The command was intrusted first to General George Clinton, and soon after to General Putnam; but before the plans could be carried out, a large and well-appointed force, under Sir Henry Clinton, swept up from New York, in October, 1777, stormed Forts Montgomery and Fort Clinton, and threatened to secure the desired junction with Burgoyne.

But that general was having his own troubles in the net of

Saratoga. To the inexpressible mortification of Sir Henry Clinton, the news came that Burgoyne had surrendered to Gates; and so, after occupying West Point for not more than twenty days, Clinton dismantled the works, and took himself back to his head-quarters in New York.

From this lesson, sad as it was, the Americans learned wisdom. The fortifications, modified by their late painful experience, were pushed forward with great vigor. A great boom and chain — some links of the latter are still preserved at West Point — were stretched across the river, and the Hudson, as a strategic line, was entirely lost to the English. How valuable they considered it we may learn from their secret efforts afterwards to obtain possession of it, through the intrigues of André and the treachery of Arnold.

But to the student of military history it presents other claims. Here Washington had his head-quarters for a time; here he issued the order of congratulation to General Wayne for his brilliant storming of Stony Point; here, in an order still preserved at the Military Academy, he denounced the irreligious and unmanly vice of profane swearing.

But, besides such interests, here was the scene of the rarest, because the most real, romance of the Revolution, — truth stranger and more heart-stirring than any fiction. Here Arnold sold his country, in devilish purpose at least, and his soul, for ten thousand pounds and a British epaulette; and here, to gain the great strategic point of the North for his king and his general, André madly threw away a bright young life, which might have become, in more honorable actions, as famous as that of the captor of Quebec. His sad fate, while illustrating a noble resignation in his ignominy, also displays the good common-sense and incorruptible firmness of Washington, which called forth the anathemas of British poetry, the denunciations of Lord Mahon, and the admiration of his own countrymen. The story, in all its details, is never old. We recur to it with new interest whenever we think of West Point in the Revolution.

Thus much of the Revolutionary history. Besides these historic charms, Nature has endowed the spot with fairest beauties. It is a place for a poet to dream in. The broad expanse of the

Upper Hudson, shut in by distant Newburg, is like a noble lake in some alpine region. Cro' nest and its companion summits, a thousand feet high, rise beetling over the little skiff which drifts at their feet, grander than Ehrenbreitstein and "the castled crag of Drachenfels." Wandering backward from its present beauties to the hallowed memories of the older day, the poet tunes his harp to tell how

> "Sights and sounds at which the world have wondered
> Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
> Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,
> And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
> And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary
> But treasures up within the glorious story."

Truly, in other pages, and under other inspirations, West Point, had it no other history, would tempt the man of fancy and feeling to emulate the poet in other fables suggested by the *genius loci*, a spirit at once Protean, fantastic, and fascinating. But the older history and the perennial poetry of the place are not within our present scope. The former is to be found most carefully and lucidly set forth in Captain Boynton's excellent and elaborate book; and the latter remains, as far as we are now concerned, whether it burst into song or not, the possession of every sensitive soul that visits the beautiful spot,

> "When the moon looks down on old Cro' nest,
> And softens the shades on his shaggy breast."

The design of this paper is chiefly to consider the Military Academy at West Point, in its organization and progress, its practical workings, and its results. The prominent part it is playing in the present war has made it a topic of wide discussion. It has its sworn friends, ready to do battle for it *à l'outrance;* it has its bitter, uncompromising, hereditary enemies, who, from generation to generation, have tried to destroy it, — men who now represent the minority of sixteen, who, against the vote of ninety-five, refused to join in establishing it on a permanent basis in 1808; and besides these two hostile parties, there are many who cannot make up their minds as to its utility, but who want instruction concerning it. To this third class we address ourselves, feeling very sure that

we cannot weaken the love or add to the hatred of the other two.

A dispassionate mind, then, would seek, we think, to discover its excellences, its faults, and its needs. To this investigation let us address ourselves. We must, of course, take for granted many of the historical statistics, on the part of our readers, of which if they are ignorant, we refer them to Captain Boynton's volume, and to General Cullum's register of the officers and graduates, — a beadroll of honor to which all soldiers must point with admiration and pride.

The first requisite of an army is good officers: they make the men. The ignorance and worthlessness of many of our officers during the Revolutionary War soon manifested the necessity of a military school; the Steuben tactics of Valley Forge even demonstrated the power of military education to make an army out of a motley crowd of half-starved, half-naked men. But during the fierce, protracted, and sometimes seemingly hopeless struggle of the Revolution, although committees were appointed, and discussions had in and out of Congress, it became evident that nothing could be done for military education until after the peace. It was the day of action, with whatever weapon could be grasped; it was no time to be learning elementary modes.

The peace came, and with it the necessity seemed to many to disappear. There were *quidnuncs* then — the species is not yet extinct — who applied the philosophy of the man whose roof leaked during the rain. You could not, they said, have a military academy during the war, because you were too much engaged in other matters. Now peace has come, and we do not want one.

But not thus reasoned our great men. General Knox made a report, a short time after peace was concluded, strongly urging the establishment of a school for the instruction of engineer and artillery officers; and West Point was proposed as the locality, because of its strategic importance, exposed to a *coup de main*, and yet the very key of the Hudson River. Thus it was designed to accomplish the double purpose of a military school and a strong military post. Washington and Jefferson, also, rendered wise by the experience of our armies,

wrote earnest letters advocating the establishment of a military academy.

By reason of these and similar endeavors, the Congress was led to institute, in 1794, more than ten years after the peace, a corps of artillery and engineers, to which a small number of cadets was attached, who were undergoing preparatory instruction for appointments in those arms. The corps and the number of cadets were increased in 1798, and provision, although very inadequate, was made for their education in elementary branches. This, although not even the beginning of the present Military Academy, was of great value, because it was a recognition, however feeble, of the need of military education; and the need once generally acknowledged, sooner or later it will be supplied.

Such a twilight led at last to the dawning. By the act of March 16, 1802, the Corps of Engineers was made distinct from the Artillery, and was stationed at West Point to constitute a Military Academy. The cadets became warrant-officers of the Engineer Corps. It is not our purpose to consider the steps of legislation, always more or less impeded by the opposition of ignorant men, by which the Military Academy passed from its feeble and uncertain beginnings, with ten cadets and a few officers of the army as instructors, to its present eminent usefulness, with a faculty of authoritative professors and instructors, superior in numbers and composition, we believe, to that of any institution of learning in the country, with its corps of two hundred and fifty cadets, soon doubtless to be increased, and its long and brilliant list of alumni, whose names not only adorn our annals of war on every battle-field of this century, but are also intimately associated with the prosperity and honor of the country in all its pacific progress and relations.

If we search for the principal periods in its history, we shall find them sufficiently marked to indicate its progress at a passing glance. In 1801, before the legislation which incorporated the present institution, we are told that it was "under the direction of a private citizen (George Barrow), and was nothing more than a mathematical school for the few cadets that were then in service." Then came the new order of things, under the act of Congress in 1802. From this time there is

little of importance to record until 1808, when we find it under the energetic direction of Colonel Jonathan Williams, of the Engineers, the first superintendent, whose report of that year gives us clear information of its character and condition. Even then it was struggling for life. In the words of Colonel Williams, —

"The Military Academy, as it now stands, is like a foundling, barely existing among the mountains, and nurtured at a distance out of sight, and almost unknown to its legitimate parents. The questions that have been frequently put to the subscriber by members of Congress, evidently show that the little interest the institution has excited arises solely from its being unknown to those who ought to be, and doubtless would willingly become, its generous guardians and powerful protectors. Had it been so attached to the government (its real and only parent) as to be always with it, always in sight, and always in the way of its fostering care, it would probably have flourished, and have become an honorable and interesting appendage to the national family."

This attachment to the government was exactly what it needed, but it was to strengthen only as the Academy gave proofs of its utility, as it was to do in the troublous times immediately following this report. Although war with England did not actually break out until 1812, the prospect of it was close and imminent for four years preceding the declaration. In 1812, the military necessities of the country placed the Military Academy upon something more like its present basis. The number of the Professors was increased by the establishment of chairs of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, of Mathematics, and of English studies. A chaplain was appointed, and the maximum number of cadets placed at *two hundred and sixty*. And yet there was much to be done. System and order were needed. Captain Boynton, speaking of the condition of things at that time, says: "The cadets were not regarded as amenable to martial law, no class-rank was established, no register of the classes was published, and, in the assignment to positions in the army, they demanded the right to elect such corps as seemed to them most satisfactory." A master hand was needed to arrange a system and to put it into successful operation. And that master hand was found in the person of Brevet-Major Sylvanus Thayer, of the Corps

of Engineers, who became the Superintendent in 1817. Major Thayer remodelled the entire system of interior arrangements, supplying much that was original and excellent. Himself an early graduate of the Academy, who had vindicated the teachings of his Alma Mater by his personal conduct in the war of 1812, he had also studied abroad in the military schools of France, and had given special attention to the subject of military education. He thus brought to his task intelligence, well-digested practical knowledge combined with great energy, and, more than all, a peculiar gift of natural fitness, which soon displayed astonishing results. The historian of West Point, although required to give the earlier statistics of its progress, must date the efficient organization of the Academy, the harmonious union of its almost chaotic elements into a working system, to the Superintendency of Major (now Colonel) Thayer.

He organized the cadets into a battalion of two companies, further divided for purposes of drill into eight, and appointed meritorious and soldierly cadets as officers. This latter was, and has since proved itself, an admirable system, inciting the cadets to an honorable rivalry, and giving them practical instruction in command. He also established the office of "Commandant of cadets," who should be the instructor in tactics; and to this office were appointed by selection the most accomplished officers of the army. We need only mention the names of General Worth and General C. F. Smith, who were Commandants at different times, to show what models were placed before the cadets as infantry soldiers.

In the department of catechetical instruction Major Thayer was equally active and creative. He divided the classes into *sections* of from eight to twelve cadets each, so that each cadet, as a general rule, recited every day in each branch, — would that our colleges could compass this! — and required the publication to the cadets of weekly marks, so that every cadet might know exactly where he stood at the end of every week, — another plan which we commend to our colleges.

Major Thayer established class-rank, published an annual register, in which the classes were arranged according to merit,

gave great preponderance to the blackboard in recitations, compiled the excellent Regulations of the Military Academy, and introduced several new branches of study.

In 1818, Mr. Calhoun was the Secretary of War, and, however the country, to the latest generations, must abhor those principles which were at least one powerful source of the later mammoth treason, West Point owes much to his fostering care and attention. In a letter to the Superintendent, written in February, 1818, he declares the determination of the Department "to aid in elevating the system of discipline, and to create a spirit of emulation among the cadets," and he adds, "that in future wars the nation must look to the Academy for the skill to conduct valor to victory." It was by direction of Mr. Calhoun, in furtherance of this determination, that the names of the five most distinguished cadets in each class were annually published, as a mark of honor, in the Army Register. In the same year two general examinations of the cadets were established, in January and June, and Boards of Visitors were appointed to the June examination, selected from the most distinguished citizens in different parts of the country. Cadets were also now finally declared to be amenable to martial law, and brought before courts-martial for trial.

We are sorry, for want of space, to pass over in few words the useful administrations of Major De Russy, Colonel Delafield, and Colonel Brewerton. Under the two last the post of West Point was greatly improved, many new houses built, and the efficiency of the Academy in every way increased. The present Rebel generalissimo, Lee, was also for a short time the Superintendent, and a very efficient one, of the Academy.

In 1839, Mr. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, gave a new and most interesting feature to the Academy by the introduction of horses for cavalry and artillery exercise, thus giving completeness to the institution as an instructor in all parts of a military education. From that time there has been continual progress and development, and West Point at this time may claim not only to give the most thorough instruction in the branches it professes to teach, but to furnish as complete and harmonious a connection of those branches as it is possible

to adjust in one Academy and in the period of four years. We may state, in passing, that the average annual cost of the Academy to the country in late years is about $160,000; while the entire expense to the government, from 1802 to 1863, is $7,133,235.70. Let the intelligent reader decide whether this is much or little. Let him weigh the manifold duty done, in one scale, against the ponderable gold, in the other.

Before leaving this part of the subject, we wish to say a word respecting the Boards of Visitors, who annually assemble to witness the June examination, and to report to the War Department upon the condition of the Institution. In one view, they are beneficial. Appointed, by a regular system, from the different portions of the country, and from among men of influence, they keep the institution before the people, and carry with them to their distant homes some idea of its plan and its workings. But the members are generally selected, not for their military knowledge, but simply because they are men of station. They rarely bring intelligent scrutiny to their task, and as a general rule the reports of the Board of Visitors have no weight with the Department. It would be far better for the President to appoint distinguished military men on such boards, or to have distinct boards of inspection, one to please and give general information concerning the institution to the people, and the other to report intelligently upon the wants and faults of the Academy, with a view to their speedy supply and amendment.

With these very brief statements of the origin and progress of the Military Academy, we pass to the consideration of a few of the leading questions concerning the value of West Point to the nation. Is it a success? Has it been useful? Is it worth the outlay? Should it be sustained, and even enlarged? At first glance, we might wonder that these questions are ever asked; but, strange as it may seem, there are not wanting those who seriously propound them. While a large number — including, without an exception, we believe, all those who have had the honor to graduate there — are enthusiastic concerning its great excellence, its thorough teaching, the noble and brilliant actions of its graduates from the beginning, there have been, as we have already stated, in all periods of its

legislative history, bitter and uncompromising enemies, in and out of Congress, who have done everything in their power to break it up entirely, and leave us without any military school.

Let us look at some of the natural causes of this hostility. With some patriotic men it has been due to the fear of a military establishment, or even the nucleus of one, a miniature prætorian guard, which might endanger the liberties of the country. To such minds the pruning-hook is in great danger from the sword; a uniform is the Devil's livery, and an army only at home in Pandemonium. These abstract views, not espoused by the many, find a fallacious support in the assertion that a well-disciplined militia is the bulwark of the commonwealth. We want no army; the people are army enough. But those who torture this noble truth into a weapon against West Point, neglect to consider that good discipline must come by education, and West Point is after all only a training school to fit men to discipline the militia. Without this training, *militia*, as meaning *soldiery*, is a misnomer.

Again, the necessarily small number of cadets at one school, in so large and growing a country as ours, has led to the disappointment of many applicants who could not get appointments as cadets. Disappointed men become bitter. Grapes that cannot be reached after the most vigorous leaps, are sour; and so West Point is denounced.

And yet again, when, through the rigorous but just discipline of the Academy, it happens that the sons or relatives of narrow-minded and selfish men are dismissed for incompetence or misbehavior, the fathers or uncles feel themselves in honor and duty bound to oppose and attack an institution that dared to send away "one who was destined, under proper training and just treatment, to become a distinguished soldier." Unjust as this is, it has its source in human nature, and there is no more to be said concerning it. But we are told that West Point men are scornful and unkind in their treatment of volunteer officers, and that the latter become jealous and retaliatory. The vast difference, as a general rule, in military intelligence and utility between regular and volunteer officers may explain this, and we are compelled to allow that often the accusation

is just, based as it is, however, upon a fallacy. To this we shall presently recur.

These and other "idols of the tribe" or of "the den," may be mentioned as prime causes of the hostility which has been manifested towards the Military Academy; but surely our readers will see at a glance that such motives, and the actions to which they lead, are not worthy of serious consideration. If they exist as we have stated them, they fall to the ground by their own weight, and we need waste no logic upon them. Were it proper to cite individual cases, we could give numerous illustrations under each head.

But the question is not with such men, or their opinions. Let us rather study the character of West Point in its intrinsic and extrinsic relations, and inquire into the valid objections which may be made to it. We shall thus see whether it has succeeded in giving a good military education; in what respects it has failed; what it needs to make it better; or, if radically wrong, how it may be reconstructed and improved. Of course, we take for granted that there are few if any in this day who desire its entire destruction. Let us put our investigation in the form of answers to the patent objections which have been brought against it.

The principal objection now made against West Point training is, that it has not made great generals. It educates, and dwarfs in the process, drill officers, instead of making commanders.

Of course, those who make this objection will concede that it is equally forcible against all elementary military instruction in the actual art of war. No military knowledge, as such, can make generals. Generalship (*στρατηγία*, the art of leading armies) is genius, a gift of God to individuals; it is only soldiership that is an acquisition. But it is a truism to say that genius is most useful when fully instructed. As the poet who "is born" does not and cannot scorn learning and culture, so the general must be an educated soldier. The "Iliad" is the compend of the early Greek culture; an inspired Moses is learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; the "Divina Commedia" owes its wondrous and powerful delineations not more to the wild imagination of the exiled Florentine than to

his varied knowledge of poetry, polity, and history, to the wars of Guelf and Ghibelline, Pope and Emperor. Milton must range over the entire scope of Grecian learning, borrowing from Æschylus and the later poets some of his choicest fancies and most striking expressions.

But why need we illustrate by "analogous instances"? Cæsar must use the Tenth Roman Legion, perfected for him at an earlier period and by other men; Parma, the forts and bridges of Italian origin; Frederick, the matchless drill of his father's tall grenadiers; and Napoleon, not only the tactics, organization, and cannon of the earlier wars of the Republic, but the early training under Pichegru and other eminent masters at the military school of Brienne.

Generals, then, are born and made. Genius is the germinating seed, development its growth into the full and stately tree. But further to carry out the figure, experience, long and even painful experience, is the wind and the rain, the light and the air, which must nurture this slow and real growth. The making process is slow and hard, whatever be the genius.

But granting that generals cannot be altogether made, that the germ must pre-exist, that great commanders are great geniuses, how is it with the large masses of men who aspire to be officers,— with the subordinates, who in numbers bear the proportion to generals of thousands to units? These stand in closer and more intimate relations with the soldiers: these should certainly be educated. Let us grant that they have only ordinary talent, such as men bring to the various business by which they gain their livelihood; what is to render this most useful? what but military education, an encyclopædia of natural sciences and industrial arts, mathematics, mechanics, physics, history, directly applied in all branches of the military art, with a knowledge of such languages as enable research in these branches, and enlarged communication with men?

Men who defend the instructions of West Point should meet the sneers with which some speak of West Point generals, first, with the concession that West Point cannot and does not arrogate omnipotence in giving men original genius, and then let them point to Grant, McClellan, Halleck, Meade, Hancock, Hooker, Rosecrans, Sherman, Reynolds, Sedgwick, and a hun-

dred others, as a tacit assertion that West Point has so fostered and instructed, if it have not created, genius, that no uneducated genius has been found fit to take the place of its educated developments. Quite as striking are the illustrations of military excellence among West Point men in the Rebel armies. Lee, Beauregard, Longstreet, both the Hills, Ewell, Johnston, Hardee, and a score of others, traitors and rebels though they be, are admirable soldiers and excellent generals. Where are the exceptions on either side? There are a few, among whom Banks and Butler may be named, but they are very few in comparison with the long list of "West Point generals." And let it be further observed, that the young men who receive appointments to West Point, in most cases, manifest in earlier life a decided bent towards a military career; they think they find in themselves a *genius* for war, just as one boy does for trade, or another for the bar, or a third for medicine; and we shall see that we are more likely to find military genius at West Point than anywhere else.

Another objection takes the harsh, and we think mistaken form, that West Point, which should, above all other institutions, inculcate national and patriotic sentiments, has been in reality a nest of treason, out of which rebels spring full-fledged at the first tocsin note of Southern treason. With the deepest sorrow, dissatisfaction, and regret at the defection of so many of our best West Point officers when the war began, we can not but regard this assertion as based upon an entire error. We speak from certain and intimate knowledge of a long period of West Point history when we say, that the doctrine of our perpetual nationality was ever placed in the fore-front of instruction and practice there; that the standard which displays it was always duly honored as our only emblem of sovereignty; that the morning gun which accompanied its graceful rise upon the flag-staff, and the reverberations that told of its nightly descent, taught their daily lesson of reverence and love; that a sectional opinion was never set forth; that the Constitution of the United States, as yearly expounded, was made to teach its truest lesson, that the Union meant our country, and that disunion was the rankest treason.

If, then, we are asked to account for the resignation of so

many of our best officers at the very first call of Secession, the answer is very simple. It was the result of that mistaken, pernicious, unconstitutional doctrine of State Rights which had been so long taught at the South, which had been fostered by a difference of manners, customs, and interests, principally due to slavery, and which was not a little aided by the favor of a party, and not a small one, at the North. Many of the young men who were sent to West Point had these principles instilled into them before they went, and while there were by no means removed from home teachings. The best, the most patriotic instructions of West Point, were not proof against the seductions of friends and the enticements of home. Principle is weak against such allurements. Many struggled hard against the enemy in the form of the Siren. Lee, one of the very best men among the Rebel leaders, an ornament to our arms before his disgrace, thought long and in solitude, with bitter tears and many prayers, before he flung away his loyalty for no better reason than a mistaken interpretation of the grand motto, *Noblesse oblige*. Stonewall Jackson, one of the grandest soldiers of the age, twirled his thumbs for an hour, and satisfied himself without a scrap of logic to help him; — "Secession is wrong, but, if Virginia secedes, I must go with her," and he went. He never fought, except at Antietam, off Virginia soil, and then he declared he was fighting in her defence. Indeed, he is asserted to have said distinctly that he would not fight elsewhere for the Confederacy. Huger held on long, and then, resigning, declared that he would remain neutral. How impossible! Longstreet, urged by his uncle, who had strenuously opposed Secession at first, remained in our service until his State seceded, and then, as he retired, declared that he would never fight against the old flag. Would that he had kept his word! Was West Point responsible for these things? As well charge upon Cambridge teaching the fact that her Southern alumni are now in Southern ranks, as charge the army defection to West Point. But treason is treason, and the shades are not very different, whether it lead Floyd and Cobb and Slidell and others to leave the fat offices of the capital for what they hope will prove fatter offices in the "Confederacy," or an army officer to send in his resignation. Or, with a closer

analogy, quite as well charge the navy with being a school of treason and hotbed of Secession, because Maury deserted his astronomic post, and Semmes and Maffit bravely burn helpless merchantmen, while they are very careful to elude the guns of our men-of-war.

But it is further urged that West Point is too exclusive. This charge refers, first, to the comparatively small number of cadets; secondly, to the mode of appointment; and thirdly, by a slight straining of the word, to the conduct and deportment of its graduates in the army. Let us look at these objections in their order. As to the small numbers that may be educated there, it should be remembered that the Academy was established on its present basis to supply our military needs in the day of small things; and, to show that it was more than sufficient for that day, we may state that, when the Mexican war broke out, and even after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca, there was an excess of graduates, in the shape of supernumerary officers, attached to the different arms as Brevet Second Lieutenants. In the artillery arm alone there were more than twenty, who, however, were quickly absorbed by the losses in the succeeding Mexican battles. Our present needs are immeasurably greater, and the objection in this form is of great force. The number of cadets should be increased, or other schools established to instruct in partial military courses.

In considering the second form of the objection, which is brought against the mode of appointment, we are also obliged to acknowledge its validity. The members of Congress in both houses have each the nomination of a cadet, not annually, but for the four years' course. The President of the United States has the power to appoint a few *at large*, or from no special district or locality. We believe that the appointments have been honestly made, and as well as this mode will allow. There has been little if any nepotism. Poor men's sons are as often appointed, if meritorious, as those of the rich and influential. In what, then, is the system faulty? In that the appointers are not always competent judges, or cannot take the trouble to inquire much into the merits of special cases. Thus numbers go to West Point only to be sent away after a short sojourn; they incur the disgrace of dismission, and carry

to all the points of the compass harsh and false statements of West Point rigors and injustice. But a far greater evil grows out of this. As each member of Congress can appoint but one, practically it often happens that only one or two can come before him with such claims as seem to merit his consideration.

To remove these evils, we propose that examining boards should be appointed — of competent officers — in various parts of the country, and that all young men of a certain age and physical soundness, who can bring testimonials of good moral character, and a prescribed amount of preparatory knowledge, should be permitted to appear before these boards. The examination should be careful and rigorous, and upon some of the subjects now taught in the first year at West Point, with a view of enlarging and elevating the curriculum there. In this way the best material would be obtained, the positions would be thrown open to universal competition, and the existing error of exclusiveness, growing out of the mode of appointment, be entirely removed. No harm can thus be done to anybody, while great good will accrue to the service.

There remains to be considered, under this general and somewhat vague head of exclusiveness, the charge of arrogance on the part of the *élèves* of the Military Academy. They look, it is said, with contempt upon all others, and despise even the honest efforts of volunteers to do their duty. Frankly confessing that this charge, sometimes at least, is not without foundation in truth, we must seek for the causes of such deportment before a final judgment upon it. We shall not justify it, but we think former circumstances, not hereafter to be pleaded to the same extent, will at least palliate it. We speak, of course, only of the conduct of West Point officers to other men in military positions; for in the great world, and to the mass of citizens, graduates of West Point are favorites, partly because of their manly bearing acquired in their early training. More than any other diploma in the country, that of the West Point graduate has been received as a passport to good society; it is even recognized abroad as the readiest claim of admission into the best circles.

To come back, then, to military men and matters, it is to be regretted that West Point men ever put on, as some do, an air

of contemptuous superiority towards volunteer and militia officers. What is the ground for such conduct? In the former days, when the army was small, there were very few regular officers — only here and there one — who were appointed from civil life. The roll of officers was made up almost entirely of West Point men. As a general rule, to which there were noble exceptions, civilians who became officers in the army gained their appointments through family influence, and were ignorant of the first principles of the military art, and mistaken in their conception of a soldier's life. Appointed to fill vacancies for which cadets had been struggling for four years, many of them dropped off from time to time, to avoid exposure, leaving the few real and honorable exceptions to pursue their solitary career.

It was at such a time, and towards such men, that the contempt or arrogance of the graduates was mainly displayed. It would have been better, indeed, to have done all in their power to elevate and educate the citizen thus appointed; but, wrong as it was, it was more natural for them to manifest an impatience at ignorance and inaptitude, and a dissatisfaction at the neglect of the claims of anxious and expectant cadets. But the complaint goes further, and justly too. It may be brought against the manner in which our regular officers have treated volunteers when brought into service with them. Here, as before, notwithstanding the education of the one and the common ignorance of the other, this was manifestly wrong. The volunteers who, in any war, give up business and comfort to support the honor of our arms, deserve great credit for their self-denial, and great patience with their early lack of military knowledge. Our experience has been, that they are eager to learn, modest in their endeavors, and acquire tactical knowledge rapidly. It is just at the beginning that they need counsel and comfort, instead of contemptuous rebuke, such as they have too often met.

But let no one, in his eagerness to support the volunteers, doubt for an instant that the real difference existed. In Mexico, when a battery was to be stormed, more than once have brave volunteers said, "Give us a company of regulars to lead us." West Point men, educated from childhood to be soldiers

by profession, sometimes forget what is due to patriotism and valor without pretension, and have treated volunteers badly. Such are the facts; such the reasons; we attempt no further vindication.

But all this, as to reasons at least, and we hope as to facts, is now changed. Honoring as we do the noble education imparted at West Point, we must see that there is another vast school of the military art and of military practice, in which the pupils number more than half a million. When Napoleon said to the *commissaire* who objected to give him an important command on account of his youth, "One grows old rapidly on the field of battle," his remark implied that one learned rapidly, gathered in months what book-knowledge would not teach in years, and, thus acquiring the practical, reasoned back with the greatest ease to the merely theoretical. And now West Point men, although they have a better basis of knowledge, although still and ever in the front of the military profession, have not the shadow of an excuse for assuming superiority to veteran volunteers, who have learned their best drill under many a storm of fire, and graduated with high honors on the immortal battle-fields of the Republic.

It is worth inquiry whether the Military Academy has not been kept too isolated from the great world. It is shut off topographically on a narrow point, guarded on all sides from ingress and egress. Unlike other colleges, it has not frequent vacations. For two years without intermission the cadets are there enclosed, and, although engaged in vigorous exercises of mind and body, they are as complete monks as ever dwelt in Vallombrosa, in duties, in dress, in conventual customs of cell and refectory. Then for a brief space of a month and a half they come out to see the great world, only to return to a similar monachism for two years more. We doubt the excellence of this system. It keeps them up in their studies, but it keeps them also from a knowledge of the world, at the very age when that knowledge is best obtained. The Academy is their microcosm.

If the Military Academy were placed in the heart of a great city, and the cadets allowed far more liberty, to see all that was to be seen, to be educated as citizens, while they were ac-

quiring the knowledge of the military art, — taken to inspect fortifications, to join the great processions on national festivals, to see new men-of-war, the founding of mammoth guns, the workings of the great industrial world, — we honestly think it would be far better for them and for the country; and all this might be done without lowering the standard of scholarship or soldiership in the slightest degree.

But, again, we are told that the standard of scholarship is too rigorous; that it sends away, for deficiency in one unimportant branch, those who excel in all others, and would make excellent soldiers. We have not time to dwell upon this subject. One thing is certain, for every young man sent away because he fails in *one* branch, another is appointed who will succeed in *all*. What can be fairer than this, especially when the government pays for entire excellence, and has the right to demand it?

We had much more to say, but our space is already filled.

By a comparison of the West Point curriculum with those of European military colleges, we find it the most complete as a preparation for any and all arms. All the cadets learn the entire course. The engineer officer is thorough in infantry tactics, the infantry graduates know how to build forts and work guns. There is a harmony of knowledge thus imparted. In the French and English schools there are special courses for the various arms, which carry the pupil farther in special studies, but do not give him the same general scope of military knowledge. As our armies are at present constituted, the West Point system is better for us than that of English or French schools.

In our present exigency, military instruction, generally confined to infantry and artillery tactics, is being introduced into a great number of our colleges and schools. That this will be but a temporary thing in many of them we must believe; but in the most important institutions this additional branch should be aided by the United States government, so that it may grow into an important component of the department of the arts. Long a warlike people, we are becoming, we must be, a military nation, and the best assurance of success will be, to teach all our sons that noble art which can defend our freedom, and

hurl back the invader, with readiness, address, and the least bloodshed. West Point must ever be the great mother of our future educational development in arms; while we cherish her, let us improve and increase her utility, and join to her elementary instruction such excellent schools of army practice as shall extend the knowledge of the art of war in America, and, by rendering us more formidable, diminish the chances of war.

We cannot close without thanking Captain Boynton for the vast amount of information so well collated in his book, and for his clear statement of the history and condition of the Academy from the beginning to the present time.

ART. X. — *Letter of the Secretary of War, transmitting Report on the Organization of the Army of the Potomac, and of the Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland under the Command of Major-General George B. McClellan, from July* 26, 1861, *to November* 7, 1862. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1864. 8vo. pp. 242.

WE can conceive of no object capable of rousing deeper sympathy than a defeated commander. Though the first movement of popular feeling may be one of wrathful injustice, yet, when the ebb of depression has once fairly run out, and confidence begins to set back, hiding again that muddy bed of human nature which such neap-tides are apt to lay bare, there is a kindly instinct which leads all generous minds to seek every possible ground of extenuation, to look for excuses in misfortune rather than incapacity, and to allow personal gallantry to make up, as far as may be, for want of military genius. There is no other kind of failure which comes so directly home to us, none which appeals to so many of the most deeply-rooted sentiments at once. Want of success in any other shape is comparatively a personal misfortune to the man himself who fails; but how many hopes, prides, sacrifices, and heroisms are centred in him who wields the embattled manhood of his country! An army is too multitudinous to call forth that personal enthusiasm which is a

necessity of the heart. The imagination needs a single figure which it can invest with all those attributes of admiration that become vague and pointless when divided among a host. Accordingly, we impersonate in the general, not only the army he leads, but whatever qualities we are proud of in the nation itself. He becomes for the moment the ideal of all masculine virtues, and the people are eager to lavish their admiration on him. His position gives him at a bound what other men must spend their lives in winning or vainly striving to win. If he gain a battle, he flatters that pride of prowess which, though it may be a fault of character in the individual man, is the noblest of passions in a people. If he lose one, we are all beaten with him, we all fall down with our Cæsar, and the grief glistens in every eye, the shame burns on every cheek. Moralize as we may about the victories of peace and the superiority of the goose-quill over the sword, there is no achievement of human genius on which a country so prides itself as on success in war, no disgrace over which it broods so inconsolably as military disaster.

There is nothing more touching than the sight of a nation in search of its great man, nothing more beautiful than its readiness to accept a hero on trust. Nor is this a feeble sentimentality. It is much rather a noble yearning of what is best in us, for it is only in these splendid figures which now and then sum up all the higher attributes of character, that the multitude of men can ever hope to find their blind instinct of excellence realized and satisfied. Not without reason are nations always symbolized as women, for there is something truly feminine in the devotion with which they are willing to give all for and to their ideal man, and the zeal with which they drape some improvised Agamemnon with all the outward shows of royalty from the property-room of imagination. This eagerness of loyalty toward first-rate character is one of the conditions of mastery in every sphere of human activity, for it is the stuff that genius works in. Heroes, to be sure, cannot be made to order, yet with a man of the right fibre, who has the stuff for greatness in him, the popular enthusiasm would go far toward making him in fact what he is in fancy. No commander ever had more of this paid-up capital of fortune,

this fame in advance, this success before succeeding, than General McClellan. That dear old domestic bird, the Public, which lays the golden eggs out of which greenbacks are hatched, was sure she had brooded out an eagle-chick at last. How we all waited to see him stoop on the dove-cote of Rich mond! Never did nation give such an example of faith and patience as while the Army of the Potomac lay during all those weary months before Washington. Every excuse was invented, every palliation suggested, except the true one, that our chicken was no eagle, after all. He was hardening his seres, he was waiting for his wings to grow, he was whetting his beak, we should see him soar at last and shake the thunder from his wings. But do what we could, hope what we might, it became daily clearer that, whatever other excellent qualities he might have, this of being aquiline was wanting.

Disguise and soften it as we may, the campaign of the Peninsula was a disastrous failure, — a failure months long, like a bad novel in weekly instalments, with "To be continued" grimly ominous at the end of every part. So far was it from ending in the capture of Richmond, that nothing but the gallantry of General Pope and his little army hindered the Rebels from taking Washington. And now comes Major-General George B. McClellan, and makes affidavit in one volume octavo that he is a great military genius, after all. It should seem that this genius is of two varieties. The first finds the enemy, and beats him; the second finds him, and succeeds in getting away. General McClellan is now attempting a change of base in the face of public opinion, and is endeavoring to escape the consequences of having escaped from the Peninsula. For a year, his reputation flared upward like a rocket, culminated, burst, and now, after as long an interval, the burnt-out case comes down to us in this Report.

There is something ludicrously tragic, as our politics are managed, in seeing an Administration compelled to print a campaign document (for such is General McClellan's Report in a double sense) directed against itself. Yet in the present case, had it been possible to escape the penance, it had been unwise, for we think that no unprejudiced person can read the volume without a melancholy feeling that General McClel-

lan has foiled himself even more completely than the Rebels were able to do. He should have been more careful of his communications, for a line two hundred and forty-two pages long is likely to have its weak points. The volume before us is rather the plea of an advocate retained to defend the General's professional character and expound his political opinions, than the curt, colorless, unimpassioned statement of facts which is usually so refreshing in the official papers of military men, and has much more the air of being addressed to a jury than to the War Department at Washington. It is, in short, a letter to the people of the United States, under cover to the Secretary of War. General McClellan puts himself upon the country, and, after taking as much time to make up his mind as when he wearied and imperilled the nation in his camp on the Potomac, endeavors to win back from public opinion the victory which nothing but his own over-caution enabled the Rebels to snatch from him before Richmond. He cannot give us back our lost time or our squandered legions; but how nice it would be if we would give him back his reputation, which has never been of any great use to us, and yet would be so convenient for him! It was made for him, and accordingly fits him better than it would any one else. But it is altogether too late. There is no argument for the soldier but success, no wisdom for the man but to acknowledge defeat and be silent under it. The Great Captain on his sofa at Longwood may demonstrate how the Russian expedition might, could, would, and should have ended otherwise; but meanwhile its results are not to be reasoned with, — the Bourbons are at the Tuileries, and he at St. Helena. There is hardly anything that may not be made out of history by a skilful manipulator. Characters may be whitewashed, bigotry made over into zeal, timidity into prudence, want of conviction into toleration, obstinacy into firmness; but the one thing that cannot be theorized out of existence, or made to look like anything else, is a lost campaign.

We have had other unsuccessful generals, but not one of them has ever been tempted into the indecorum of endeavoring to turn a defeat in the field to political advantage. Not one has thought of defending himself by imputations on his superiors. Early in the war General McDowell set an example of

silence under slanderous reproach, that won for him the sympathy and respect of whoever could be touched by self-reliant manliness. It is because General McClellan has seen fit to overstep the bounds of a proper official reserve, because, after more than a year for reflection, he has repeated charges of the grossest kind against those under whose orders he was acting, and all this from a political motive, that we think his Report deserving of more than usual attention. It will be no fault of his if he be not put in nomination for the Presidency, and accordingly it becomes worth our while to consider such evidences of character and capacity as his words and deeds afford us.

We believe that General McClellan has been ruined, like another general whose name began with Mac, by the "All hail hereafter" of certain political witches, who took his fortunes into their keeping after his campaign in Western Virginia. He had shown both ability and decision in handling a small force, and he might with experience have shown similar qualities in directing the operations of a great army, had not the promise of the Presidency made him responsible to other masters than military duty and unselfish patriotism. Thenceforward the soldier was lost in the politician. He thought more of the effect to be produced by his strategy on the voters behind him, than on the enemy in his front. What should have been his single object, — the suppression of the rebellion for the sake of the country, — was now divided with the desire of merely ending it by some plan that should be wholly of his own contrivance, and should redound solely to his own credit and advancement. He became giddy and presumptuous, and lost that sense of present realities, so essential to a commander, in contemplating the mirage that floated the White House before his eyes. At an age considerably beyond that of General Bonaparte when he had triumphantly closed his first Italian campaign, he was nicknamed "the *young* Napoleon," and from that time forth seems honestly to have endeavored, like Toepffer's Albert, to resemble the ideal portrait which had been drawn for him by those who put him forward as their stalking-horse. And it must be admitted that these last managed matters cleverly, if a little coarsely. They went to work deliberately to Barnum-

ize their prospective candidate. No *prima donna* was ever more thoroughly exploited by her Hebrew *impresario*. The papers swarmed with anecdotes, incidents, sayings. Nothing was too unimportant, and the new Commander-in-chief pulled on his boots by telegram from Maine to California, and picked his teeth by special despatch to the Associated Press. We had him warm for supper in *the very latest* with three exclamation-marks, and cold for breakfast in *last evening's telegraphic news* with none. Nothing but a patent pill was ever so suddenly famous.

We are far from blaming General McClellan for all this. He probably looked upon it as one of the inevitable discomforts of distinction in America. But we think that it insensibly affected his judgment, led him to regard himself as the representative of certain opinions, rather than as a general whose whole duty was limited to the army under his command, and brought him at last to a temper of mind most unfortunate for the public interests, in which he could believe the administration personally hostile to himself because opposed to the political principles of those who wished to profit by his "availability." It was only natural, too, that he should gradually come to think himself what his partisans constantly affirmed that he was, — the sole depositary of the country's destiny. We form our judgment of General McClellan solely from his own Report; we believe him to be honest in his opinions, and patriotic so far as those opinions will allow him to be; we know him to be capable of attaching those about him in a warm personal friendship, and we reject with the contempt they deserve the imputations on his courage and his military honor; but at the same time we consider him a man like other men, with a head liable to be turned by a fame too easily won. His great misfortune was that he began his first important campaign with a reputation to save instead of to earn, so that he was hampered by the crowning disadvantage of age in a general without the experience which might neutralize it. Nay, what was still worse, he had two reputations to keep from damage, the one as soldier, the other as politician.

He seems very early to have misapprehended the true relation in which he stood to the government. By the operation

of natural causes, as politicians would call them, he had become heir presumptive to the chair of state, and felt called on to exert an influence on the policy of the war, or at least to express an opinion that might go upon record for future convenience. He plunged into that Dismal Swamp of constitutional hermeneutics, in which the wheels of government were stalled at the outbreak of our rebellion, and from which every untrained explorer rises with a mouth too full of mud to be intelligible to Christian men. He appears to have thought it within the sphere of his duty to take charge of the statesmanship of the President no less than of the movements of the army, nor was it long before there were unmistakable symptoms that he began to consider himself quite as much the chief of an opposition who could dictate terms, as the military subordinate who was to obey orders. Whatever might have been his capacity as a soldier, this divided allegiance could not fail of disastrous consequences to the public service, for no mistress exacts so jealously the entire devotion of her servants as war. A mind distracted with calculations of future political contingencies was not to be relied on in the conduct of movements which above all others demand the constant presence, the undivided energy, of all the faculties, and the concentration of every personal interest on the one object of immediate success. A general who is conscious that he has an army of one hundred and fifty thousand voters at his back, will be always weakened by those personal considerations which are the worst consequence of the elective system. General McClellan's motions were encumbered in every direction by a huge train of political baggage. This misconception of his own position, or rather his confounding the two characters of possible candidate and actual general, forced the growth of whatever egotism was latent in his nature. He began erelong to look at everything from a personal point of view, to judge men and measures by their presumed relation to his own interests, and at length fairly persuaded himself that the inevitable results of his own want of initiative were due to the hostile combination against him of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton, and General Halleck. Regarding himself too much in considering the advantages of success, he regards others too little in awarding the responsibility of failure.

The intense self-consciousness of General McClellan, and a certain aim at effect for ulterior and unmilitary purposes, show themselves early. In October, 1861, addressing a memorial to Mr. Cameron, then Secretary of War, he does not forget the important constituency of Bunkum. "The unity of this nation," he says, "the preservation of our institutions, are so dear to me, that I have willingly sacrificed my private happiness with the single object of doing my duty to my country. When the task is accomplished, I shall be glad to retire to the obscurity from which events have drawn me. Whatever the determination of the government may be, I will do the best I can with the Army of the Potomac, and will share its fate, whatever may be the task imposed upon me." Not to speak of taste, the utter blindness to the true relations of things shown in such language is startling. What sacrifice had General McClellan made which had not been equally made by every one of the hundred and fifty thousand men of his army? Educated at the expense of the country, his services were a debt due on demand. And what was the sacrifice of which a soldier speaks so pathetically? To be raised from the management of a railway to one of the most conspicuous and inspiring positions of modern times, to an opportunity such as comes rarely to any man, and then only as the reward of transcendent ability transcendently displayed! To step from a captaincy of engineers to the command in chief of a great nation on fire with angry enthusiasm, spendthrift of men, money, devotion, to be the chosen champion of order, freedom, and civilization, — this is indeed a sacrifice such as few men have been called upon to make by their native land! And of what is General McClellan thinking when he talks of returning to obscurity? Of what are men commonly thinking when they talk thus? The newspapers would soon grow rich, if everybody should take to advertising what he did not want. And, moreover, to what kind of obscurity can a successful general return? An obscurity made up of the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen, a strange obscurity of glory! Nor is this the only occasion on which the General speaks of his willingness to share the fate of his army. What corporal could do less? No man thoroughly in earnest, and with the fate of his country in his

hands and no thought but of that, could have any place in his mind for such footlight phrases as these.

General McClellan's theory from the first seems to have been, that a large army would make a great general, though all history shows that the genius, decision, and confidence of a leader are the most powerful reinforcement of the troops under his command, and that an able captain makes a small army powerful by recruiting it with his own vigor and enthusiasm. From the time of his taking the command till his removal, he was constantly asking for more men, constantly receiving them, and constantly unable to begin anything with them after he got them. He could not move without one hundred and fifty thousand pairs of legs, and when his force had long reached that number, the President was obliged by the overtaxed impatience of the country to *pry* him up from his encampment on the Potomac with a special order. What the army really needed was an addition of one man, and that at the head of it; for a general, like an orator, must be moved himself before he can move others. The larger his army, the more helpless was General McClellan. Like the magician's *famulus*, who rashly undertook to play the part of master, and who could evoke powers that he could not control, he was swamped in his own supplies. With every reinforcement sent him on the Peninsula, his estimate of the numbers opposed to him increased. His own imagination faced him in superior numbers at every turn. Since Don Quixote's enumeration of the armies of the Emperor Alifanfaron and King Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, there has been nothing like our General's vision of the Rebel forces, with their ever-lengthening list of leaders, gathered for the defence of Richmond. His anxiety swells their muster-roll at last to two hundred thousand. We say his anxiety, for no man of ordinary judgment can believe that with that number of men the Rebel leaders would not have divided their forces, with one army occupying General McClellan, while they attempted the capital he had left uncovered with the other.

The first plan proposed by General McClellan covered operations extending from Virginia to Texas. With a main army of two hundred and seventy-three thousand he proposes, "not

only to drive the enemy out of Virginia and occupy Richmond, but to occupy Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans; in other words, to move into the heart of the enemy's country and crush the rebellion in its very heart." We do not say that General McClellan's ambition to be the one man who should crush the rebellion was an unworthy one, but that his theory that this was possible, and in the way he proposed, shows him better fitted to state the abstract problems than to apprehend the complex details of their solution when they lie before him as practical difficulties. For when we consider the necessary detachments from this force to guard his communications through an enemy's country, as he wishes the President to do, in order to justify the largeness of the force required, we cannot help asking how soon the army for active operations would be reduced to a hundred and fifty thousand. And how long would a general be in reaching New Orleans, if he is six months in making up his mind to advance with an army of that strength on the insignificant fortifications of Manassas, manned, according to the best information, with forty thousand troops? At the same time General McClellan assigns twenty thousand as a force adequate for opening the Mississippi. This plan, to be sure, was soon abandoned, but it is an illustration of the want of precision and forethought which characterizes the mind of its author. A man so vague in his conceptions is apt to be timid in action, for the same haziness of mind may, according to circumstances, either soften and obscure the objects of thought, or make them loom with purely fantastic exaggeration. There is a vast difference between clearness of head on demand, and the power of framing abstract schemes of action, beautiful in their correctness of outline and apparent simplicity. It is a perception of this truth, we believe, which leads practical men always to suspect plans supported by statistics too exquisitely conclusive.

It was on precisely such a specious basis of definite misinformation that General McClellan's next proposal for the campaign by way of the Peninsula rested, — precise facts before he sets out turning to something like precise no-facts when he gets there, — beautiful completeness of conception ending in hesita-

tion, confusion, and failure. Before starting, "the roads are passable at all seasons of the year, the country much more favorable for offensive operations than that in front of Washington, much more level, the woods less dense, the soil more sandy." (p. 47.) After arriving, we find "the roads impassable," "very dense and extensive forests, the clearings being small and few"; and "the comparative flatness of the country and the alertness of the enemy, everywhere in force, rendered thorough reconnoissances slow, dangerous, and difficult." (p. 79.) General McClellan's mental constitution would seem to be one of those, easily elated and easily depressed, that exaggerate distant advantages and dangers near at hand, — minds stronger in conception than perception, and accordingly, as such always are, wanting that faculty of swift decision which, catching inspiration from danger, makes opportunity success. Add to this a kind of adhesiveness (we can hardly call it obstinacy or pertinacity) of temper, which can make no allowance for change of circumstances, and we think we have a tolerably clear notion of the causes of General McClellan's disasters. He can compose a good campaign beforehand, but he cannot improvise one out of the events of the moment, as is the wont of great generals. Occasion seldom offers her forelock twice to the grasp of the same man, and yet General McClellan, by the admission of the Rebels themselves, had Richmond at his mercy more than once.

He seems to attribute his misfortunes mainly to the withdrawal of General McDowell's division, and its consequent failure to co-operate with his own forces. But the fact is patent that the campaign was lost by his sitting down in front of Yorktown, and wasting a whole month in a series of approaches whose scientific propriety would have delighted Uncle Toby, to reduce a garrison of eight thousand men. Without that delay, which gave the Rebels time to send Jackson into the Shenandoah valley, General McDowell's army would have been enabled to come to his assistance. General McClellan, it is true, complains that it was not sent round by water, as he wished; but even if it had been, it could only have been an addition of helplessness to an army already too unwieldy for its commander; for he really made the Rebel force double his own

(as he always fancied it) by never bringing more than a quarter of his army into action at once. Yet during the whole campaign he was calling for more men, and getting them, till his force reached the highest limit he himself had ever set. When every available man, and more, had been sent him, he writes from Harrison's Bar to Mr. Stanton, "To accomplish the great task of capturing Richmond and putting an end to this rebellion, reinforcements should be sent to me *rather much over than less than one hundred thousand men.*" This letter General McClellan has not seen fit to include in his Report. Was the government to be blamed for pouring no more water into a sieve like this?

It certainly was a great mistake on Mr. Lincoln's part to order General McDowell off on a wild-goose chase after Jackson. The co-operation of this force might have enabled General McClellan even then to retrieve his campaign, and we do not in the least blame him for feeling bitterly the disappointment of wanting it. But it seems to us that it was mainly his own fault that there was anything to retrieve, and the true occasion to recover his lost ground was offered him after his bloody repulse of the enemy at Malvern Hill, though he did not turn it to account. For his retreat we think he would deserve all credit, had he not been under the necessity of making it. It was conducted with great judgment and ability, and we do not love that partisan narrowness of mind that would grudge him the praise so fairly earned. But at the same time it is not ungenerous to say, that the obstinate valor shown by his army under all the depression of a backward movement, while it proves how much General McClellan had done to make it an effective force, makes us regret all the more that he should have wanted the decision to try its quality under the inspiration of attack. It is impossible that the spirit of the army should not have been affected by the doubt and indecision of their general. They fought nobly, but they were always on the defensive. Had General McClellan put them at once on the aggressive, we believe his campaign would have been a triumphant one. With truly great generals resolve is instinctive, a deduction from premises supplied by the eye, not the memory, and men find out the science of their achieve-

ments afterwards, like the mathematical law in the Greek column. The stiffness rather than firmness of mind, the surrender of all spontaneous action in the strait-waistcoat of a preconceived plan, to which we have before alluded, unfitted him for that rapid change of combinations on the great chess-board of battle which enabled General Rosecrans at Murfreesboro to turn defeat into victory, an achievement without parallel in the history of the war.

General McClellan seems to have considered the President too careful of the safety of the capital; but he should measure the value of Washington by what he himself thought of the importance of taking Richmond. That, no doubt, would be a great advantage, but the loss of a recognized seat of government, with its diplomatic and other traditions, would have been of vastly more fatal consequence to us than the capture of their provisional perch in Virginia would have been to the Rebel authorities. It would have brought foreign recognition to the Rebels, and thrown Maryland certainly, and probably Kentucky, into the scale against us. So long as we held Washington, we had on our side the two powerful sentiments of permanence and tradition, some insensible portions of which the Rebels were winning from us with every day of repose allowed them by General McClellan. It was a clear sense of this that both excited and justified the impatience of the people, who saw that the insurrection was gaining the coherence and prestige of an established power,—an element of much strength at home and abroad. That this popular instinct was not at fault, we have the witness of General Kirby Smith, who told Colonel Fremantle "that McClellan might probably have destroyed the Southern army with the greatest ease during the first winter, and without much risk to himself, as the Southerners were so much over-elated by their easy triumph at Manassas, and their army had dwindled away."

We have said that General McClellan's volume is rather a plea in abatement of judgment than a report. It was perfectly proper that he should endeavor to put everything in its true light, and he would be sure of the sympathy of all right-minded men in so doing; but an *ex parte* statement at once rouses and justifies adverse criticism. He has omitted many docu-

ments essential to the formation of a just opinion; and it is only when we have read these also, in the Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, that we feel the full weight of the cumulative evidence going to show the hearty support in men and confidence that he received from the Administration, and, when there were no more men to be sent, and confidence began to yield before irresistible facts, the prolonged forbearance with which he was still favored. Nothing can be kinder or more cordial than the despatches and letters both of the President and Mr. Stanton, down to the time when General McClellan wrote the following sentences at the end of an official communication addressed to the latter: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you, or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." (28th June, 1862.) We shall seek no epithet to characterize language like this. All but the most bigoted partisans will qualify it as it deserves. We have here a glaring example of that warping of good sense and good feeling which the consciousness of having a political stake at risk will produce in a gallant soldier and a courteous gentleman. Can General McClellan, after a year to grow cool in, either himself believe, or expect any one else to believe, that the President and the Secretary of War would "do their best to sacrifice" an army of a hundred and fifty thousand brave men, in order to lessen his possible chances as a candidate for the Presidency? It was of vastly more importance to them than to him that he should succeed. The dignified good temper of Mr. Lincoln's answer to this wanton insult does him honor. "I have not said you were ungenerous for saying you needed reinforcements; I thought you were ungenerous in assuming that I did not send them as fast as I could. I feel any misfortune to you and your army quite as keenly as you feel it yourself." Mr. Stanton could only be silent; and whatever criticisms may be made on some traits of his character, he is quite safe in leaving the rebuke of such an imputation to whoever feels that earnestness, devotion, and unflagging purpose are high qualities in a public officer.

If General McClellan had been as prompt in attacking the enemy as he showed himself in this assault on his superiors,

we think his campaign in the Peninsula would have ended more satisfactorily. We have no doubt that he would conduct a siege or a defence with all the science and all the proprieties of warfare, but we think he has proved himself singularly wanting in the qualities which distinguish the natural leaders of men. He had every theoretic qualification, but no ardor, no leap, no inspiration. A defensive general is an earthen redoubt, not an ensign to rally enthusiasm and inspire devotion. Caution will never make an army, though it may sometimes save one. We think General McClellan reduced the efficiency and lowered the tone of his soldiers by his six months' dose of prudence. With every day he gave the enemy, he lessened his chances of success, and added months to the duration of the war. He never knew how to find opportunity, much less to make it. He was an accomplished soldier, but lacked that downright common-sense which is only another name for genius with its coat off for actual work in hand.

Were General McClellan's Report nothing more than a report, were the General himself nothing more than an officer endeavoring to palliate a failure, we should not have felt called on to notice his plea, unless to add publicity to any new facts he might be able to bring forward. But the Report is a political manifesto, and not only that, but an attack on the Administration which appointed him to the command, supported him with all its resources, and whose only fault it was not sooner to discover his incapacity to conduct aggressive movements. General McClellan is a candidate for the Presidency, and as he has had no opportunity to show his capacity in any civil function, his claim must rest on one of two grounds, — either the ability he has shown as a general, or the specific principles of policy he is supposed to represent. Whatever may be the success of our operations in the field, our Chief Magistracy for the next four years will demand a person of great experience and ability. Questions cannot fail to arise taxing prudence of the longest forecast and decision of the firmest quality. How far is General McClellan likely to fulfil these conditions? What are the qualities of mind of which both his career and his Report give the most irrefragable evidence?

General McClellan's mind seems to be equally incapable of

appreciating the value of time as the material of action, and its power in changing the relations of facts, and thus modifying the basis of opinion. He is a good maker of almanacs, but no good judge of the weather. Judging by the political counsel which he more than once felt called upon to offer the President, and which, as he has included it in his Report, we must presume to represent his present opinions, he does not seem even yet to appreciate the fact, that this is not a war between two nations, but an attempt at revolution within ourselves, which can be adequately met only by revolutionary measures. And yet, if he were at this moment elevated to the conduct of our affairs, he would find himself controlled by the same necessities which have guided Mr. Lincoln, and must either adopt his measures, or submit to a peace dictated by the South. No side issue as to *how* the war shall be conducted is any longer possible. The naked question is one of war or submission, for compromise means surrender; and if the choice be war, we cannot afford to give the enemy fifty in the game, by standing upon scruples which he would be the last to appreciate or to act upon. It is one of the most terrible features of war, that it must be inexorable by its very nature.

Great statesmanship and great generalship have been more than once shown by the same man, and naturally enough, because they both result from the same qualities of mind, an instant apprehension of the demand of the moment, and a self-confidence that can as instantly meet it, so that every energy of the man is gathered to one intense focus. It is the faculty of being a present man, instead of a prospective one; of being ready, instead of getting ready. Though we think great injustice has been done by the public to General McClellan's really high merits as an officer, yet it seems to us that those very merits show precisely the character of intellect to unfit him for the task just now demanded of a statesman. His capacity for organization may be conspicuous; but, be it what it may, it is one thing to bring order out of the confusion of mere inexperience, and quite another to retrieve it from a chaos of elements mutually hostile, which is the problem sure to present itself to the next administration. This will constantly require precisely that judgment on the nail, and not to be drawn for at three days' sight, of which General McClellan has shown least.

Is our path to be so smooth for the next four years, that a man whose leading characteristic is an exaggeration of difficulties is likely to be our surest guide? If the war is still to be carried on, and surely the nation has shown no symptoms of slackening in its purpose, what modifications of it would General McClellan introduce? The only information that is vouchsafed us is, that he is to be the "conservative" candidate, a phrase that may mean too little or too much. As well as we can understand it, it is the convenient formula by which to express the average want of opinions of all who are out of place, out of humor, or dislike the dust which blinds and chokes whoever is behind the times. Sometimes it is used as the rallying-cry of an amiable class of men, who still believe, in a vague sort of way, that the rebels can be conciliated by offering them a ruler more *comme il faut* than Mr. Lincoln, a country where a flatboatman may rise to the top, by virtue of mere manhood, being hardly the place for people of truly refined sensibilities. Or does it really mean nothing more nor less than that we are to try and put slavery back again where it was before, (only that it is not quite convenient just now to say so,) on the theory that teleologically the pot of ointment was made to conserve the dead fly?

In the providence of God the first thoughtless enthusiasm of the nation has settled to deep purpose, their anger has been purified by trial into a conviction of duty, and they are face to face with one of those rare occasions where duty and advantage are identical. The man who is fit for the office of President in these times should be one who knows how to advance, an art which General McClellan has never learned. He must be one who comprehends that three years of war have made vast changes in the relative values of things. He must be one who feels to the very marrow of his bones that this is a war, not to conserve the forms, but the essence, of free institutions. He must be willing to sacrifice everything to the single consideration of success, because success means truth and honor, to use every means, though they may alarm the fears of men who are loyal with a reservation, or shock the prejudices of would-be traitors. No middle course is safe in troubled times, and the only way to escape the dangers of revolution is by directing its forces and giving it useful work to do.

ART. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A History of Christian Doctrine.* By WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD, D. D. In Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner. 1863. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. xii., 408; Vol. II. pp. vi., 508.

DR. SHEDD has furnished an important contribution to the study of Church history in the two attractive volumes which announce themselves as "the result of several years of investigation while the author held the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Seminary at Andover." To have made a readable book, — a book which must interest the general scholar as well as the professed theologian, — on a topic so difficult and so remote from the ordinary interests and literary currents of the time, is itself a rare and very great merit, demanding grateful recognition from all the scholars of the land.

And Dr. Shedd's is eminently a readable book, and will, no doubt, be extensively read beyond the circle of his own profession, by intelligent laymen in all the walks of life. His arrangement of topics is natural and philosophic, following the logical order, which agrees in the main with the chronological development of Christian doctrine. We do not quite understand him when he says that, as his "is the first attempt of the kind in *English* literature, he had no models before him, and was compelled to originate his own method." Could works of the kind in other languages furnish no model? In fact, this statement, if not contradicted, is essentially qualified by the subsequent confession that the manuals of Baumgarten-Crusius and Hagenbach "have to some extent furnished the rubric under which the generalizations have been made, as well as considerable material itself."

The Professor brings to his task a fair store of learning, a commendable candor, and certainly no ordinary degree of intellectual ability. The ecclesiastical party to which he belongs may hail with complacency a work so creditable to American scholarship.

But when we pronounce it an important contribution to the study of Church history, we must not be understood to recommend it as authority to professional students. On the contrary, judged from that point of view, it strikes us as very inadequate, and in some respects faulty and misleading.

The qualifications for a philosophic historian of Christian doctrine are peculiar. Learning, intellectual ability, and candor, though indispensable, are not the only requisites. Equally essential are crit-

ical insight, the historic sense, and intellectual disengagement, by which we mean, in this connection, freedom from ecclesiastical prepossessions. In the last-named quality Dr. Shedd appears to us especially deficient. We miss in him the ability to view the subject in its own light. He sees it through the medium of school-theology, and in handling controverted points betrays very clearly to what school he belongs. His history is far from being an uncolored presentation of the doctrinal developments he professes to record. We do not mean that the facts are, to any great extent, misrepresented in the narrative; but the comments upon them are mostly one-sided, dogmatic comments; the history deviates into advocacy; it is an *ex parte* history. It is difficult, no doubt, for a writer of strong convictions to suppress them in historical representations; but unless he can so command himself, he is constitutionally disqualified to be an impartial historian of opinion. This disqualification is no deduction from his intellectual or moral worth; it merely shows that his proper calling lies elsewhere. He may be an excellent expounder and advocate of his own views, but is not a safe reporter of the views of others. One would not much rely on a history of doctrine by Dr. Johnson or Thomas Carlyle. In Neander and Baur — differing widely in their individual opinions — we have examples of uncolored presentation, the result of a true historic tact combined in the one case with the spirit of faith, in the other with a sceptical mind.

There is no want, in Dr. Shedd's case, of the power or will to make a fair presentation of what he sees; the difficulty lies in the power of seeing. He sees through the lens of his theology. The statement is correct according to appearance, but the facts appear through a colored medium. Had the author a misgiving that such might be the case? Does he mistrust himself when he says, in the Preface, that "perhaps the chief criticism that may be made upon the work is, that it betokens subjective qualities unduly for a historical production? That the work pays more attention to the orthodox than to the latitudinarian drift of thought is plain." We quarrel with no man for sympathy with orthodox views; but when an historian of Christian doctrine "pays more attention" to those views than to others, he perils the fairness, and therewith the value, of his history. Latitudinarian thought in the Christian Church has been one of the conditions and instrumentalities of establishing Church orthodoxy. It has furnished the occasion of doctrinal development. The latitudinarianism of Pelagius helped to define the Augustinian anthropology. The latitudinarianism of Berengarius served to precipitate the orthodox doctrine of Transubstantiation. It is impossible to obtain a thorough comprehension of orthodoxy from a

history which slurs the correlate aspects of latitudinarian thought. It may be impossible, as Dr. Shedd pleads, "for any one author to compose an encyclopedic history." But it strikes us that a right apprehension of the nature of his task would have prompted other limitations than those he has seen fit to impose upon himself. Moreover, we object to his antithesis of orthodox and latitudinarian in this connection. If by orthodoxy he means the cast of doctrine which assumes that name in modern Protestant theology, it behooved him so to limit his statement. But such an understanding is a virtual surrender of the true historic point of view, — that point of view which alone could justify the title of his work. The work in that case should be termed (what it really is) a critique of the history of Christian doctrine from the point of view of Protestant orthodoxy. If, on the other hand, he understands by orthodox the doctrine established by the Councils of the Church, then the correlate of that term is not "latitudinarian," but "heretical." In this — the true ecclesiastical sense — the orthodox doctrine is sometimes latitudinarian, and the latitudinarian, according to the modern Protestant view, is sometimes orthodox. For example, the Monophysitism of the sixth century and the Monothelitism of the seventh are views of Christ more orthodox, according to the current standard of our time, than the established Christology of the Church. But they were none the less heresies in their day. St. Paul was a latitudinarian, in the view of many a Jew-Christian of the apostolic age, but the latitudinarianism of Paul became the orthodoxy of subsequent time.

Our space will not permit us to exemplify the charge of theological preoccupation by all the objectionable points in this history; we confine ourselves to one or two instances, drawn from those portions of the work which relate to the doctrine of the nature of Christ. They are all contained in the first volume.

Dr. Shedd, as it seems to us, gives evidence of theological prepossession in the chapter on the Ebionites.* The phrase "Ebionite Scepticism," which makes the title of this chapter, could proceed from no writer who truly appreciates the meaning of the word scepticism, or the real position of those to whom it is here applied. There never was a body of Christians to whom the term scepticism was less applicable. They manifested nothing of the kind of intellectual activity which we understand by that term. Scepticism implies speculation, and there never was a class of believers less given to speculation. In fact, it was the very absence of this trait, or faculty, which separated them from their fellow-disciples. They could not keep pace with the advancing

* Vol. I. p. 106.

development of Christian doctrine. They did not speculate concerning the superhuman nature of Christ, but clung to the bare historic fact, to the historic individual, in whom they acknowledged the promised Messiah. To all the theories of the more philosophic and learned Christians they opposed the dogged Jehovism of Jewish tradition. They belonged to that class of Christians of whom Justin Martyr, in the Dialogue with Trypho, says, "There are some of our people who acknowledge him to be the Christ, though they say that he was made man of man"; to that class of whom Tertullian says, that "the ignorant and unlearned, who always constitute the majority of the Christian body, ... not understanding that the unity of God is to be held in connection with the trinity (*œconomia*), are afraid of the trinity"; to that class of whom Origen, in his commentary on St. John, says, "There are others who know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, thinking that they have everything of the Word when they acknowledge Christ according to the flesh. Such is the multitude of those who are called Christians."

We do not mean that these passages refer especially to the Ebionites, but they describe them. They were simple, unlearned, unspeculative Christians. They believed that Jesus Christ was the promised Messiah; they did not believe in his divinity. But this unbelief, so far from being an "apostasy," as Dr. Shedd represents, should rather be termed a *eustathy*, if we may be allowed the coinage. It was a fixedness resulting perhaps from intellectual and spiritual inertia. It was obstinate conservatism, resisting what they regarded as innovation, and what we regard as legitimate development. The Ebionites did not "apostatize"; they simply did not advance with advancing Christendom. They adhered to the old Jerusalem type. Their Christianity was the Christianity of Peter and James. "Originally evangelical," they "had lapsed down," says Dr. Shedd, "to a humanitarian position." This strange assertion is not only unsubstantiated by any proof, but is contradicted by the nature of things. The farther removed in the order of time from the actual Christ of history, the easier it was for the Church to construct the ideal Christ of her doctrine. And the nearer we approach the aboriginal Church, the more Ebionitic its doctrine becomes. The Athanasian Christology, whatever truth there may be in it, — and we agree with Dr. Shedd in our preference for that view, — is not the Christology of the Apocalypse. There is no Christotheism in Peter's Pentecostal discourse, and none in the Gospel according to Mark. But Dr. Shedd, approaching the subject with the doctrinal prepossession of his Church, and assuming that the twelve Apostles saw Christ as Athanasius and Leo the Great saw him, very

naturally concludes that Ebionitism was a later phase of Christian doctrine. "Originally evangelical," — it is curious to see how, unawares, the cant of sect will creep into a scientific work. "Evangelical," in this connection, is a simple begging of the question.

In the chapter entitled "The Pagan Trinity" (p. 243), the author endeavors to prove a material difference between the trinities of ancient philosophies and religions and that of the Christian Church. We agree with him in this conclusion, so far as the popular dogma is concerned. But his argument fails when he comes to explain the distinction between them, and it runs foul of the doctrinal symbols of the Church. "Either the Triad is made out by personifying three of the more fundamental faculties and attributes of God, as Goodness, Intellect, and Will, which is Plato's method," &c. Compare this with the expositions of the Trinity by Augustine and by the great lights of the mediæval Church. According to Augustine, the Trinity consists in Wisdom, Self-consciousness, and Self-love. Infinite Wisdom is the Father, his Self-consciousness the Son, and his Self-love the Holy Spirit. Elsewhere he says that *properly* the Son is called Wisdom, and the Holy Spirit Love. Anselm says, "God knows himself from eternity, and his Self-knowledge is the eternal Word, of the same essence with himself." Again, "God has an idea of creation prior to creation; the idea would remain if creation were dissolved. This idea is the Word." (Can anything be more Platonic?) According to Anselm, Memory in the Divine mind is the Father, Understanding (*Intelligentia*) the Son, and Love the Holy Spirit. As the necessary condition of love is a remembrance and an understanding of the object beloved, so Love in the Supreme Spirit proceeds from Memory and Understanding; in other words, the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son. Abelard's Trinity is Power, Wisdom, Goodness. Wisdom is divine manifestation, — the eternally generated Son. The love of the Father for the Son, i. e. the love of God for himself, is the Holy Spirit. According to St. Thomas Aquinas, the Son is God's image of himself; the Holy Spirit is the mutual love of the Father and the Son. Raymond Lully makes the divine principle of all existence to be the Father, the instrumental cause of existence the Son, the end or goal of existence the Holy Spirit. We cannot see that these constructions of the Trinity differ materially from that which our author ascribes to Plato. Yet, says Dr. Shedd, "In these [Pagan] schemes the faculties, attributes, and functions of the Deity take the place of interior and substantial distinctions in his essence." Now it belongs to the very essence of the doctrine of the Trinity, as expressed in the symbols of the Church, that there is no substantial distinction in the Godhead. The substance is

not to be divided; Father, Son, Spirit, are consubstantial. We are far from maintaining that the Christian Trinity is derived from the Platonic. But whether both are not products of the same spirit, or the same tendency of mind, is another question. The title of this chapter — "The Pagan Trinity" — is unfortunate; it seems to imply that there was one Trinity common to all religions and philosophies designated as "Pagan." And is it a legitimate use of the word "Pagan" to apply it to classic and Oriental antiquity?

Dr. Shedd's declaration, (in a foot-note to p. 255,) that Wordsworth's "Hippolytus" is "a more reliable work than that of Bunsen, in regard to the doctrinal opinions of Hippolytus and the ante-Nicene period generally," seems to us, after reading Bunsen's refutation of Wordsworth, to say the least, a very surprising judgment.

In the chapter on "The Trinitarianism of the Apostolic and Primitive Fathers," the author alleges, as a proof of the general belief in the deity of Christ in the first century, that, "if there is any fact in history that is indisputable, it is that the Apostolic and Primitive Church *worshipped* Jesus Christ." But the fact of worship in that age by no means proves belief in the Supreme Deity of the being worshipped. We say "*Supreme* Deity," for the word God was applied by Jews as well as Gentiles to beings other than the One Supreme. That Jesus was termed God in this secondary sense,* we do not dispute. The mother of Zebedee's children worshipped him in the flesh, when she proffered the request concerning her two sons. Will it be maintained that she worshipped him as Supreme God? If she did, that error was swiftly rebuked by the words of Jesus: "To sit on my right hand and on my left is not mine to give, but for whom it is prepared of my Father." Perhaps we ought not to be surprised that the words of Pliny, "*quasi deo*," are cited by Dr. Shedd as proof that the worship rendered to Christ was rendered to him as Supreme God. But to one who considers the Gentile use of the word *deus*, the proof is worthless. Nor is the chapter in Eusebius (Hist. Eccles. V. 28) referred to by our author any more decisive in regard to this matter. In the extract there given from an anonymous author of the third century, who wrote in opposition to the doctrine that Christ was a mere man, it is affirmed that Christ is called God (*θεός*) in the writings of Justin, Miltiades, Tatian, Clement, Irenæus, and Melito, and in the early psalms and hymns of the Church. But it does not follow that the term *θεός* was applied to him in those writings in the highest sense, implying his equality with the Father. On the contrary, the statements of Justin, Tatian, Irenæus,

* As in Hebrews i. 8, where the language of one of the Psalms is applied to him.

and Clement, in their works which have come down to us, lead to a very different conclusion. Justin, for example, says, that "*under* the Maker of the Universe (*ὑπὸ τὸν ποιητὴν τῶν ὅλων*) there is another who is and is called God and Lord, who is also called an angel (or messenger), because he bears to men whatever messages the Maker of the Universe, above whom there is no other God, wills to send to them." (Dial. c. Tryph., c. 56.) "Neither Abraham nor Isaac nor Jacob nor any other man ever saw the Father and Ineffable Lord of All, even of Christ himself; but they saw him who *through the will of the Father* was God (a divine being), his Son, and likewise his angel, as ministering to his purposes." (Ibid., c. 127.) Quoting Gen. xix. 24, "The Lord rained on Sodom fire and brimstone from the Lord out of heaven," Justin applies the term Lord in the latter clause to the Father, and says, that "He is the Lord of that Lord who was upon earth, as his Father and God, and the *cause* of his being both powerful and Lord and God." (Ibid., c. 129.) Mentioning various names given to Christ in Scripture, as Glory of the Lord, Son, Wisdom, Angel, *God*, Lord, and Logos, Justin remarks, "He has all these appellations, because he ministers to the will of the Father, and was begotten from the Father by his volition." (Ibid., c. 61.) Much more might be cited to the same effect. The worship or honor which belongs to Christ, Justin likewise expressly declares to be secondary (*μετὰ τὸν θεόν*, Apol. II. c. 13; *ἐν δευτέρᾳ χώρᾳ*, Apol. I. c. 13), to be paid to him because such is the will of God (Dial. c. Tryph., c. 93). The subject cannot here be pursued; but there is no reason for supposing that the writer quoted by Eusebius, or Eusebius himself, understood the ascription of *divinity* to Christ by the authors in question to imply their belief in his equality with the Father. Eusebius applies the term *θεός* to Christ times without number; but he everywhere maintains his inferiority to the Most High. He even speaks of him repeatedly as "*made God* (*θεοποιούμενον*) by the Father"; as "not the God over All, but a secondary God"; as to be worshipped "because a greater God dwells in him, namely, the Supreme Father and God of the Universe." (Dem. Evang., Lib. V. c. 4; cf. Lib. I. c. 5.) Nothing can be more fallacious than the attempt to prove the orthodoxy (in the modern sense) of the ante-Nicene Fathers on the subject of the Trinity by quoting passages where they merely call Christ *θεός* or *deus*. They call Christ "God," as being the Logos of God, the Son of God; but the doctrine of the *equality* of the persons in the Trinity did not prevail till a later period.

In connection with this topic, we must express our surprise at the statement of Dr. Shedd respecting the Apostolic Fathers. He says, "They invariably speak of Christ as divine; and make no distinction

in their modes of thought and expression between the deity of the Son and that of the Father." In the quotations which he gives "to indicate the freedom with which the Apostolic Fathers apply the term God (θεός) to the second Person," he begins by citing as from Clement of Rome a passage from the *Second* Epistle ascribed to him, which all respectable critics are now agreed in rejecting as spurious. His other quotations for this purpose are taken entirely from the very suspicious Epistles ascribed to Ignatius, and, curiously enough, all the passages which he cites from Ignatius are either wanting, or are so modified as to nullify his argument, in the Syriac version of the Ignatian Epistles, which alone, in the judgment of Cureton, Bunsen, Ritschl, Lipsius, and other eminent modern scholars, exhibits them in their original form. Dr. Shedd does not even allude to the Syriac version of these Epistles, though it has so important a bearing on the question of their genuineness. In regard to the so-called Apostolic Fathers, namely, Barnabas, Clement of Rome, Polycarp, Ignatius, and Hermas, the truth is, that, setting aside the unquestionably spurious Second Epistle ascribed to Clement of Rome, and the unquestionably interpolated, if not spurious, Ignatian Epistles, there is not *a single instance* in their extant writings in which the name "God" is directly applied to the Son. There is one passage (c. 2) in the genuine Epistle of Clement of Rome in which this name has been supposed to be given him by *implication;* but Dorner (*Person Christi*, I. 139), with whom Martini, Bunsen, and Reuss agree, reject this interpretation of it, and find instead only a loose use of the pronoun αὐτός, such as elsewhere occurs in this Epistle of Clement, and often in the writings of John.

In the third chapter of his third book the author treats of the Council of Nicæa. We are sorry, by the way, to find him repeating the vulgar misnomer of "*Nice*." There is but one Nice that we are aware of, and no Ecumenical Council was ever held in the only city which bears that name. In ancient geography there were several Nicæas; the modern name of that Nicæa where the Council was held is not Nice, but Isnik. But, to pass to matters of graver import, Dr. Shedd says: "The problem to be solved by the Nicene Council was to exhibit the doctrine of the Trinity in its completeness." Begging his pardon, it was no such thing. The problem was to settle for or against the consubstantiality (with God) and the eternal generation of the Word, which Arius had denied, and which others, with Athanasius, had maintained. This was the only point in the doctrine of the Trinity which came into discussion. The Nicene Creed confesses the Trinity, as previous creeds had done, but it defines the second person only. Its language with regard to the third person is simply, "We believe in the Holy Spirit." The nature

and relations of that Spirit were not settled until more than half a century later, when the principle of consubstantiality was applied to it at the Council of Constantinople. Even then they were not fully determined. The "*filioque*," which still divides the Latin and Eastern Churches, was an afterthought and an interpolation, that did not find its way into the creed until two more centuries had gone by, and then only into the creed of the Western Church.

In his comments on the Creed of Chalcedon, Dr. Shedd mistakes, as it seems to us, the real import of that symbol. The object here was to vindicate the humanity of Christ, which the Egyptian theologians had merged in Divinity, with their Monophysite constructions of the second person in the Trinity. It was to show that a perfect man subsisted in that person along with the fulness of the Godhead. Eugene Haag, in his excellent work on the History of Christian Doctrines, pronounces the attempt a failure. "Il est évident que le symbole de Chalcédoine loin d'avoir résolu le problème, ouvrait la porte à d'interminables querelles." Nevertheless, it was the purpose of this symbol to express this seemingly impossible conception, and its language must be interpreted accordingly. When, therefore, our author says that "the Chalcedon statement prohibits the division of Christ into two selves," using self as synonymous with person, he contradicts the spirit of this creed. There is only one person, but there are two *selves*. The human self is complete, and is conjoined with the Divine self in Christ. For certainly, if anything constitutes a self it is a will, and, according to the Church interpretation of the Chalcedonian Christology, there are two distinct wills in the one Person. The Trullan Council (Sixth Ecumenical), ending the Monothelite controversy, of which, strangely enough, Dr. Shedd takes no notice, ruled, "Καὶ δύο μὲν φυσικὰ θελήματα οὐκ ὑπεναντία."

Again, Dr. Shedd says (p. 407), "The Logos did not unite himself with a distinct individual, but with a human nature." We would like to inquire of Dr. Shedd what he understands by an individual. The language of the creed is "ἄνθρωπον ἀληθῶς τὸν αὐτὸν ἐκ ψυχῆς λογικῆς καὶ σώματος." If a human soul and body do not constitute a human individual, what does? There was a "distinct individual," a human historical Jesus; to deny it is virtual Docetism. That individual is one of the constituents of the ἓν πρόσωπον, of which the Word is the other, and which we call Christ.

The fact is, the creed itself, and most of the comments upon it, but prove the impossibility of stating the thing intended in such a way as to parry the objections that arise the moment a definition is demanded, from Monophysitism on the one hand and Humanitarianism on the

other. It has pleased the Divine Providence that the creed of Chalcedon should be the last word of ecumenical authority on this subject; for subsequent ecumenical decisions do but confirm its import. And providentially, as we love to think, that symbol was made so broad that opinions the most diverse regarding the nature of Christ find shelter and sanction within its fold.

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2. — *A Compendious History of English Literature, and of the English Language, from the Norman Conquest. With Numerous Specimens.* By GEORGE L. CRAIK, LL. D., Professor of History and of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. New York: Charles Scribner. 1863. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 620, 581.

A CAREFUL perusal of these two goodly volumes has dissipated the hope which we entertained on seeing their title. That gave us reason to expect that we were to have at last a *History* of English Literature in the true sense of the word, — one which would be a history of the English mind. We have several books — more or less good — giving us the external history of our literature, and we want the internal growth shown forth. The English character, like the English language, is composite. The nation formed from Celts and Saxons and Danes and Normans has traits of all. The English language, from its very composite nature, is one of the most perfect and most fitted for extended use of all modern tongues. Its strength, its gracefulness, its adaptability, all spring from its different elements, and from its readiness to admit new words and ideas. Hence for poetical use it is equal to most, for purposes of reasoning and plain statement inferior to none, and as a vehicle of scientific researches superior to all others. English literature, being the expression of a composite character in a composite language, must share the same character. A growth of over five centuries has given us a body of writings, which in originality, in depth, in vigor, and in style surpass those of any other one people. It is something of which we are not only ourselves proud, but which is looked to with admiration by other nations.

It is quite time that the history of this literature were scientifically and historically treated. That literature has an effect on the state of the people and on their civilization, few will deny; that the state of the people has also its influence on their literature, all will admit. We wish, then, that this reciprocal action should be fully considered and exhaustively treated. We wish to know the influence which English writers have exerted on English history; and more particularly the effect of the great

events of history on English thought. We would know how a foreign and how a civil war have left it, and how it flourished in a long peace; what was the effect of royal patronage, and what of the censorship; what has been the relation of literature to contemporary art and science, and how it has been affected by general education. We would ascertain why our literature has been so changing. In the reigns of Elizabeth and her successors, the drama was pre-eminent; under Anne, didactic poetry. The times of the first Georges abounded in pamphlets, political and historical; those of the later Georges in poetry of the Romantic school; and our own is an age of novels and journalism. Why is all this? Why does poetry flourish at one time, and at another time prose? Are these things governed by general laws, or by circumstances peculiar to the country? Why have there been, as it were, waves in English literature, so that there have been several periods of the production of good works? What has been the degree of the influence exerted by foreign literatures, as the French, Italian, and German? and what influence has the literature had upon itself, or how far have later been affected by earlier writers? What was the cause of that abandonment of conventionalism, and that tendency toward nature or realism, which appeared in English literature about the beginning of this century, — a little later than in Germany, and a little earlier than in France, — showing itself first in poetry, then in prose, then in art, and lastly in music? All these questions, and many others, ought properly to be considered in a good history. A mere catalogue or record of authors, whether biographical, bibliographical, or critical, is of little use in itself. It answers the purpose of a dictionary; but unless we see the circumstances outside of these, the political situation, the moral state, and the physical condition of the people, we learn nothing as to their literature.

The history of the language demands no less careful treatment. The materials are all at hand. Its origin in the fusion of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French must be laid bare, and the influences exerted on it by all other languages with which it has been brought in contact must be shown. The effects which have remained behind, and which time has not removed, are guides. There must be set forth also the passage of the language from an inflected to an uninflected form, alterations of grammatical structure, and the change in the vocabulary by the gradual dropping of old words and the introduction of new words and also new modes of forming them. The effect on the language of historical events, such as wars and alliances, and of advances in science and the arts, should be considered. And not only should the history of the pure English of literature be thus given, but also of

its numerous spoken dialects and of their relations. This is most necessary.

Two subjects, so extensive in themselves, and leading in such different directions, can with difficulty be united in one work. For the sake of unity, either the literature must be made prominent, treating language as the vehicle for conveying the thought; or the attention must be directed to the language, the literature being regarded as the preserving medium of the words and forms.

Mr. Craik's book is not a History of the English Language, and it would have been better to have omitted that title. Indeed, he himself says that he is obliged to treat the language only incidentally and subordinately, as it is employed in the service of literature. However, he does consider it somewhat, and divides it into three periods, which he says are common to every language: first, when it is a homogeneous and synthetic language; second, when it is still homogeneous, but not synthetic; and, third, when it is neither, but is analytic and composite. The first period he designates as Pure or Simple English; the second, as Broken or Semi-English; the third, as Mixed or Composite English. Mr. Craik seems to have very imperfect notions of what English is. He forgets that English is a mixed language; that its very composite character is what makes it English; that there was no English language at all until the Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French began to unite. Anglo-Saxon can no more be called Pure English than can Latin be called Pure Italian, or Simple French; or, in fact, than Old French can be called Early English, for our language is much more like the French in grammatical structure and general appearance than like the Anglo-Saxon. Leaving out, then, this first period, we can only have two: Imperfect English, as it existed during the gradual fusion of the two tongues spoken in England; and Perfect English, after their union was completed. English is now homogeneous, as it never was in its early period of development, because it is catholic, and receives everything and assimilates it to itself.

The character of the Anglo-Saxon, and its peculiarities, and the manner of its corruption with Norman, are not treated of, while the gradual assimilation of the two tongues into one is passed over with some general remarks, and the subsequent progress of the language is almost entirely ignored. We are sorry that Mr. Craik did not do a little more for us, for we are sure that the author of "The English of Shakespeare" and of the Annotated Edition of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar had stores of material and the ability to elucidate many obscure points.

As a record or chronicle of English literature Mr. Craik's book is by

far the best that has yet been published. He has gone over the whole range of our writers with minuteness and research. That portion of the book extending from the Norman Period, as he calls it, to the time of Elizabeth, is peculiarly excellent. Nowhere have we a better account of the early French and Latin literature of England. By none has fuller justice been done to the old chroniclers and romancers. This thoroughness and exactness will render it very useful as a book of reference.

It is surprising with what impartiality the author has reviewed the whole course of literature. He does not commit himself to excessive admiration of any one school or period. He appreciates the beauties of Pope as well as of Spenser, and finds much to commend in the artificialness of Wither and Marvel, as well as in the naturalness of Wordsworth. He evidently has considered well the duty of a critic, and no prejudices deter him from condemning Bacon as a philosopher (though giving him praise as a writer), or from declaring that "Don Juan" is the greatest poem of modern times. He has also looked at the writers with some regard to the times in which they lived, and the more immediate influences that were exerted upon them. The chapter on the Victorian Age is the place where he has shown himself to greatest advantage. It is the most philosophical, most comprehensive, and best portion of his book. Another good example of his general manner of treatment is shown in the account of the Della Cruscan school. The illustrative extracts are in general well selected, and will serve to convey to the reader an impression of the characteristics of the different authors, besides being often of intrinsic value in themselves, or as illustrations of the times. We are sorry, however, that some few of our favorite writers, who are passed over almost in silence, could not be better represented.

Mr. Craik's book is, however, as we have hinted before, not at all a philosophical or scientific history of English literature. It is little but a mere index or register of English writers. Indeed, that is all he claims for the greater part of it; for he says that all the history of the literature is contained in his accounts of a few principal authors. In his own language, "An account of the writings of Chaucer, of Spenser, of Shakespeare, of Bacon, of Milton, of Dryden, of Pope, of Swift, of Burke, of Burns, of Cowper, would sufficiently unfold the course and revolutions of our English literature from its commencement down to the beginning of the present century." In other words, by a few disjointed essays he would give an idea of a perfect whole. He would display a few of the best bricks as a sample of his house. A picture of an age can be given by historical portraits of its prominent men, but not its history. So we

can learn the character of a literature from the works of its greatest writers, but not its history. For little causes often produce great effects, and writers of not much account now may have exerted an influence which may be felt, while careful research alone will show its cause. This very method makes the book disjointed and fragmentary, and renders too evident the manner in which it was written; for it is an enlargement of a previous work, — "Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England." And really, the same matter has done a good deal of duty. First in the book just named, then in this, and afterwards in an abridgment, and great part of it also in "The Popular History of England."

But even on this plan the book is imperfect in some particulars. It is disproportionate and unsymmetrical. The original English, which, from the stress laid upon it in the classification, should be deserving of great attention, has about four pages devoted to its literature, i. e. to Anglo-Saxon literature; while to the writers in Norman-French and Latin there are given one hundred and thirty. To take another instance. From Chaucer on, there are about twenty-five names to whom more than five pages are given, and among them are Barbour, Warner, Daniel, Cleveland, Wither, Marvel, Nevile, Mandeville, and Darwin; while of these Cleveland and Wither are made of more importance than Milton or Cowper, and more space is given to Darwin than to Shakespeare or Pope; and Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Butler, Burton, Addison, Thomson, Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Ford are done up in a few lines, and the name of Jewel is never once mentioned. Mr. Craik's Scotch antecedents have led him to give to Scotch literature rather more than its fair share of space and attention. Burns is as much English as Scotch, but there was no necessity of quite such an extended disquisition on John Barbour, or King James I., or the minor Scotch writers. Much is said about the progress of learning and of education, and the rise and growth of the mathematical sciences are considered at great length. But nothing is said about other sciences and branches of learning, which have exerted more influence on the literature. The ethical and political sciences are hardly noticed, and their great writers are only mentioned by their name, date, and the titles of their works. Hume, to whom modern metaphysics owe so much, is almost passed by as a philosopher. History even seems to have very little place as a part of literature. The changes in the religion of Britain must have affected its literature, but nothing is said of this. The religious literature of England is well worthy of attentive consideration. And why in this, as in most other literary histories, should poetry preponderate so much over prose? Fuller, Burke, and

Swift are the only prose-writers who are mentioned at any length, and Coleridge is regarded entirely as a poet, and it is hardly hinted that he ever wrote prose. Does not prose show to us as clearly as poetry the course of English thought, and does it not reflect better the thousand and one influences under which it was written? Its importance at least as regards the language is greater, for it displays it as used in speech, while poetry, using a traditional dialect, is always behindhand. But while schools of poetry are considered, we are not told of the great influence which great prose-writers have had on language and style. Even the influence of the English translation of the Bible is not mentioned.

Some of the incompleteness and disjointedness of the book is no doubt due to the principle of arrangement which Mr. Craik adopted. Having divided the language so as to get most of the literature into the last period, he treats of this in short chronological portions, speaking of each class of writings by itself, as drama, prose, science, &c. There are plainly four great eras in English literature, each marked by the character of its productions, although the writers belonging to one are sometimes in point of time a little mingled with those of another. There is, first, the Early or Romantic Period; second, the Elizabethan; third, the Renaissance; and, fourth, the Realistic, which is divided into two portions, — that of the beginning of the century, and the present. Each of these periods is marked by a certain dominant quality, and each shows the influence of a foreign literature, which indeed may have started the literary activity of the period. Each, too, might be noted by one great man. Thus the poetical representatives might be Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, and Wordsworth and Tennyson. Examples in prose would be Malory, Bacon, Addison, Coleridge, and Thackeray. A division such as this, where the writers of each era were brought together under the influence of the governing principle and characteristic of that age, would have given greater coherence and stability to a work of this kind, and would at the same time have shown why the works of many writers are what they are.

We notice a few errors, that impair somewhat the value of a work, which, in spite of its imperfections, is really useful and valuable. In Vol. I. p. 362, Mr. Craik speaks of Forshall and Madden as the editors of Wyclif's translation of the Old Testament. It would seem that he had never seen their edition, or he would have known that the New Testament was included in it also.

He also says that John Lyly invented Euphuism. This extravagance of nicety, so called from the book which most displayed it, was of old growth. Lyly's writing was only the culmination of that imitation of

Italian conceits and quibbles which had been increasing in the literature since the time when Italy began first to influence England. Euphues was rather the end than the beginning. This same affectation existed in France as well as in England, and was one of the peculiarities of the coterie of the Hôtel de Rambouillet until Molière's sarcasm, sixty years later, put a stop to it.

We must also object to the modernization of the spelling of some of the earlier authors in the extracts which are given. However this may do in smaller, more popular works, it is a blemish and an unpardonable sin against language in a work aiming at literary excellence. We cannot really appreciate an ancient style in a modern dress, any more than we could the poetry of Chaucer if we tried to put in a different kind of metre, as Mr. Craik suggests.

Had the style of Mr. Craik himself been better, it would have improved the book. He indulges a little too much in bombast, and sometimes in ungrammatical expressions. But these faults are rare, and not perhaps worth dwelling upon.

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3. — *A Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History.* Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D. In Three Volumes. Vol. II. Kalzeel — Red Heifer. Vol. III. Red Sea — Zuzims. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1863. 8vo. pp. 1862, Appendix, pp. cxvi.

THE first volume of Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" was issued in 1860, and was at that time noticed in our pages. The second and larger portion of the work, in two volumes, has recently appeared, with an Appendix containing titles omitted in the first volume. We regret that want of space will not permit us to give such a review of the completed work as its importance demands. We can only state concisely what seem to us to be its merits and its defects.

Its literary excellence is, on the whole, very high. In nearly all the articles the style is clear, pure, free from rhetorical artifice, and adapted to a work of this kind.

The form in which the articles are cast and the method of discussion are generally good. The English title of each subject from the Scripture has its Greek and Hebrew equivalent; quotations are made to a great extent in the original languages; for the more important opinions abundant authorities are cited, with exact references; and the history of each subject is given as far as possible.

The Dictionary is very full, not only in its treatment of the impor-

tant topics, but in the number of its titles. No Biblical Dictionary in English is comparable to it in this respect. Most of the topics on which a student of the Scripture would wish for information receives some attention, and many of the subjects are fully and thoroughly discussed. Especially is this the case in the branches of *geography* and *natural history*. In these the scholarship is minute and comprehensive to an extraordinary degree. All that travellers have noticed, that men of science have discovered, whether in ancient or modern time, is freely used, and a great deal of curious and recondite learning is brought out. These articles have been committed to very competent hands. Next to these articles for fulness and in excellence are the *biographical* articles, which are by no means, as in some dictionaries, mere repetitions and amplifications of the Scripture narratives.

These are the merits of Smith's Biblical Dictionary, — that it is well written, well arranged, and, in certain departments, very full in its information and learning. Against these we have to mention several important defects. In the department of *Biblical criticism*, the Dictionary is by no means up to the mark of Continental scholarship. Its references here are not always to the latest discussions or to the standard works. Many of the ablest German writers are not noticed at all, even in cases where their conclusions and knowledge would be of the highest value. Second-rate works are not unfrequently cited upon matters on which first-rate authorities have uttered their judgment. The article "Pentateuch" is a fair specimen of the defective scholarship in this department of the Dictionary; and the list of authorities at the close of the very inadequate article on the *Psalms* is ludicrous in its meagreness. Still more superficial is the article on the *Books of Samuel*, in singular contrast with the striking story of *the man* Samuel, by Dr. Stanley. In fact, very few of the critical articles in the Dictionary, on the age, origin, and authorship of the Biblical books, are satisfactory.

Next to this, a grave fault of the Dictionary, in our judgment, is its dogmatic and sectarian, and sometimes even its controversial tone. We do not want, in a Biblical Dictionary, any arguments for a creed, even if it be the creed of the majority of the Christian Church. Whatever opinions on theological subjects the writers may hold, they ought not to be intruded in the statement of matters of fact. Very often in these volumes such opinions are introduced, and made even to color the statements of fact. What can we think, for instance, of an argument for the *personality* of the Holy Spirit, which cites, not only proof-texts apart from their connection, but also the subjective emotions and "ex-

periences" of converts, and the superiority of Christian over Pagan civilization? Why should the word "Saviour" be made, in a book of this kind, the vehicle for a defence of the Orthodox doctrine of Atonement? Why should an article on Nicodemus be made to give an indirect hint of the Trinity? This defect is the more to be reprehended, since the Dictionary does not assume a definite theological position, and there are even some opinions advanced in it, as in the article on Miracles, which come near to Rationalism; yet in many of the articles there is an offensive and needless tone of dogmatism, not at all in harmony with the idea of such a work.

A third fault of this Dictionary is the admission of over-much extra-Biblical matter and discussion. We do not ask that the titles of such a work should be kept rigidly to names or things mentioned in the Scripture. It is well that there should be articles on the Apocrypha, the Vulgate, and the Versions. So far as extraneous topics have a direct bearing upon facts in the Biblical history, or help in its illustration, it is fit to introduce them. But why should heathen or ecclesiastical mythology be allowed a place in a Dictionary of the Bible? Is Mary the mother of Jesus, about whom so little is said in the Gospel narrative, and whose whole reputation and influence are post-Biblical, a suitable subject for twenty columns of such a work, while James and John together, even with all the legends attached to their history, have only fourteen columns? This treatise on the legendary Virgin is undoubtedly the most conspicuous sin in this kind; but in numerous instances legendary matter is allowed so to burden and cover the trustworthy information, that it becomes difficult to distinguish between fact and falsehood. There is a great deal of cumbrous and fantastic learning in these volumes, which is likely only to bewilder the unlearned reader.

We have to complain, also, that in some instances very baseless and extravagant theories are allowed too much room in the discussion of critical or topographical questions. The most remarkable of these is Mr. Ferguson's attempt, in the article on Jerusalem, to transfer the site of the Holy Sepulchre to the area of the Temple enclosure, and identify it with the mosque of Omar. His argument is not only a strange specimen of special pleading, but no hint is given that its conclusion is contrary to those of all the other writers who have treated the topic.

Other faults of this Dictionary are the disproportionate space given to unimportant articles; the notes at the foot of the page, which distract the attention of the reader; the absence of any index; and the omission of many subjects on which information would be desired. The

omissions of the first volume, indeed, which were quite remarkable, are in a measure supplied in the Appendix. The supplementary articles upon Antichrist, Baptism, the Church, and Excommunication deserve notice for their fulness. Three of these and the supplement of the fourth are from the hand of Rev. Frederic Meyrick, and exhibit in a striking manner the tone of dogmatism to which we have already alluded.

It will be seen that we do not regard Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" as answering to what such a Dictionary ought to be, or to what, in the present state of Biblical learning, it might be. It has not the breadth of scholarship, the freedom of thought, and the catholic temper which a work of this sort ought to have. Of the seventy-three different contributors to it, some are eminent as scholars and men of science, but more are distinguished simply by official station; and the list is quite as remarkable for the names which it does *not* contain as for those which it includes. Six of the contributors are Americans. In such a compilation as this, if the work is to be done speedily, it must of course be done by many hands; but it gains nothing in value by gathering in the labors of so many mere deans and archdeacons. It is the best work of the kind in the English tongue, but it cannot for a moment be compared with the great work of Winer.

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4. — *Hours with the Evangelists.* By I. Nichols, D. D. In Two Volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1864. 8vo. pp. 388.

On the appearance of the first volume of this work, we entered into a careful examination of its merits, and expressed our respect for the wisdom and excellence of its author. The volume now before us is a worthy sequel of the first. Dr. Nichols intended to make these volumes a Life of Christ, compiled from the four Evangelists, preceded by appropriate preliminary discussions, and accompanied by such comments as might seem desirable, whether to explain the record, to harmonize seeming discrepancies, to meet objections and cavils, or to deepen the moral and spiritual impression of the Saviour's words and deeds. In the second volume this design is pursued from an early period in the public ministry of Jesus to the morning of his ascension. The style is peculiar, and, to all who knew the writer, bears the stamp of his massive intellect, his deeply meditative habit, and his thoughtful piety. It has a stately, solemn movement, yet the simplicity of one who could not speak or write in other than transparent words, and, withal, the sweetness of a singularly childlike and loving trust in the Divine verities

which constitute his theme. The work is one of profound and earnest belief; yet its author shows no disposition to drop out of sight the grounds of modern scepticism, whether as to the authenticity or the contents of the canonical Gospels. Many of the points in controversy are treated with equal candor and ability; while the whole tone of the treatise is adapted to win the reader to the writer's own elevated point of view, and to commend Christianity as the postulate no less of sound philosophy than of man's moral and emotional nature. The chapters comprised in this last volume, though the result of long study and medi tation, were committed to writing during the season of infirmity and suffering which preceded the author's fatal illness, and therefore lacked his last revising touch. But they have been edited with sedulous care by one whose theological learning and critical skill well fitted him for a task so delicate, and we welcome the completion of this not inadequate memorial of a divine, whose name is held in loving reverence by all who were wont to listen to his eloquent words, or were conversant with his still more eloquent life.

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5. — *The Fœderalist: a Collection of Essays, written in favor of the New Constitution, as agreed upon by the Fœderal Convention, September* 17, 1787. *Reprinted from the Original Text. With an Historical Introduction and Notes.* By HENRY B. DAWSON. In Two Volumes. Volume I. New York: Charles Scribner. 1863. pp. cxxxix. and 615.

THE present crisis in American affairs has revived the fame and enhanced the honors of this memorable work, both at home and abroad. Though it needs no European sanction, we may cite with a patriotic pride in its enduring renown the admiring judgments of intelligent Englishmen. Before the war, Mr. Stuart Mill, in his Essay on Representative Government, had pronounced it to be "even now the most instructive treatise we possess on Federal Government." His eulogium has been recently followed by Professor Bernard of Oxford, in his Lectures on the present American War. He says, "I know no finer model of political writing than some of these papers"; and Mr. Freeman, the author of an able and scholar-like volume on the History of Federal Government, the first instalment of an elaborate work which ought not to lose its chance of republication through an unfortunate title-page and the independent neutrality of certain passages, has made the Federalist his constant companion.

The time has clearly come for a fresh edition. Elderly and middle-

aged men have no need to be reminded of the excellences of a standard authority like this, but every new generation in a country so prolific of new lights must be kept carefully informed of the existence of the old. Our torches must not put out the constellations. It was time, too, to gather up, digest, and present the array of illustration and commentary furnished by the gains and losses, the glories and disgraces, of three quarters of a century.

This laborious task has been undertaken with a most creditable zeal and pursued with the most painful industry by Mr. Dawson. He has as yet completed only the less difficult, though perhaps the more harassing, portion of his work. "In the first volume," as he says, "of the work, preceded by a historical and bibliographical Introduction and an analytical Table of Contents, will be found the entire text of *The Fœderalist*, with such notes only as the authors themselves appended to their productions." For the second, he reserves his own notes on the text, the marginal and other annotations of eminent men, and other illustrative matter. He has taken very great pains with the bibliographical section of his Introduction, and by patient investigation has collected a mass of information respecting the various editions of the Federalist. He has even furnished his readers with literal copies of the several title-pages. Certainly he has not erred in underrating the value of minute detail. The elements of the singular dispute about the authorship of certain of the papers are stated at length, but the discussion of the conflicting claims is postponed to the other volume. This is inconvenient to the reader, as well as unjust to the editor himself; the latter being obliged to hint at his own opinion without establishing it, and the former to suspend his judgment till he can collate the two volumes. Indeed, the chief objection to which in several places this Introduction is open, is the separation of question from solution, and of assertion from evidence.

The matter of chief moment in this volume was the choice of a text. And here Mr. Dawson's principle and practice are very simple and very strict. He rejects (with the exception of patent typographical errors) whatever he does not find in the papers as originally printed; departing in this, both as to phrase and arrangement, from all the previous collective editions. But the rule is more simple in statement than easy of application. The greater part of the work was first published in New York newspapers. These numbers were again printed (with some "few and trivial" alterations in the text, and more considerable changes in the order) in March and May, 1788, in two volumes; in the second of which appeared also, *for the first time*, the last eight papers of the series. Thus the *original* text was to be sought for in

two different quarters. Mr. Dawson prints the last eight papers from the collective edition (McLean's) above named, but copies the others from the journals in which they were primarily published. He argues, in the first place, that the alterations in the collective editions were made without authority; and secondly, that, even if they had Mr. Hamilton's sanction, he had no right to give it. We cannot entirely agree with him on either point. It is hardly credible that Mr. Hamilton should have intrusted the manuscript of his closing papers to publishers who, two months before, had been guilty of an unauthorized dislocation of the earlier ones, and had unwarrantably dared to promise in their Prospectus, that the essays would be corrected by the author. There is also internal evidence of something more than sufferance on Mr. Hamilton's part. There are signs of his hand in the paragraph which was introduced when Number XXXV. was transposed to Number XXIX. It may be found at the end of Number XXXVI. of the current editions, and will appear in Mr. Dawson's second volume. Apart from the appositeness and the genuine manner of these periods, a turn of expression, twice employed, "I flatter myself," reminds the reader of the opening sentence of Number XXXII. (or XXXIV. of the common editions), and of similar personal phrases in many of Mr. Hamilton's other papers. And it may be asked, what temptation was there for an editor to foist in a forgery so useless to himself and so sure of being instantly detected? Mr. Hamilton's prospective prohibition, in 1801, of any alteration of the original text, proves little or nothing against the McLean edition of 1788, which, for aught that appears, may in his view have contained the original text. At all events, his previous (to our mind, almost certain) sanction of that edition must qualify the sense of his later injunction. Unless, then, the editor has confirmatory material in reserve, his first point will hardly be established beyond question.

Mr. Dawson's second point is, that the authors themselves had no right to vary the text or arrangement of their essays. He does not, if we properly understand him, deny the right of an author, in an average or ordinary case, to revise and perfect his work, after it has undergone the inquisition of public criticism. He would not forbid a writer to avail himself, in a second edition, of corrections suggested by readers of the first. But he does contend that the Federalist, having been written to convert public opinion, and having measurably converted it, had become a sort of public document, the property of the people, who had given a *quid pro quo* in surrendering their prejudices to its reasonings. Lest, however, we may misrepresent an argument which does not convince us, we quote a portion of his statement of it. The Federalist, he

says, "was no longer an *executory* writing; it had been *executed*, in spirit if not in fact; and as well might the five distinguished men, or any of them, who had reported the Declaration of Independence, have undertaken, *covertly*, to 'correct' that instrument weeks after its publication, or at *any time after it had passed beyond their control, by their submission of it to the House*, as the three who had submitted the *Fœderalist*, or any of them, to withdraw that paper, or any part of it, *covertly*, from before the People, for 'correction' or for any other purpose." (pp. lxii., lxiii.) The parallel thus sketched between an argument to the people and a contract strikes us as altogether too artificial. To consider it in detail would lead us too far. It is sufficient to remark here, that, whether we do or do not grant the pertinency of this technical distinction, the indisputable fact that the differences between the two appeals to the public were too slight to affect any man's convictions, nullifies the conclusion drawn from that distinction. As to the parallel with the Declaration of Independence, — the framers of that instrument were merely the agents or trustees of the Congress which commissioned them. Their duty ended, once for all, when they submitted their report; and the title to that document vested in the body to which it was addressed. The honors of authorship might remain; but the last pretension to control was gone. The writers of the Federalist had accepted no such trust and made no such surrender.

Mr. Dawson's further argument that, in a joint offer of terms to other parties, neither of the associates had a right to alter his share in the offer, without the consent of the other two, urged, as it is, even to points of order and style, seems to us not more convincing than that which we have just considered. It is altogether unlikely that either of the three imagined that he must ask the imprimatur of the others for every trivial correction or immaterial transposition he might wish to make. Reasonable men enter into reasonable partnerships. This partnership probably never ran into such remote channels.

In such questions it is hopeless to draw a necessary and infallible line. Circumstances must alter cases. For literary, antiquarian, and historical uses, we admit that it is often extremely desirable not to lose even a single letter of the primitive text of a standard book; and we are indebted to Mr. Dawson for the anxious care with which he has disinterred the original Federalist. We might, indeed, have preferred to retain the McLean text and order, with the addition of all other readings at the bottom of the page; though it would not have disturbed us to see Mr. Madison's later corrections in the body of the text. But the editor had a right to his own method; and we should have little to except to, had he only adopted the rule usually followed by editors of

the ancient classics; which is, to sift the textual variations in foot-notes brought as near to the admitted readings as possible. The rejection of the McLean arrangement of the papers, after that order has been followed in all the "modern" editions, will subject those who have occasion to verify a past citation to some, as we think, unnecessary inconvenience. The editor can yet, however, reduce this inconvenience, by inserting at the head of each paper, together with his own numeration, that of the McLean edition. The comparative table, appended to the Introduction, though very serviceable in this regard, is not all that the reader wants.

The two most important editions, since that of the McLeans, are that of Hopkins in 1802, and that of Gideon in 1818. We presume, though we are not aware that Mr. Dawson decides the point, and we have not within reach the book itself, that the former of these has furnished the received text for the essays of Hamilton and Jay. The latter is unquestionably the authority followed by all subsequent editions as to Madison's papers, which are stated by Gideon to have been corrected by the author himself. Mr. Dawson utterly rejects the variations in the Hopkins edition, for want of sufficient proof of their having been authorized by Mr. Hamilton; but he promises a notice in his second volume of the more considerable of them. He also rejects Mr. Madison's emendations in the Gideon edition, on the ground that the text was beyond his control. We suppose that, in this case also, the divergences will be pointed out in the forthcoming notes. Whether Mr. Madison had a right to improve his own handiwork or not, his emendations may have a critical and exegetical value. We have not very minutely compared his earlier with his later text; but unless he took greater liberties with his essays than would seem to be likely, we should be slow to apply the harsh word "mutilation" to the changes he made. Even if minute alterations be deemed presumptuous, there is no worse mutilation in them than in a false tooth or a wig. Nor should it be forgotten that a work, which has answered its special historical purpose and passed into the domain of philosophy and science, is in a new sense the property of the public, who will have little reason to complain if their benefactor chooses to increase the value of his gift. We admit that his right is a limited one; but the case must not be argued as if improvements in form and phraseology were radical perversions of the substantial sense, or as if there were no extant record of the precise original.

Mr. Dawson has adopted a peculiar spelling for the title of his book. If the original orthography in the newspapers was *Fœderalist*, it was rejected in the McLean edition, from which, in everything but the spell-

ing, Mr. Dawson appears to have borrowed the leading part of his own title-page. In the text of the book generally he adopts the current orthography of our day. Even in the title-page he has changed "favour" to "favor." If *Fœderalist* is Mr. Dawson's own choice, why does he banish the diphthong from "confederacy" and "confederate," which are found on the fiftieth and fifty-first pages?

In these observations, while we are compelled to dissent from some of Mr. Dawson's conclusions, we would not be understood to call in question the conscientious devotion with which he has discharged his editorial duty. When the completion of the concluding volume shall have put us in possession of the valuable materials of which we have the pledge, it will be possible to do ampler justice to his labors.

We must not dismiss this volume without a remark or two on the *historical* portion of the Introduction. In regard to this, considerate readers will not forget that Mr. Dawson's last word is yet to be spoken in the coming volume. He has exposed himself to some criticism by hazarding, in advance of his evidence, observations which, for his own comfort at least, would have been more wisely backed on the spot by plenary proof. The remarks on Mr. Jay, for instance, have, we regret to learn, brought on an unpleasant controversy. Into the merits of the dispute we do not enter, but we wonder that Mr. Dawson, after a free acknowledgment of the candor of Mr. Jay's disposition, should intimate that he could join the defenders of the Constitution, and use with them a common signature, "without obliging himself, necessarily, to assent, even by implication, to any portion of the proposed Constitution." In the second number of the Federalist Mr. Jay did expressly urge the people of the State of New York "to respect the judgment and advice of the Convention." It certainly seems necessary to surrender either his candor or his indifference. The simplest explanation would be, that he candidly committed himself to the cause of the Constitution. If Mr. Dawson had satisfactory evidence to the contrary, it was indiscreet to divorce his text from its supports. We have noted other passages to which a similar observation will apply. One may suffice. While we cannot but respect Mr. Dawson for the patriotism which leads him to assert (pp. x. and xi.) for his own State so prominent a place among the thirteen, the high precedence he claims for her in resistance to English exactions and in fidelity to the Federal Compact (i. e. the Articles of Confederation) was not unworthy of an immediate and close citation, point for point, of every authority for so honorable a distinction. For many readers, proof a volume off will in most cases be next to none. Exception has been taken, as we have perceived, to the intimation (p. xxiii.) that "the then imperfectly acquired knowledge

of the ancient republics rendered their [the writers'] illustrations to some extent imperfect"; but Mr. Dawson will doubtless be able to maintain his ground. More than one passage in the above-named work of Mr. Freeman strongly supports him. Why, then, divide the suggestion from its proof? To no portion of the Introduction is this question more pertinent, than to that which immediately precedes our last quotation.

The Synoptical Table prefixed to the body of the work seems to be carefully drawn up, and cannot fail to be of service in the analytical study of the essays which follow.

In closing this notice we are glad to turn again from partial differences of opinion to acknowledge the editor's unwearied labors in behalf of a work which deserves and will reward all his zeal.

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6. — *Life of Edward Livingston.* By CHARLES HAVENS HUNT. With an Introduction by GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864. 8vo. pp. xxiv., 448.

THIS work is a valuable addition to our historical literature, and Mr. Hunt deserves much credit for preparing so careful a biography of a man whose fame is an honor to America, but whose reputation has never been equal to his deserts, and has been surpassed by that of many of his contemporaries who were vastly his inferiors, not only in virtue and talents, but also in their labors for the public good. This is not strange, or to be complained of; for there is little to attract popular admiration in the nature of Livingston's claim to remembrance. His fame will probably always be confined to a comparatively small circle, but in that circle it will be pure and permanent. Although he rendered valuable service to the country as a public man on many occasions, and displayed as Secretary of State and as Minister to France during Jackson's administration ability of a very high order, his career as a statesman need not detain long the student of our history. He belonged to the generation which followed the Revolution, and had no hand in the original shaping of our institutions. The period over which his life extended was one marked by little greatness either in men or in events. To the student of our national development it is indeed a period full of interest and importance, as that in which the real tendencies of our principles of government and of our social conditions were manifesting themselves, and in which our political and social organization was gradually taking on its definite form. But the processes of national development were but imperfectly represented in public

affairs; they were obscure, wide spread, and require to be traced by the philosophical historian. They are not recorded in the annals of the times. The fifty years after the Revolution are for the most part a dry period to one who reads history only in events.

Had Edward Livingston been nothing more than a distinguished politician, a member of Congress, a member of the Cabinet, during this time, it would not have been worth while to write his life at any great length. His great work, and one which places his name very high among the benefactors of his country and of mankind, was in the field of jurisprudence, not of politics.

At the close of a masterly Introduction to the volume before us, Mr. Bancroft justly says: —

"His fame was due to the fact that Edward Livingston, more than any other man, was the representative of the system of penal and legal reform which flows by necessity from the nature of our institutions. The code which he prepared at the instance of the State of Louisiana is in its simplicity, completeness, and humanity at once an impersonation of the man, and an exposition of the American constitutions. If it has never yet been adopted as a whole, it has proved an unfailing fountain of reforms, suggested by its principles. In this work more than in any other may be seen the character and life-long faith of the author. The great doctrines which it develops will, as time advances, be more and more nearly reduced to practice, for they are but the expression of true philanthropy, and, as even the heathen said, 'Man loves his fellow-man whether he will or no.'"

Mr. Hunt has in the main executed his task with judgment and discretion, but it is a serious fault in his work that it does not afford a sufficient and satisfactory analysis of Livingston's code, and fails to give to the reader the means of judging for himself of its merits. Two articles in our own journal have been devoted to its consideration, and that which appeared in the number for October, 1836 (No. XCIII.), written by a distinguished and competent critic, affords a far better view of the scope and nature of Livingston's work, of its originality and importance, than is to be found in Mr. Hunt's pages. This defect gives to Mr. Hunt's book a want of proportion which greatly diminishes its value, — the minor events and incidents of Livingston's life occupying far too large a space in comparison to that allotted to the work on which his fame will rest, and which most plainly exhibits the principles and character of the man.

Mr. Hunt's style is sedate and serious, and usually suited to the matter of which he is treating; he occasionally, however, enters upon a train of reflection remote from his topic, and lays himself open to severe animadversion both in respect to style and thought. A passage

of striking inelegance of expression and feebleness of thought occurs at the close of the first chapter. The care and conscientiousness with which he has executed his work is manifest throughout the volume, but he does not show that sympathetic power of imagination which enables the biographer to reproduce vividly and in living presence the man of whom he writes. He also occasionally fails to seize the force of the facts which he narrates, and now and then he has slurred over circumstances in Livingston's life which deserved full treatment, as, for instance, the long distrust and dislike with which he was regarded by the Creoles of Louisiana, and the intimate relations which, for a time at least, he held with the Lafittes, — "the pirates of the Gulf," — and which ought to have been accounted for in so elaborate a biography.

One minor matter of some interest, which Mr. Hunt decides, as we think, too summarily, is the authorship of the memorable Proclamation concerning nullification, of the 10th of December, 1832. He appears to assume that the credit of it is due, with very trifling exception, to Livingston. But from a comparison of Mr. Parton's statements (Life of Jackson, Vol. III. p. 466) with his own, the truth would seem to be in accordance with the probability, that the form and verbal expression of the Proclamation are mainly due to Livingston, while the argument and thought embodied in it were original with Jackson, and derived by the Secretary from his manuscript notes, and from conversation with him. The discussion of the part of the composition to be ascribed to the one or the other is similar to that concerning the authorship of Washington's Farewell Address. The popular judgment will continue to give credit for the Address to Washington; for the Proclamation, to Jackson.*

Mr. Hunt's volume is beautifully got up, and with few exceptions very correctly printed. It is an honorable monument to his own industry and candor, as well as to the name of Edward Livingston; and whatever be its defects, it will be of service to the student of our history, and a lasting addition to the records of our great men.

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* Mr. Greeley, in his "American Conflict," Vol. I. p. 95, says: "It is abundantly established that the original draft was the President's own. . . . . The language may in part be Livingston's; the position and the principles are wholly Jackson's." We have no question that the principles of the President and of the Secretary did not essentially differ.

The specimen pages of the work by Mr. Greeley from which we quote the sentence above, lead us to think that the work itself will be an interesting and valuable contribution to the history of the great Rebellion. It seems to be written in a fair spirit, and with great regard for accuracy of statement.

7. — *Toussaint L'Ouverture: a Biography and Autobiography.* Boston: James Redpath. 1863. 12mo. pp. x., 366.

THE biography mentioned in this title was prepared by the Rev. John R. Beard, and first published in London. It is in many respects the best book upon Toussaint which has as yet appeared. Mr. Redpath, the editor and publisher of the American edition, has made some judicious alterations, such as suppressing Mr. Beard's speculations concerning Toussaint's Scriptural studies, omitting a whole book which was devoted to the subsequent history of Hayti from Toussaint to Soulouque, and erasing or modifying the statements respecting modern Hayti. The first was judicious, because nothing is really known about Toussaint's Scriptural or philosophical opinions. The numerous contemporary sketches of his life furnished opinions which the writers were certain that he ought to have entertained; they sprang up liberally out of the vague French reports concerning him. In this line of fabrication the Germans surpassed all others; for they not only gave a connected view of his whole career as a slave, but even a mythological childhood in Africa, well equipped with signs and wonders that prophesied his greatness.

Mr. Redpath's second change was well made, partly because Mr. Beard's chapter upon the subsequent history of Hayti is meagre, and partly because it slurs the merits and genius of the great mulatto governors of that island. This is indeed the fault with all the books that have been written about Hayti. We find the books of mulatto writers less partisan, more deliberately fair towards Toussaint and the negro race than those of French and English authors are towards Rigaud, for instance, who was opposed to slavery, and quite as devoted as Toussaint to the independence of Hayti. Why do English and American writers and speakers make so little of the decided mulatto characteristics which the revolutions in Hayti have brought upon the scene? If it be to render Toussaint more illustrious, that end will be accomplished only when the fire and organizing skill of his mulatto antagonists fairly appear. And if there be a use in showing how colored races can practise self-government, and earn their living, the picture is but half finished until Rigaud appears as a reorganizer of agriculture, Boyer and Petion as humane and sensible heads of a state, and the race to which they belong as capable, skilful, energetic, and full of the passion of liberty.

The first men in Hayti who demanded liberty as a human right, and equality with the white colonists as a political necessity, were mulattoes. They were always more sincerely devoted to the French Republic than

the blacks, who commenced their career of emancipation under the flag of Spain, and were blindly transferred by Toussaint to the service of France, after a restoration of the monarchy was seen to be impossible. They have filled the trades and professions, and are handy with the sword or the pen. Beaubrun Ardouin, who has written in eleven volumes the most important history of Hayti that we have, is a mulatto; so is Saint-Amand, whose first volume of the Haytian Revolutions is a clear and useful book. Luistant Pradine, once Haytian Minister at London, Thomas Madion, author of a good history in three volumes, Joseph B. Inginac, secretary-general under Boyer and author of Memoirs, Emile Nau, who wrote a history, with an appendix upon the geography, the aboriginal language, and the flora of Hayti, Vastey, a lively pamphleteer, Boisrond Tonnerre, writer of Memoirs, Saint-Remy, were all mulattoes of various shades of color, but agreeing in love of freedom and an ambition to work out the difficult problem of the island. We find that many sensible men who have lived in Hayti are of opinion that an increase of the mulatto stock, by legitimate and permanent sanctions, would vastly improve it, inasmuch as the public interests fare well at the hands of these men of mixed blood, who are not, as we commonly suppose, faded copies of both black and white, but specimens of an original ability as yet but imperfectly displayed. On this point antislavery men appear to be far more squeamish than Providence itself.

Mr. Redpath has also done well to drop the statements in this volume respecting modern Hayti, as his own excellent guide-book is more full and reliable. Thus the editing has been well done. On page 75, Mr. Beard, in translating some lines of Lamartine, has made a mistake which the editor overlooks. "*Pauvre mangeur d'igname*" means "miserable yam-eater," *igname* being an Indian word corrupted into yam.

But it was not possible for Mr. Redpath to supply the radical defect of this biography, which is the same that we find in all the books that have been written about the great negro chief. The unfairness to the mulatto is but one of the results of a defective method of treatment. Nothing that Toussaint did can be properly understood until it is shown that everything he did was transitional. He was as much the victim as the victor of a situation. All his faults and virtues were called out by events of extraordinary complexity, which would be a permanent stimulus to the faculty of the historian if it had been furnished with a wider scene. As it is, a careful analysis would not be wasted upon them. The writer of Toussaint's life should fix in groups the distinct elements by which he was surrounded, should firmly grasp the motive

of each group, and should then guide Toussaint through them all with his own motive, which was developed slowly, was frequently disturbed, and was never supreme ruler of events.

There is, first, a group of colonists of the middle class, excited by the revolution of the mother country to hope for an improvement of their social and political condition. Next is a group of rich proprietors, devoted to the monarchy, but anxious for a colonial system to enhance their local superiority. A dusky mulatto crowd stands next, each negro drop charged with French vivacity, as it claims recognition from the race that called it into being. These three groups of men held in slavery a fourth, that revolved as yet nothing but the daily care to escape punishment and to increase its rations. The first group and the third were sometimes in sympathy; the second sympathized with the other two only at critical moments that involved personal safety; the mulatto and the black came slowly into union. We do not think that Mr. Beard can prove the statement which he makes on page 48, that the mulattoes instigated the first revolt of the slaves from disappointment at their own failure.

As if four selfish interests were not enough to create a complicated situation, each rapid change in the politics of France was represented by agents and commissioners sent to the island, sometimes to unite irreconcilable passions, sometimes to play them off against each other; and these colonial intrigues were still further confused by the presence of the representatives of the Spanish monarchy in the eastern part of the island, and the temporary occupation of the western coast by the English. The former intrigued for the Bourbons, the latter were distracted between their desire to preserve Jamaica from revolt and to injure France as much as possible. Spain wished to see the old colonial system maintained; England wished to damage the colony as far as it could without diminishing its own sugar-crop, with this object endeavoring at one time to destroy Toussaint, and at another to tempt him to throw off his allegiance to France. When the complexity was at its highest, the mulattoes revolted in the name of the French Republic, and Rigaud set up his standard in the South. And when at last a regular policy seemed for the first time possible to Toussaint, in consequence of the cession of the Spanish part of the island to France, the subjugation of the mulattoes, the departure of the English, and the prostration of the old colonial interest, the Peace of Amiens stimulated Napoleon to rivet the colony more firmly to France, in order that the ancient proprietors might gradually bring in slavery again.

At this point a vacillation appears in the policy of Toussaint, which one writer attributes to ambition, another to secret understanding

with the English, another to the undue influence of whites, another to jealousy of Napoleon, and pique because the First Consul had never replied to his letters. In fact, Toussaint wavered because the single motive of his life, which had matured slowly amid the incessant intrigue of the scene, became for the first time really divided against himself: he longed to secure the independence of the black race, but he now saw that the colony would need a system of its own. But the colony belonged to France, and he held power in her name. Still he had labored and bled for emancipation, and the new system of the island depended upon the continuance of his life and authority. Did France mean to restore slavery? Then he would resist. Was the intention merely to supplant him? At one moment he would acquiesce, to preserve peace and prosperity; at another moment he would resist, feeling that prosperity and his own person had become identified. Indignation and hopelessness transferred all the conflicts of the island to his own breast. The result was, that he did not sufficiently prepare to make a vigorous resistance, and he did make all the resistance which his irresolution had left possible. It was heroic, and led, through his own downfall, to the emancipation of his race.

The whole situation was transitional, like all the preceding ones which illustrate his life. Each one might be analyzed into the forces which, arriving at a given moment at the point where he stood, gave him an inevitable direction. He had great qualities, and they appear conspicuously as he groped with his emancipating humor through the turmoil. But neither circumstances nor agencies were so plainly on his side that he could indulge a simple policy. He appeared to coquette with the Spaniards, the English, the French commissioners, the mulattoes. He accepted presents from the English, and secretly revolved the idea of letting himself be proclaimed King of Hayti; but his attachment to France restrained him. He kept the presents, because the English must continue to expect that he would declare for them; but the ambition that is mixed up with cunning in all these actions was dominated by the ever-growing thought that his race must be made free and prosperous. That is the explanation of the act by which he summoned white and mulatto deputies to frame a constitution for the island, and to make him Governor-General for life; and he had the Constitution proclaimed and himself hailed as governor before he sent the document to be ratified by Napoleon. It was plain to him that he must continue to rule, but not so plain how Napoleon could rule also. And it was plain to him that he alone could organize a colonial system; how, then, to manage so as to leave Napoleon out? A perfectly justifiable policy, springing from a true political idea, but badly furnished with expedients.

His Constitution also was transitional. The black laborers were attached again to the soil, and rudely held to it by means of a severe and unrelaxing system. They were fresh from war and rapine; the problem was to lead them patiently to till the fields they had just joyously devastated, and to rebuild the negro quarters through which the midnight torch had exultingly run. The black generals became large landed proprietors, and Toussaint acquiesced in the application of marshal's batons to the backs of his old soldiers. The seventeenth article of his Constitution was a bribe to English and American adventurers to help restock the half-populated island by fresh ventures from the coast of Africa; but Toussaint said to himself, A black rules, — here they will be free. He stooped to necessity, at the same time that he hoped to lift to freedom.

His cunning was exceptional; but it was fortunate that the quality which the exigencies demanded stood ready born in him; they deepened but did not originate it. Nothing but African dissimulation could have piloted a race so far through furious and subtle passions on its way to freedom. His tendencies were all towards sincerity, away from the lurking attitudes of slavery up to the honest posture of a man; but his methods misinterpreted while they preserved his motives. He had well learned, in that imbroglio of races which tossed him to the surface, the lesson which another, who was also a slave, had learned in the Rome of the Cæsars. *Qui bene dissimulat*, says Publius Syrus, *citius inimico nocet.* Toussaint must hurt all the enemies which environed his race; he held the black hand in one of his own, and with the other he plotted, cajoled, and smote, still leading the imbruted mass upward towards history's day.

His cruelty also was exceptional. It belonged not to his native disposition, which in a less complicated period would have rejected it with shuddering. The report of it was unfortunately exaggerated by the actions of his officers, and many murders were perpetrated without his suggestion. Sometimes he was indignant. But there is no doubt that he alternated his displays of humanity towards mulattoes who fell into his power with terrible punishments, which he considered at the moment to be essential to the maintenance of his authority. In other words, the situation was determined that he should not be consistently humane. After the power of Rigaud was broken, military executions should have ceased; but it is alleged that many persons taken with arms were needlessly put to death.

An eyewitness of many events of this terrible epoch, not a mulatto, relates the following. Eight men of color were condemned to be blown from cannon, before the church of Gonaives. The first one was an

officer. "Off with your epaulettes," cried Toussaint to him. "Off!" said the mulatto, "off! I have fought to gain them, I will fight and die to defend them. Approach if you dare!" Toussaint, admiring him, still commands him to place himself before one of the cannon. As he refused to be tied, Toussaint exclaims. "Say your prayers." "Yes," answered the officer, "I pray God to pardon me; but thou — thou — thou, Toussaint! Pray Heaven to pardon thee all the blood which thou hast unjustly spilt." "Fire!" cried Toussaint, and the body of the brave enemy disappeared in a fine shower of shreds and drops.

The second mulatto took sanctuary in the church, but he was dragged from the altar and pierced with bayonets upon the pavement. The *curé*, interrupted in his office, reproached Toussaint, who replied with an unfeeling sneer to the effect that the *curé* had too much consideration for the enemies of the island. The barbarian was strong within him.

But history, which records the success of Toussaint, will never be able to affirm that the success of Rigaud would have imperilled the independence of Hayti.

The second portion of Mr. Redpath's volume consists of the Autobiography of Toussaint. The alleged external proof of its genuineness consists, first, in its mention by the Abbé Grégoire in his book upon the Literature of Negroes. We are unable to find the notice in our copy, which is the first edition (1808) of that work; but the Abbé may have inserted it in a subsequent one. Second, the possession of a manuscript copy by General Desfourneaux, a French officer, who served at first with distinction under Toussaint, but afterwards against him. But no explanation is given of the way in which the General got his copy. Such an explanation is necessary, because the original manuscript, which purports to have been written while Toussaint was confined in the Castle of Joux, must have been instantly taken possession of by the government at his death; or if Toussaint transmitted it before his death to Napoleon, it must have been placed with the secret documents of the government, in consequence of its criticism upon the course of General Leclerc. And in fact its existence is represented to have been unknown for several years. Third, the discovery of the original manuscript in the General Archives of France by M. Saint-Remy, a mulatto, who has written a life of Toussaint. We do not doubt that Saint-Remy found in the Archives the manuscript which he incorporates into his work, but we are not clear how it got there. Our suspicion is increased by the statement of Saint-Remy that the manuscript is at first hand, without an erasure or an insertion. That looks as if it had been a

copy of a manuscript, or a reduction deliberately made from notes; for whenever Toussaint wrote, which was seldom, as he preferred to dictate and verbally to correct the compositions of his secretaries, he did erase and insert. He had an acute and prompt intelligence; listeners have recorded how aptly he criticised the despatches which were brought to him to sign, by suggesting new phrases and more compact sentences. But his fame does not require that we should suppose him above the resort to corrections of his pen.

If the third proof would be established, it must be by a comparison of the manuscript with other handwriting that is known to be his. We state the doubt, but refrain from the pretence to judge of a matter that is beyond our reach.

The internal proof evidence of genuineness, upon a reading of the translation which Mr. Redpath furnishes, stands in some respects upon a better footing; in other respects, no better. It is better, because an intimate knowledge of events is shown, and of the personal movements of Toussaint from place to place upon the arrival of the French expedition under General Leclerc. Again, it is no better, because it gives a letter and an extract from a letter, verbatim, which he had received at Ennery before his arrest. Now he was arrested suddenly, his person searched, his papers seized. He had a great memory, and always recollected names and faces; but these letters could not have been important in his estimation until after the arrest which they were written to effect. Then their purport must have been the occasion of bitter reflection. We cannot think that Toussaint would have charged his memory with the words and phrases: in saying so, we may underrate its fidelity and minuteness, and render testimony in favor of the assumption that the manuscript was drawn up by him.

But, secondly, the evidence is no better in respect that the manuscript is not always frank in expressing the motives which influenced some of his acts; for instance, his refusal to receive General Leclerc, which led to resistance. "I shall tell the truth," he says, "though it be against myself." But in several places the manuscript does not tell the truth: and, on the whole, such a case is presented as would be drawn up by an adherent. We do not find it natural that Toussaint should suppress and color the facts: this ordinary test of the genuineness of a prisoner's appeal fails when Toussaint is the prisoner, partly because too many people knew the real facts, and he was shrewd enough to perceive that publicity would be given to them and to his motives upon trial; partly because any man will be sincere when dissimulation will avail him nothing; partly because, in the main, Toussaint's nature was sincere, for cunning was the expedient of safety for himself and for his race.

But there are certainly some seemingly genuine strokes in this manuscript. They occur where he vindicates his system of labor and the Constitution which he presented to the island. There is no special pleading here for the system, though there is suppression of the fact that he proclaimed the Constitution before submitting it to the government.

Mr. Redpath has further enriched his volume by an Appendix of notes and testimonies, among which is the excellent paper written by Mr. John Bigelow, formerly of the New York Evening Post, describing his visit to the Chateau de Joux, and Whittier's poem upon Toussaint. Will not Mr. Redpath undertake the Life of Toussaint l'Ouverture? In the mean time, his reprint of Dr. Beard's Life is welcomed by us, because it contains a compact narrative of the events which brought the great character of Toussaint before the world.

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8. — *Miscellaneous Writings: Addresses, Lectures, and Reviews.* By Joseph G. Hoyt, LL. D. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1863. 12mo. pp. 302.

The liberal and unmeaning use of superlatives is, we are well aware, among the besetting sins of American reviewers, who might seem the mere actuaries of a Mutual-Admiration Society comprehending all our authors and literary men. But none who knew Dr. Hoyt in what was the great work and joy of his life will withhold from his memory high terms of eulogy. As an educator many of his grateful pupils are ready to say that he had no equal; while those who closely watched his labors without partaking of their fruit would have found it difficult to designate his superior. After having been for nearly twenty years Professor of Mathematics in the Phillips Exeter Academy, he was elected Chancellor of Washington University in the city of St. Louis, in accordance with the reluctant, but unqualified, recommendation of the Trustees of the Academy, who would have resorted to almost any expedient except falsehood to prevent his removal. In his new sphere of duty, he organized the collegiate department of the University, and survived by a few months the graduation of the class which he had admitted as Freshmen. Brief as was his term of service, interrupted too by attacks of severe illness previous to the lingering disease which terminated his life, he accomplished what might have seemed the work of many years, in the establishment of a carefully considered, well-proportioned, and thorough course of collegiate study, in an organization of preparatory and affiliated schools which can need no essential change when the conception of a great Western University shall be realized,

and in the awakening of an earnest interest and a most generous munificence in behalf of the infant institution over which he was called to preside.

What more than anything else characterized him was intense vitality, — a life that vivified all persons within reach of his influence, and all subjects and objects that came under his cognizance or action. His scholarship was extensive and accurate; and all that he had acquired was held ready for use. His was one of those minds which have their entire wealth and strength at command for the occasion of the passing hour, and never reserve for contingencies in the future what may serve a valuable purpose in the present. Such men are not apt to write for posterity, or for fame. There is a certain parsimony, a miserly habit as regards daily calls on the tongue or pen, which is almost essential to the production of works which are to secure extended and posthumous reputation; while many men who best deserve to be remembered for their living words leave but inadequate written records of their genius or ability.

This is true of Chancellor Hoyt, so far as his own intention was concerned. We doubt whether he ever wrote a word with any self-reference, or with a view to publication in a permanent form. But his mind was too full, his heart too large, his sympathies too genial, for him to write meagrely or coldly, if he wrote at all. Indeed, if there was aught to reprehend in his productions, it was the prodigal expenditure of his wealth of thought and feeling, as when, in a School Report read at an annual town-meeting at Exeter, (of which we have extracts in the volume before us,) he poured out a succession of classical illustrations and similes which would have done honor to some high academic festival. His style is always rich in materials drawn from ancient literature, materials not simply quoted or referred to, but wrought over, assimilated, made appropriate to the subject in hand, and rendered fresh and new by the infusion into them of the author's own thought. At the same time, there is in all his papers the air of a man of the present and the future, and of one to whom the past is not what was, but simply what began to be in early time, and still is. His writings are characterized, also, by earnestness and point, by close pertinency to the theme or occasion, by clear-sighted practical wisdom, and hardly less by the play of a humor at once searching and kindly, flashing now and then into keen and brilliant wit.

The writings in this volume consist in part of Lectures, Addresses, and Speeches; in part of Reviews, all but one of which appeared in our pages, and were duly and highly appreciated by our readers. The longest and most important of these papers is the author's Inaugural

Address as Chancellor of the Washington University. His aim in this is to show the necessity that both classical and mathematical culture should precede and underlie every system of liberal education and all worthy intellectual development. Together with a systematic and vigorous handling of this vast double subject, he treats at some length of the local interests involved in the occasion, of the plans instituted in connection with the University, and of the educational hopes and prospects of which it was the embodiment and pledge. It is a performance of remarkable ability and of permanent value. The other articles in the volume are, for the most part, equal to this in literary merit, though no one of them has a scope so large or aims so comprehensive. The whole collection has been given to the public, not as a mere memorial of friendship, (though no man had warmer friends,) but because it was believed that it would promote the cause of sound learning, to which the author consecrated his life. We trust that it will be extensively circulated and read. Those who knew the writer will recognize here the very man they knew; those who shall first make their acquaintance with him through these pages will learn to esteem him as a clear thinker, a ripe scholar, a strong worker, and a good man.

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9. — *Daleth, or the Homestead of the Nations. Egypt Illustrated.* By Edward L. Clark. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. 8vo. pp. x., 289.

This is a very handsome volume, in everything relating to mechanical execution. In a brief Preface the author states that "these pages are a humble tribute to the desire . . . . . to be acquainted with the people who built and adorned the monuments" of Egypt; and adds, that "*Its* most ambitious hope" (the most ambitious hope of a desire!) "has not ventured beyond the finding and grouping of scattered hints that may illustrate the works of others." He almost disarms criticism by acknowledging "many misgivings about the interest or value of the volume," but he seems notwithstanding to have an extraordinary sense of the importance of his work, since he declares that it "goes forth to proclaim, after centuries of darkness, — There is hope that Egypt will be restored to the waiting world." The ground of this remarkable hope is not apparent.

Mr. Clark is evidently a man of some literary sensibilities. He has read Shelley, Byron, and Tennyson; he has construed Virgil, he has perhaps read some books of Homer; he has travelled in Egypt with Sir Gardner Wilkinson's guide-book in his hand, and Nile Notes and

Eothen in his pocket. He takes the mottoes of his chapters from Keble, George Herbert, Milton, Keats, and other poets. He takes most of the illustrations with which his book is adorned from Wilkinson; his glowing rhetoric and his mistakes are his own.

We need not go beyond his first chapter to gauge his merits. It is full of the appearance of learning. On page third, for example, we find assertions concerning Thales, Eratosthenes, Anacreon, Aristotle, Plutarch, Democritus, and Hermes. He declares that Anacreon flourished in the age of Thales, as though one should say Tom Moore flourished in the age of Sir Isaac Newton, and he assumes that Anacreon wrote the Odes that go under his name. He speaks of Democritus confirming the statements of Plutarch, as though one should say Roger Bacon confirms the statements of Buckle; and he declares that the books of Hermes, which are well known to have been the production of the New Platonists, not earlier certainly than the third century after Christ, to have been "preserved from a very great age of Egypt." On page 4 we are told of "Apollonius Rhodius many centuries before Christ." Two centuries ought not to be called many. On page 5 he speaks of "Pliny, the Roman writer," as if there had been but one Pliny, or as if one only had been a Roman. On page 6 we have the statement, hardly likely to be supported even by Bishop Colenso, that "it is not a little surprising" — nay, we confess that the fact would be exceedingly surprising — "that Moses should know sufficiently the property of acids to be able to reduce to dust the golden calf." On page 19 we are told that "the epithalamia, or wedding march, was heard in the streets of the city," and on the same page that the "bal masque" always ended in a free use of wine. But the author's knowledge of numbers and accents is not more defective than of genders and orthography; he speaks, for example, of Clemens Alexandrina, and of "the true Agathædemon," or, as he has it on another page, "the Agathadæmon."

Even where it would seem difficult to fall into error, our author meets with misfortune. On page 35 he speaks of the temple of Pan at Alexandria, meaning the Panium, which was no more a temple of Pan than of Jupiter. On the same page he tells of "Lake Mœris glistening on the south," where it is plain that he means Lake Mareotis, and on the next page of "Nileopolis" glittering on the north, where he means Nicopolis.

For much of this book a motto might be chosen from one of its own pages. "There is no place for facts and reason; let us follow the imagination." Mr. Clark occasionally writes well of what he has himself seen, but his general style is careless, high-flying, and tedious. We are sorry to have no more good to say of the book; but we live in days

like those of which Martinus Scriblerus justly complains, "when paper has become so cheap, and printers so numerous, a deluge of authors covers the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject is daily molested, but unmerciful demands are made of his applause, yea, of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other."

10.—*Life of Archbishop Laud.* By JOHN N. NORTON, Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Ky., Author of "Full Proof of the Ministry," "Short Sermons," "Life of Bishop Chase," &c. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co., Church Publishers. 1864.

THE commendable feature of this work is that few of the main facts in the life of the Archbishop are omitted or misstated. In the complexion given them, Mr. Norton differs from the most approved historians, and in his attempt at the same time to censure the acts and praise the actor, to prove the Primate at once influential and irresponsible, he falls into numerous inconsistencies.

It does not consist with our present limits to discuss the character of Laud. History shows that he heartily agreed in plan and purpose with Charles and Strafford. This Mr. Norton is eager to demonstrate. History shows also that the design of this triumvirate was the overthrow of English liberty, and the establishment of an absolute monarchy. This design Mr. Norton either doubts or approves, since he admires its authors. Though it would be unfair to charge upon the author any distinct expression of opinion, his sympathies are evidently on the side of arbitrary power. The misfortune of his birth has brought him into the world some centuries too late. His epithets often savor of justice and freedom, yet he speaks of Laud and Strafford as "noble spirits," a "noble-hearted pair," and he relates the attempt of Charles to seize the five members with no word of comment other than this: "How sorely he must have missed Strafford! The *great Earl* would have *dragged* them from any hiding-place, but Charles alone was no match for a Puritan Parliament."

With the sentiments thus indicated are united an intolerant zeal for the Church of England, and a rancorous hatred of everything "Puritan," so that one who sympathizes at the present day with the principles of the Puritans can hardly read the book without a little retrospective tingling of the ears.

We are spared, however, one source of pain, often existing in works of this character, that of finding a bad cause supported with great ability. If the author's principles are narrow, his argument in their

support is not powerful, and his research is not extensive. He deems the Edinburgh riot "*the greatest exhibition of profanity and wickedness perpetrated, under the name of religion, by any so-called religious party.*" "English people," he tells us, "so little understood toleration, *that they drove James II. from his throne for his endeavors to bring it about.*"

The number of peers who were present when the ordinance of execution was passed is stated at *six*, differing not only from the best, but we believe from all authorities.

The style is worthy of the subject. Emphasis is left chiefly with the printer, who is forced to supply by italics and capitals the complete want of inherent vigor. Scripture phrases are frequently introduced in a way which diminishes the force of their grand words, without communicating energy to a vapid train of remark. Cheap, unauthorized, inelegant colloquialisms abound. "Somehow or other," "stormed a good deal," "went wrong," "mixed up," "sad pity," "managed to get along," "raking up," and similar phrases, deface the most serious parts of the narrative.

Often one is puzzled to know whether the diction or the sentiment is more ridiculous. Laud was born in a kingdom "where princes and nobles *of high degree* overshadow *those* of humble birth." "The birth of the clothier's son was little heeded by the busy world!" "The child was so extremely weak and sickly, that few thought he could long survive..... While it is *by no means certain* that a person will attain eminence in after life, *merely because he is small in infancy*, it has happened curiously enough," &c., — and the case of Laud is sustained by the diminutive size and "perishable shape" of the infant Newton. After the marriage of the Earl of Devonshire, Laud's "own wretchedness from the upbraidings of conscience was very great, and his enemies made use of it to prevent him from rising," &c. We soon find, however, that "his rise was *gradual, though slow, gaining* a stall," &c. He is permitted to recover from a fit, being "spared for *sorer* trials, *yet to come*"! At the coronation of Charles I., after various preliminaries, "Then he swore to confirm to the people of England the laws and customs *granted* by his predecessors; and *they* [evidently the "predecessors," though one is at a loss to see how they could have accomplished the act] placed the crown of St. Edward on his head, and the people shouted," &c. When, after such instances, we read that a "great conflict had *began*," or that "it was to his kind offices that the acute and active powers of this remarkable man were turned into the proper channel," we scarcely know whether to suspect author or printer. But when we learn that Williams survived his controversy with Laud

"to enjoy the luxury of *retribution*," that "another *arbitrary act charged upon Laud* was *his* attempt to force upon the foreign Protestants," &c., and find an important chapter rounded off with a reference to "the *majestic ears* of the Long Parliament," we cannot doubt to whom the credit of such rhetoric belongs.

May all apologies for such characters as Laud be so written!

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11. — *Report of the Engineer and Artillery Operations of the Army of the Potomac, from its Organization to the Close of the Peninsular Campaign.* By Brig.-Gen. J. G. BARNARD, Chief Engineer, and Brig.-Gen. W. F. BARRY, Chief of Artillery. Illustrated by eighteen Maps, Plans, etc. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1863.

NEXT to General McClellan's Report, this book is the most valuable to students of the history of the army of the Potomac of all that have as yet been published. It begins with General Barnard's Report, addressed to General McClellan's Chief of Staff, and dated January 26, 1863. This Report opens with an interesting, though very brief, statement of the theory of the series of works which constitute the defences of Washington, and a description, equally brief, of the times and manner of their commencement and completion. This is followed by a statement of the way in which the engineer forces attached to the army of the Potomac were constituted during its campaign on the Peninsula. Next comes an admirable description of the Chickahominy, considered as a military obstacle, from which the reader may form an accurate idea of the river, the swamp and bottom-land which border it, and the neighboring highlands. The rest of this Report consists mainly of an account of the part taken by the Engineer forces in the advance on Richmond, in the movements executed by the army in the "Seven Days," in the construction of a defensive line at Harrison's Landing, and in the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula. The engineering operations at the siege of Yorktown are described in another Report of General Barnard, printed later in the volume, p. 136. General Barnard's reports, and the sub-reports made to him, contain abundant and valuable information upon the subjects of the building and making of military bridges and roads.

Next comes Colonel Alexander's Report of the operations upon which he was engaged between April 20th and May 12th, 1862. This Report is clear, interesting, and altogether a most agreeable specimen of military writing. It gives a full and minute description of the plans devised and successfully followed by Colonel Alexander, for landing troops and constructing temporary wharves. It is likely to be a most

useful *aide-mémoire* for all officers in command of what we have learned to call "expeditionary forces."

The Reports of General Woodbury, Captain Spaulding, Captain Brainerd, and Captain Ketchum, treating mainly of road-making and bridge-building, require no particular notice, and the same may be said of Colonel Delafield's letter on the subject of mantlets, of Lieutenant Comstock's Report accompanying his Sketch of the fortifications at Gloucester Point, his Reports of his examination of the Confederate Lines on the Warwick River, once before and twice after their evacuation, and of Lieutenant McAlester's Reports on the character of the Confederate Works at Williamsburg and of a reconnoissance at Bottom's Bridge.

In Colonel Alexander's Personal Report, page 99, and in General Woodbury's Special Report of the operations of the Volunteer Engineer Brigade at White Oak Swamp Bridge, page 227, may be found a great deal of information in regard to the doings of our army during the trying period known as the "Seven Days," which will well reward the attention of the reader. The limits of this period are reckoned with less general agreement than might be expected in a matter so recent and so familiar. The sharp fighting began on Wednesday, June 25th, when we gained some ground on the left, with a loss of over five hundred men. Every succeeding day was a day of battles, until the battle of Malvern Hill had been fought, on Tuesday, July 1st. The victory gained there was so complete, that the enemy desisted from further attack, and our weary army moved unmolested, through the pouring rain, to the banks of the James, on Wednesday, July 2d.

General Barnard's Report of engineering operations at the siege of Yorktown, his Journal of the siege of Yorktown, with Memorandum of Batteries, and Report of positions of Guns and emplacement for Guns in the Fortress of Yorktown, are full of details, and are rather dry reading; but the careful student, with the aid of the Plan of the Siege, may extract from them much valuable information, hardly attainable elsewhere, as to its progress.

The last Engineer Report is Lieutenant McAlester's Report of the Battle of Williamsburg. It is of the greatest interest and value. It is very seldom that we can get so clear a glimpse at a battle as this Report gives us. Unfortunately for the reader, the writer's duties permitted him to see but a small part of the field and the fighting. If Captain Stewart and Lieutenant Farquhar made reports of what they saw and did on the right, they should by all means be included in a second edition of this volume.

Of General Barry's Report of the Organization of the Artillery of

the Army of the Potomac, it is sufficient to say that it is simple, straightforward, business-like, and satisfactory in the main. The student of the history of the army of the Potomac would be pleased to find in it some account of the progress of the work, from month to month; but General Barry contents himself with reporting what the field-artillery of the army of the Potomac comprised on the 25th of July, 1861, when he became its chief, and what it comprised when the army took the field, in March, 1862. His Report of the Artillery Operations at the Siege of Yorktown is mostly a table of batteries, with their armament, and a diary of the work done in and about them.

Valuable as is much of the material of which we have given a brief account, the maps which this volume contains possess an almost equal value. It is the best collection of which we have any knowledge, and many of the individual maps and plans are also the best we know. The "General Campaign Map," Plate I., is very good, and of convenient size. The publisher should see that, in another edition, Wynn's Mill, Alexander's Bridge, and Dr. Gaines's House are marked upon it. The official plan of the siege of Yorktown is most valuable; but this also would be made a great deal more serviceable by some very trifling additions, as, for instance, the marking of the Head-quarters of General Sumner, who commanded the left wing of the army during the siege. The map showing the position of Williamsburg, and the Plan of our line of Intrenchments before Richmond, are of great interest and value.

We have told what this handsome book contains, and here we should leave it, but that General Barnard's Report comprises a criticism of the plan and conduct of the Peninsular campaign more important, if not more severe, than any other that has appeared in print.

The Report, as has been stated, is dated January 26, 1863, and is addressed to the Chief of Staff of General McClellan, who was the commanding general during all the time to which it relates. General McClellan was relieved of his command in November, 1862, to the joy of many, to the regret of not a few. In the following year this book appeared. We are not told whether it was published by the order or with the permission of the War Department. There is no preface, no explanatory note. We are left in doubt in regard to the motive for publishing it, but its condemnation of General McClellan's policy and action is the more serious, as coming from one who is confessedly an accomplished soldier, and familiar with the matters of which he speaks.

This is not the place for a discussion of General McClellan's merits and demerits as a soldier. We must confine ourselves to a brief account of General Barnard's "Retrospect pointing out the mistakes that

were made, and thus tracing the Causes of Failure to their true sources." Of this "Retrospect," we may say generally that its author condemns in succession every prominent feature of the commanding general's plan and conduct. He assigns, as prominent among the causes of ultimate failure, the inaction of eight months, from August, 1861, to April, 1862, the adoption of the wrong line of operations against Richmond, the decision not to assault the lines of Yorktown, the failure to open our batteries on the place as fast as they were completed, the "blunder" of the battle of Williamsburg, the subsequent adhesion to the York, instead of connecting with the navy on the James, the slowness of the movement to the Chickahominy, the omission to take advantage of the repulse of the rebels at Fair Oaks, and the fault committed in not concentrating our army on one bank of the Chickahominy on the night before the battle of June 27th, 1862.

It must be borne in mind, that all these positive statements have been before the public for a long time, and have received no authoritative explanation, contradiction, or answer, until the publication of General McClellan's Report. The attentive reader will naturally compare the Reports of the commanding general and of his chief engineer.

The Peninsular campaign has long been ended, and we are gradually collecting materials which will enable us to form or correct our judgments of the ability with which the General commanding the Union forces planned and conducted it. General Barnard's Report will always hold a prominent place among these materials. The accomplishments and official position of the author, his clear style, his distinct and positive statements, the moderateness of his personal claims, and the generosity of his praise of the juniors of his corps, unite to entitle it to such a place.

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12. — *A Manual of Spherical and Practical Astronomy.* By WILLIAM CHAUVENET, LL. D., Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THIS work of Professor Chauvenet will hold a high place among the works of American astronomers. Admirably adapted to the wants of American students, whose access to astronomical libraries and to memoirs in foreign languages is necessarily very limited, this work contains a fuller discussion of a greater number of problems in the sciences of astronomical observation and calculation, than have ever before been presented in a connected form in any language; and it cannot fail to be of the greatest service in stimulating to increased activity the astronomical talent of this country.

In all the mechanical appliances of astronomy we have availed ourselves of the best work of the age, and in the invention of instruments and methods of observation have even won applause from European astronomers; while in that skill of workmanship which is competent to the construction of the finest instruments, our countrymen have latterly begun to rival European artists. During the last thirty years, more than twenty observatories — several of the first class — have been erected and equipped in this country, and many valuable astronomical publications, in annals, memoirs, and journals, prove the industry of our scholars. The patronage of Congress, in establishing the National Observatory, in perfecting our admirably conducted Coast Survey, and in the publication of the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, attests the interest of our people in this — we might almost say — our favorite national science.

Scholarship in this science has not, however, been so successfully cultivated among us as the inferior kinds of skill, and few of our countrymen have been able to make available to our students the best thoughts — the labors of genius — in the higher branches of the science. We ought, therefore, to welcome such services as Professor Chauvenet has performed for us with the greater satisfaction.

In the work upon *Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*, by Professor Chauvenet, published in 1850, embracing the latest improvements and most elegant theorems of that branch of mathematics, we had an assurance of the ability which the present work demanded, and of that fidelity which has in the present work given us, in a most luminous and accessible form, the improvements in the trigonometrical methods of astronomy which we owe to the great German astronomers of the present century.

But besides the scholarly labor of compiling this material, Professor Chauvenet has given us in his first volume evidence of no ordinary originality, in several new methods of treating problems in Spherical Astronomy. This is shown in his treatment of the problems of Eclipses and Occultations, and in several problems relating to Navigation.

An Appendix to the second volume contains an exposition of the *Method of Least Squares*, — that numerical method of dealing with the values of observed quantities, by which, in modern physical inquiries, the accidental errors of many observations are made to cancel each other in the final results. This method is here for the first time presented to American students with full and clear explanations, and with such exemplifications as make evident the value of this important instrument of physical research.

13. — *An Address on the Subject of Rebellion, Slavery, and Peace, delivered at Concord, N. H., March* 2, 1864. By N. G. Upham. Published by Request. Concord: E. C. Eastman. 8vo. pp. 40.

This speech, in itself sound, persuasive, eloquent, merits peculiar attention on account of its author and its influence. Hon. Nathaniel G. Upham, for many years a Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and since his retirement from the bench a zealous and active political leader, has hitherto been in the van of the Democratic party. Not a candidate or aspirant for public office, but profoundly interested in all subjects of national policy, he adhered to that party, believing that its views and measures tended to the preservation of the Union and of pacific relations between its several sections. With conscious and manifest self-consistency, he now comes forward as the unqualified and warm supporter of Mr. Lincoln's administration and policy. He maintains that, the North and the national government having been loyal to all constitutional provisions and guaranties, the *onus* of the present rebellion rests wholly on the South, and that slavery and its abetters have no longer rights or claims. If the slaves of the seceding States be regarded as property, they are liable to appropriation to the direct or indirect use of the government as "contraband of war," or to confiscation as belonging to traitors; if regarded as persons, they owe allegiance, not to the Rebel government, or to masters who profess themselves the subjects of it, but to the United States government, the only lawful authority over the Confederate States, and so far as they recognize this allegiance by deserting their masters they become *ipso facto* free. Judge Upham holds that the reconstruction of the Union with slavery as one of its elements is impracticable, and that the true interest of the South, no less than the peace and prosperity of the nation collectively, demands the exclusion of this unfailing source of strife and peril. He contends also for the obligation to repeal, "simultaneously with the liberation of the slave, all the base acts of certain Northern States expelling the colored race from their borders, and subjecting them to obnoxious penalties and provisions." In fine, a more thoroughly loyal, timely, and efficient argument than this could not have been presented to a popular assembly, nor can the friends of the Union and the Administration put in circulation a document better fitted to further the public cause. We are the more solicitous to make record of its delivery and publication, because it has been second to no instrumentality in defeating the enemies of the Union in New Hampshire, and in securing the election of the Union candidate for the gubernatorial office by a majority far beyond the most sanguine expectation of his supporters.

14. — *Cudjo's Cave.* By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, Author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "The Drummer-Boy," &c., &c.

WE have emerged from "Cudjo's Cave" with a feeling of relief. In these sanguinary times, when we cannot take up a newspaper but our eyes light upon the details of some battle or murder, or of some calamity on land or sea, even a sensation story loses some of the relish with which it is wont to regale us in the piping times of peace. Our passion for the horrible is not so intense but that the facts of "our own correspondent," as they are meted out to us from day to day with no unsparing hand, completely satisfies it; they so far exceed the fictitious horrors of the novelist, that the latter fail to provoke a shudder or a tear.

"Cudjo's Cave" is a sensation story, and, what is more and worse, a sensation story of to-day. Had the author laid his plot some three or four centuries back, when he could have clothed his hero in steel, caged the heroine in a stone fortress, and set his men to fighting with lance and axe, the plan, though common enough, would have better served the occasion, for the contrast with modern ways of life might have awakened at least a feeble interest. But the story of *to-day* will not greatly excite the imagination, when the recollections of Chattanooga are fresh in mind, and when the booming of cannon at Charleston disturbs our reflections upon the most frightful of imaginary encounters, though its effect be heightened by every flourish of art. When reality gets so much the better of fiction, we must be excused if we turn away from the imaginary sufferings of a Miss Virginia Villars, or from the imaginary heroism of a Mr. Penn Hapgood, to bestow our pity or admiration upon heroism and suffering which exist elsewhere than in the fertile brain of a professional book-maker. But, aside from any such consideration as this, we think the author has made a mistake in the choice of his subject.

The materials for a story which turns upon negro character have been exhausted by his predecessors in the field of novel-writing. Mrs. Stowe has left very little for her imitators. The drollery, the simplicity, the overflow of spirits, the ardent temperament of the negro, are apparent enough, but they will be appropriated by the first writer, and every succeeding one must copy. Besides, nothing can be more difficult than for a novelist in this day not to overdo this matter. Feelings run so high, both for and against the claims of the negro to a higher social position than he has yet occupied, that a writer can hardly help sacrificing his literary art to his prepossesions. Culture must do for the negro what it has done for other races, — develop his character.

The novelist must, meanwhile, be content to depict negro character as it is, rather than as he thinks it will be or ought to be. His labor will then be a legitimate one, but his field of labor will be very circumscribed.

Mr. Trowbridge has evidently spent most time upon his personations of the negro character, and taken most pride in them, yet they are the feeblest he has drawn. The exaggerated virtues which Pomp parades, as some rustic lieutenant his first set of brass buttons, the apelike instincts of Cudjo, or the mawkish simplicity of Old Toby, entitle them to no place among characters that can bear criticism. We cannot discuss their merits or faults minutely, because they will not bear dissection; they are untrue to nature, and more than that we need not say. "Cudjo's Cave" has had a great sale, but its success can be easily accounted for on other grounds than those of merit. It is happily adapted to the excitement of the hour, and is entertaining from the rapidity of its incident and the animation of its style. But the last thing for which we should congratulate an author now-a-days would be the sale of his book; indeed, this is almost a matter for suspicion, for worthless books are greedily devoured.

The plot of this story is very simple; indeed, the story might have been compressed into the columns of a weekly newspaper without much detriment to its merits. Penn Hapgood, its chief figure, and by birth a Pennsylvania Quaker, is discharging the humble duties of a schoolmaster somewhere in Tennessee, just before the commencement of the present war. Though a quiet non-resistant, and in all respects a very worthy person, Penn is suspected by those whose bread he eats of being an Abolitionist, and, without much ado, is tarred and feathered by some "poor whites." Silas Ropes, whose manners and grammar are equally bad, is the principal among his persecutors, and a fair representative, we presume, at least in the estimation of the author, of the "Southern chivalry." Upon intimation that less gentle treatment awaits him in the future, Penn hies away to the mountains, where he is met and succored by two runaway negroes, Pomp and Cudjo, whose grievances are as substantial as his own. Cudjo is the sole proprietor of a cave, which affords them concealment and shelter, besides furnishing the author with a name for his story. Here they are soon joined by others, whom love for the Union has compelled to leave their homes. The locality of the cave, which had long been a secret with Pomp and Cudjo, quickly becomes known after the number of its inmates is increased, and its gloomy recesses are soon the theatre of strife and bloodshed. Penn Hapgood, it is a comfort to say, finds that non-resistance, however good in theory, will not do in practice; he and his friends

defend their cave against the attacks of their foes with proper spirit. Ropes and his gang are repulsed, and before they can collect their strength again the defenders of the cave have time to retreat. The most prominent of them seek the Union army, where they have performed and doubtless are performing prodigies of valor. Hapgood becomes the famous "fighting Quaker," of whom we have all heard.

Such is the story, stripped of its details, and we cannot wonder that the characters which it has suggested to Mr. Trowbridge are not strikingly original or attractive. We ought to make an exception in favor of Karl, who is the one really good character of the book. Despite the gibberish which he is made to talk, because his father was a Dutchman, and his wondrous exploits, which would have been hard for a big man to do, he is quite a success. The cunning and fidelity of the lad are really boyish and entertaining. Neither is Mrs. Salina Sprowl without interest for us. She acts like a woman, a strong-hearted, weak-minded woman, throughout. The conflict which agitates her breast between passion and sense of duty, in which the last, though so often defeated, never quite loses its hold upon her, is very well drawn indeed. Her love for a worthless husband, to which she sacrifices her pride and her honor, we appreciate as true to life. That passage of the book in which she is represented as ready to burn the house over her head, in order to save a faithful slave from the violence of her brutal husband, is almost a stroke of art. Were we to treat "Cudjo's Cave" as destined to be a permanent addition to our literature, and not as a waif thrown out upon the stream to catch for a moment the breath of popular applause, and then to disappear, we should surprise the author himself. Even he could not have so intended it, or he would have given it a different name. Pomp, Cudjo, Barber, Penn, are creations for our own time; they will not be highly esteemed by the next generation of readers.

A stern purpose induced the author, as he intimates, to write this work. This purpose, whether good or indifferent, is feebly executed. Most writers of a sensation story are not without some reward for their pains, besides what their ware may bring in the book-market. The production of their trifle will serve to amuse a leisure hour, or to beguile away the tedious monotony of life, if nothing more. But we pity the author who devotes himself to such a task, not to please others or himself, but as a matter of duty. His labor will be fruitless; the stubborn evils of life, as he will find, must be met, if they are to be overcome, by a more potent weapon than an unnatural fiction.

15. — *The Poems of* ROBERT LOWELL, Author of "The New Priest of Conception Bay." A New Edition (with many new Poems). Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1864. 16mo. pp. 206.

THERE are few recent volumes of poetry of which we could greet a new edition with more satisfaction than that with which we welcome this new issue of the Rev. Mr. Lowell's Poems. Its contents are indeed of very various merit, but there are poems in the little volume which are permanent additions to our literature.

Mr. Lowell has not only the poetic feeling, but at times he displays possession of the genuine poetic faculty. His "Songs of our Holy War," as he calls them, are among the best of the Lyrics of Loyalty. "The Massachusetts Line" and "The Men of the Cumberland" have attained a popularity to which their spirit and vigor give them good title. They are inspired with such fervor of patriotism, and with such real sympathy with brave deeds, that they answer the true end of the patriotic lyric, by quickening the zeal and animating the courage of all engaged in maintaining the good cause. One feels the throbs of the heart in the rhythm of the verse, and the reader shares in the emotion with which the poet was filled.

Mr. Lowell's genius is most quickly responsive to the heroic tone in life, and his nature finds in bold and brave deeds, on sea or land, its most inspiring cordial. It seems like a freak of fortune that such a man should be engaged in the quiet duties of a country parish, and not be in command on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, or at the head of a storming column. There is a marked contrast between the vigor and manliness of his patriotic, and the want of freshness and simplicity of some of his religious verse.

The finest poem in the volume — and the one in which Mr. Lowell's imaginative powers are most strikingly displayed — is that called "The Brave Old Ship, The Orient." It is a narrative of admirable directness and concentration of interest. It is full of the awful mystery and beauty and strength of the sea. It is not a real incident versified, but a work of pure imagination, in which the conception and execution are throughout noble and consistent. The form and melody of the verse reproduce the swell and tone of the ocean, and are in subtile harmony with the progress and catastrophe of the wild story. We beg Mr. Lowell to expunge in another edition the foot-note which reduces this noble poem from the universal regions of the imagination to the narrow limits of a very superficial and obscure allegory.

We heartily commend the volume to all lovers of poetry who are not yet acquainted with it.

16. — *Diary from November* 18, 1862, *to October* 18, 1863. By ADAM GUROWSKI. Volume II. New York: Carleton. 1864. pp. 348.

COUNT GUROWSKI, having acted as assistant pilot to one or two hopelessly shipwrecked revolutionary enterprises in Europe, comes to this country with a natural confidence in his fitness to take the helm in utterly unknown waters, and with breakers under the lee. His book is a triumphant series of *I-told-you-sos*, and it is a thousand pities, the Count being at least as prescient as an average astrologer or rapt centre-table, that he should not publish his Diary in advance, giving us the coming year instead of the past, so that we might know beforehand what prodigious fools we were going to be. It is, no doubt, more convenient to prophesy after the event, but the other way would be so much more useful, that there is a kind of misanthropy in letting us grope through a whole twelvemonth, breaking our noses at every turn, when a single word spoken in season might prevent it.

But if the Count's prescience be a gift which he keeps more exclusively for his own use than is entirely worthy of so ardent a lover of his kind, he makes up for it by the lavish way in which he squanders his omniscience, which is at the service of everybody, whether they ask for it or no. He would undertake to teach the Pope infallibility in twelve lessons. He keeps a free academy of the *omne scibile*, teaching Mr. Seward and the various foreign ambassadors diplomacy, Mr. Lincoln the American Constitution, Mr. Welles naval affairs, Mr. Chase finance, and all our generals strategy, not to mention deportment of a finer polish than was ever dreamed of by Castiglione himself. If it be true that he volunteered to take the command of our armies, Mr. Stanton's refusal of the offer would go far toward justifying the opposition complaint that he was prolonging the war for purposes of his own. The only thing which the Count would seem incompetent to teach is Latin, but of this he makes no secret, sprinkling his volume thickly with advertisements of the fact so utterly revolutionary in grammar and syntax that they would have driven Sir John Cheke mad. He disputes with Sigismund the imperial monopoly of being *super grammaticam*.

Count Gurowski professes, and no doubt feels, a sincere admiration of the American people collectively, but is compelled to speak ill of almost every individual specimen he encounters. It must be exceedingly painful to a man of his benevolent turn. Since Cato, the office of censor has never been so adequately and laboriously filled; since Timon, there has never been such perfectly impartial railing. Our tough cynic goes about, like a new Diogenes with a dark-lantern, and,

keeping the slides carefully shut tight, tries how many honest men he can*not* find. Thus far he seems to have been very successful. Well was the Count named Adam, for he is the only man of his generation.

But neither Count Gurowski's overweening conceit of himself, nor his savage criticisms, should lead us to overlook the fact that he is a man of great culture, intelligence, and, above all, independence. His experience of human affairs, too, has been wellnigh as various and intimate as that of Ulysses himself. His appreciation of the deep significance of our civil war and of the heroism of the people is keen and sympathetic, and though we think the war itself has sobered and strengthened us by making us feel the duties and realities of life as never before, yet we may still find a healthy tonic in criticisms which, if bitter, are also honest and uncompromising.

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17. — *Diplomatic Correspondence*, 1863. Parts I. and II., pp. li. and 1389, with Supplement to Part I., pp. cxxxix. Washington. 1864.

It has long been the fashion to say sharp things about the devious verbosity of diplomatists and the cunning tricks of lawyers, but the world is not yet in such near prospect of the Millennium as to get along without either. One of the most venerable of modern puns is Sir Henry Wotton's slur upon an ambassador as "an honest man sent *to lie* abroad for the good of his country." So pleased with it was the good knight himself, as to try to give it European currency by translating it into Latin. But he only spoiled the point, and the learned Scioppius, one of the most stupendous *issimi* of his day, held up the *ad mentiendum* as a fair sample of Protestant principle and English honesty. Sully also, in speaking of the treaty of Vervins, has his sneer at the protocols and what-nots of the plenipotentiaries. "I shall take no notice of the rest of those formalities in use amongst them, and leave it to others to extol those refined stratagems that in politics are thought the masterpieces of human wit." And yet we doubt not that the Duke himself, when he was sent, a year or two later, on an embassy to England, found it convenient to wrap his little gems of meaning in wordy cotton-wool, like others of his trade.

The truth is, that both lawyers and diplomatists are the *buffers* of society, preventing the too violent collision of men and nations. Without them the world would soon fall back to the primitive system of *faustrecht*, and we should have private or public war on our hands all the time. Ambassadors have also, as purveyors of the material of history, earned a right to the gratitude of mankind, scarcely second to that of

writers of memoirs. How much do we not owe to the archives of Venice, France, and Spain? How much more vivid and contemporary is our conception of the historical personages of past times, when we read how his Majesty looked, or what some great man "said to me this morning"? It is mere gossip, to be sure; but then all history is nothing more than gossip, with the world for a tea-table. We wish it were the fashion still for ambassadors to sketch and send home these bits of the historical picturesque, to report from the green-room as well as the boxes of the great theatre to which they have a free admission. The volumes before us are singularly barren in this respect, and we owe all the more thanks to Mr. Thayer, our Consul-General in Egypt, for a very lively account of the Sultan's visit to Alexandria.

We are undoubtedly at a disadvantage, as respects the other great nations, in not having a regular diplomatic service, in which our ministers might be trained to their profession, and in which promotion should be the reward of merit. Yet we have no reason to be ashamed of the manner in which we are at present represented abroad. Our embassies at London, Paris, Vienna, and Turin are filled by really eminent men, and among our consuls there are some, like Mr. Bigelow at Paris, in all respects competent to the higher grade. It is true that our most important diplomatic posts, of great importance even in quiet times for the impressions they give of our national character, have been too often shamelessly peculated in to pay the wages of dirty political work at home, and the ears of an American are made to tingle in many a European capital with traditions of the drunken or debauched Excellencies who have misrepresented his country; yet our diplomacy, even within recent memory, has been illustrated by such names as Irving, Bancroft, and Everett. Our civil war has taught us, among other useful things, how intimate and sensitive are our relations with the Old World, and we trust that it will before long become impossible for an American President to make the awkward blunder of nominating a German to Italy or a political exile to Germany. There should be a Board of Examiners for consular candidates, which, if it did not always succeed in sifting out competent men, might at least make it less likely that our national representative in any foreign town should be exceptionally vulgar and ignorant.

In the present collection, the correspondence which will be read with most interest is that which concerns our relations with England, and it is no small satisfaction that our interests should have been committed, during so critical a period, to a man so prudent, able, and tenacious as Mr. Adams. The third of his name in hereditary succession who has been our ambassador at St. James's, he has so acquitted himself as to

more than justify expectation. A truly solid man, with a sense of the true points at issue not to be baffled or diverted, he has managed the dangerous business of the Alabama and the Rebel rams with a discreet firmness that is already having its effect on public opinion in England. It is truly diverting to see Earl Russell endeavoring to talk down to a man like this, to watch his superciliousness gradually become vexation, doubt, alarm, and finally apologetic concession. Mr. Adams, continually "having the honor to be," and "taking this occasion to renew," with the blandest formality forces his Lordship closer and closer to the wall, where he leaves him pinned at last, "with distinguished consideration," of course, but squirming in most entomological fashion. The praise once bestowed on Sir Francis Walsingham is admirably applicable to our ambassador. It may truly be said of him, "How vigilant he was to gather true intelligence; what means and persons he employed for it; how punctual he was in keeping to his instructions where he was limited, and how wary and judicious where he was left free; still advancing, upon all occasions, the reputation and interest of his Great Mistress, with a lively and indefatigable devotion!"

There seems to be a growing tendency of late to undervalue Mr. Seward. That he should be spoken slightingly of in England is not to be wondered at, but that such sneers should be caught up and repeated in this country argues a pitiful provincialism not very flattering to our independence. There is, to be sure, a little inconsistency in the charges brought against him. On that side of the water he is accused of bluster, and on this, of truckling. A man must have pretty fairly preserved, one would say, the becoming moderation of statesmanship, who is attacked on such opposite grounds. If Mr. Seward sometimes seem to foreign critics a little too confident, we at least need like him none the less for having faith in the destiny of his country. If his despatches now and then smack a little of the schoolmaster, we must not forget that European statesmen are boys in their *a-b abs* in all that concerns a knowledge of us and our affairs. In the Trent case we undoubtedly had no standing whatever in international law, and because England made her demand a little gruffly, was Mr. Seward to insure our dismemberment as a nation by a foreign war on a point of childish temper? The true office of a statesman is to prevent his countrymen from acting under the influence of passion. Mr. Seward, by universal admission, was one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of our politicians three years ago, and we cannot believe that he has become so suddenly imbecile. He was an antislavery man when it was not yet prosperous to be so, before some of his critics were born, and if he now set a higher value on the merely territorial integrity of the country than seems wise

to some, it is only the natural result of a position which compels him to see and feel more keenly than anything else the weakness and danger which have resulted from disunion in our relations with foreign powers. If we have been able for three years to thwart all designs at intervention, with the war and ruin that would have followed, we owe it mainly to Mr. Seward; and if his victories have been less noisy, and less gratifying to our pride, than those in other fields, they have been no less effective, nor less deserving the gratitude of his country.

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18. — *Autobiography, Correspondence, &c. of* LYMAN BEECHER, D. D. Edited by CHARLES BEECHER. With Illustrations. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harpers. 12mo. pp. viii. 563.

"As for me, I am an ancestor," said Napoleon quietly to somebody who was descanting somewhat mercilessly, as is the wont of genealogists, on the merits of his pedigree. Dr. Beecher might have indulged in the same sarcasm, for he was the progenitor of a remarkable race. Few men who went about, as Longfellow says, with iron pots on their heads, had more manhood in their loins than he, and two such children as Mrs. Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher are seldom born to one father. He was himself a man of real pith and vigor, a large nature stretching cramped tenets till they sat easily on him.

The book is made up of Dr. Beecher's own conversational autobiography, his correspondence, and the recollections and letters of his children. The materials are rather dumped down than artistically arranged, and the editor fully justifies the auguries of his childhood in the clumsiness with which he has done his work. He gives us a great deal of matter not only irrelevant, but positively disagreeable, which argues very dull perceptions as to what is of interest to the world. He seems to think that he is writing the life of the family, and insists on telling us all their little ailments, as if readers had no rights which a biographer is bound to respect. Biography, no doubt, is only household history, but there are occasions on which even this familiar Muse should have breeding enough to look the other way. There are a great many things which we ought to thank Ahriman for sweeping out into his dust-heap.

But, despite all faults of execution, the volume is very interesting. Mrs. Stowe's contributions are the very poetry of country memories, and many of her sketches, that of the church at Litchfield with its choir, for instance, give us precisely what we want to know, and what is so carefully forgotten in our local histories. We have very pleasant

glimpses of the life in Litchfield, with its substantial comfort and culture, and its old-fashioned hospitable ways, now, alas! extinct. Mr. Brace's school shows that the claims of æsthetics were beginning to be recognized in a shy and guilty sort of way. He wrote dramatic entertainments for his pupils; and it is amusing to see Melpomene palmed upon the Puritan audience in the disguise of a normal schoolmistress. There was such a thing as country-life in New England then, and every larger town had its one or more resident families, who, without any assumption of superiority, gave a tone of greater refinement to intercourse, and kept up the traditions of social dignity. Now-a-days everything drains off to the great cities. So good a picture of the average New England life of sixty years since, among people of middling condition, is nowhere to be found. It is a somewhat prosaic life in its externals, a little sharp-edged and hard, more Scotch than English, and the same terrible religious creed that gives it depth makes it also sombre; but here, as elsewhere, Nature revenges herself in freaks of poetry and humor. Sometimes we catch ourselves wondering, as in a land of earthquakes, how the work of life can go on at all with that gloomy faith hanging between men and heaven, bodeful of overwhelming doom, perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow, at all events inevitable. But the truth is, that creeds, though intellectually unbending, are always pliant to the moral needs of men. If not, we are selfish enough to have shocked even Hobbes himself; for what man could play with his children, if he really believed that some of them were destined to eternal fire? There are strange contrasts in this volume. Nothing can be more sweetly idyllic than the picture of Roxana, as she sits spinning, and learning French with the book tied to her distaff; it is worthy of "Hermann and Dorothea"; and nothing can be more frightful than Roxana's husband writing to their daughter, whose betrothed has just been lost at sea, to hint a hope that was worse than doubt as to his condition in the other world, — a hope sure to bring his image up before her despair among "those whom lawless and uncertain thoughts imagine howling."

Dr. Beecher was an earnest and able man, and did a man's work in the world. He was truly a full man, and when he preached his best, he "*spilled over*," as he called it, in his pithy way. He was a man of strong human sympathies, dauntless, a lover of conflict for its own sake as well as truth's, — a lover of sport, too, who could land a trout as deftly as a sinner. He had a great command of that natural rhetoric which is better learned from plain men than from learned books, that poetry of the understanding whose images are taken from every-day life, and whose phrase is native to the soil, — a good working eloquence. Fil-

tered through a woman's nature, the strong current of life in him becomes genius in his daughter. Hard as his creed was, it seems to have softened insensibly to himself as he grew older, unable to resist the innate kindliness and healthiness of his nature. The book gives us the impression of a stalwart theological prize-fighter, ready to step into the ring at a moment's warning, and, after a good pounding given and taken, to shake hands and be friends. The race is not running out in New England while it can give birth to such sturdy Saxons as this.

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19. — *Roundabout Papers.* By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of "Vanity Fair," &c. With Illustrations. Reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine." New York: Harper and Brothers. 1863. pp. 292.

THE shock which was felt in this country at the sudden death of Thackeray was a new proof, if any were wanting, that London is still our social and literary capital. Not even the loss of Irving called forth so universal and strong an expression of sorrow. And yet it had been the fashion to call Thackeray a cynic. We must take leave to doubt whether Diogenes himself, much less any of his disciples, would have been so tenderly regretted. We think there was something more in all this than mere sentiment at the startling extinction of a great genius. There was a universal feeling that we had lost something even rarer and better, — a true man.

Thackeray was not a cynic, for the simple reason that he was a humorist, and could not have been one if he would. Your true cynic is a sceptic also; he is distrustful by nature, his laugh is a bark of selfish suspicion, and he scorns man, not because he has fallen below himself, but because he can rise no higher. But humor of the truest quality always rests on a foundation of belief in something better than it sees, and its laugh is a sad one at the awkward contrast between man as he is and man as he might be, between the real snob and the ideal image of his Creator. Swift is our true English cynic, with his corrosive sarcasm; the satire of Thackeray is the recoil of an exquisite sensibility from the harsh touch of life. With all his seeming levity, Thackeray used to say, with the warmest sincerity, that Carlyle was his master and teacher. He had not merely a smiling contempt, but a deadly hatred, of all manner of *shams*, an equally intense love for every kind of manliness, and for gentlemanliness as its highest type. He had an eye for pretension as fatally detective as an acid for an alkali; wherever it fell, so clear and seemingly harmless, the weak spot was sure to betray itself. He called himself a disciple of Carlyle, but would have been the first

to laugh at the absurdity of making any comparison between the playful heat-lightnings of his own satire and that lurid light, as of the Divine wrath over the burning cities of the plain, that flares out on us from the profoundest humor of modern times. Beside that *ingenium perfervidum* of the Scottish seer, he was but a Pall-Mall Jeremiah after all.

It is curious to see how often Nature, original and profuse as she is, repeats herself; how often, instead of sending one complete mind like Shakespeare, she sends two who are the complements of each other, — Fielding and Richardson, Goethe and Schiller, Balzac and George Sand, and now again Thackeray and Dickens. We are not fond of comparative criticism, we mean of that kind which brings forward the merit of one man as if it depreciated the different merit of another, nor of supercilious criticism, which measures every talent by some ideal standard of possible excellence, and, if it fall short, can find nothing to admire. A thing is either good in itself or good for nothing. Yet there is such a thing as a contrast of differences between two eminent intellects by which we may perhaps arrive at a clearer perception of what is characteristic in each. It is almost impossible, indeed, to avoid some sort of parallel *à la* Plutarch between Thackeray and Dickens. We do not intend to make out which is the greater, for they may be equally great, though utterly unlike, but merely to touch on a few striking points. Thackeray, in his more elaborate works, always paints character, and Dickens single peculiarities. Thackeray's personages are all men, those of Dickens personified oddities. The one is an artist, the other a caricaturist; the one pathetic, the other sentimental. Nothing is more instructive than the difference between the illustrations of their respective works. Thackeray's figures are such as we meet about the streets, while the artists who draw for Dickens invariably fall into the exceptionally grotesque. Thackeray's style is perfect, that of Dickens often painfully mannered. Nor is the contrast less remarkable in the quality of character which each selects. Thackeray looks at life from the club-house window, Dickens from the reporter's box in the police-court. Dickens is certainly one of the greatest comic writers that ever lived, and has perhaps created more types of oddity than any other. His faculty of observation is marvellous, his variety inexhaustible. Thackeray's round of character is very limited; he repeated himself continually, and, as we think, had pretty well emptied his stock of invention. But his characters are masterpieces, always governed by those average motives, and acted upon by those average sentiments, which all men have in common. They never act like heroes and heroines, but like men and women.

Thackeray's style is beyond praise, — so easy, so limpid, showing

everywhere by unobtrusive allusions how rich he was in modern culture, it has the highest charm of gentlemanly conversation. And it was natural to him,—his early works ("The Great Hoggarty Diamond," for example) being as perfect, as low in tone, as the latest. He was in all respects the most finished example we have of what is called a man of the world. In the pardonable eulogies which were uttered in the fresh grief at his loss there was a tendency to set him too high. He was even ranked above Fielding,—a position which no one would have been so eager in disclaiming as himself. No, let us leave the old fames on their pedestals. Fielding is the greatest creative artist who has written in English since Shakespeare. Of a broader and deeper nature, of a larger brain than Thackeray, his theme is Man, as that of the latter is Society. The Englishman with whom Thackeray had most in common was Richard Steele, as these "Roundabout Papers" show plainly enough. He admired Fielding, but he loved Steele.

20.—1. *Chaucer's Legende of Goode Women. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, Glossarial and Critical, by* Hiram Corson. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. 1864. 12mo. pp. xxxviii., 145.

2. *Observations on the Language of Chaucer.* By Francis James Child, Professor in Harvard College. From the Memoirs of the American Academy, New Series, Vol. VIII. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, and Company. 1862. 4to. pp. 107.

For two centuries after his death, Chaucer was honored not merely as the first in point of time of English poets, but the first in rank also. Thenceforward he became more and more a tradition, a name which poets invoked as they did the Muse, and with very much the same sincerity and right of acquaintance. Dryden, with his sterling English sense, and really admirable critical sagacity, had a feeling of his worth, and modernized a few of his poems, as a bookseller's job. Pope tried his hand at one or two more, with an unhappy lubricity choosing mostly such poems as had acquired a taint of uncleanness by the change of manners, though in Chaucer's day they but expressed the honest frankness of the time. Between 1687 and 1777 there was but one edition of Chaucer's works, and he was in the apogee of his fame when Tyrwhitt (1775–78) published his text of the Canterbury Tales. From that time forth, his credit has been on the rise, till he has at length assumed his true place, as second only to that English poet to whom all other poets are second.

Various attempts have been made to translate Chaucer, but they have all failed, and all deserved to fail, though Wordsworth, Leigh

Hunt, and Browning assisted in the volume published in 1841. Poetry that has any real principle of life in it, as Cervantes long ago discovered, is incapable of being transfused into another language. Of late, the study of Chaucer in the original has come into vogue, and Mr. Corson deserves the thanks of all lovers of what is genuine in literature for the taste with which he has made his selection, and the care with which he has edited it. The "Legend of Good Women," though it does not do justice to the range of Chaucer as a poet, is entirely adequate as an introduction to the study of his language, which was the object Mr. Corson had in view. In a well-written Preface, he shows a loving appreciation of his author, (though he gives up a little too much space to Mrs. Browning's fine writing,) and his notes show taste and scholarship. But his little volume, good as it is, would have been more nearly perfect, and he would have avoided some mistakes (like that on page xxviii., where he says that the final *e* in Chaucer is always silent before words beginning with a vowel, which is not true either of the French or Italian poets on whom Chaucer modelled his verse) if he had profited by the admirable monograph of Professor Child, the title of which we have given at the head of this notice.

Professor Child was already known by his Collection of English Ballads, in which the taste shown in selection was more than equalled by a scholarship in illustration so accurate and exhaustive that we are fain to call it German, for want of any English example. His "Observations on the Language of Chaucer" are the most valuable contribution to the study of that author since Tyrwhitt published his edition of the "Canterbury Tales." It is an index to every variation of form, whether of grammar or prosody, that occurs in the "Canterbury Tales," made with a full knowledge of all the gains of recent philological science, and with the conscientious caution of a true scholar. While it goes far toward establishing the theoretic probability of regularity in the Chaucerian system of verse, it shows also how many obstacles are to be removed by careful collation of manuscript texts before any indisputable law can be established. We hope to see it published in a more convenient and accessible form, and we cannot but wish that Professor Child might edit the works of an author for whose appreciation he has done so much, and to whom no living man is so competent to do justice as himself.

21. — *Poems.* By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1863 pp. 256.

"JEAN INGELOW" has such a very odd look that one feels inclined, at first, to believe it a pseudonyme. It sounds very much like one of those names which a young author might choose for his heroine after the fashion that came in with "Jane Eyre," plain but not vulgar, musical in an unpretending way, and attractive by a spice of oddity to ears somewhat palled by the high-sounding titles that were once the mode. A doubt about the name might lead us to suspect that the sex also was a device. If these poems are written by a woman, they are remarkable for a certain firmness of thought and style; if by a man, for sweetness and delicacy of sentiment. This is already saying a great deal in their praise. Assuming them to be the first productions of a young woman, they are full of promise, for they have a simplicity that is very uncommon in female verse-writing. It is rather singular that women, who write letters with so much ease and grace as to have almost a monopoly of writing them well, are apt to seek originality in poetry in quaintness of phrase and overstraining of sentiment. They seem to mistake vehemence for force, and become harsh in endeavoring to escape the control of that refinement of organization which gives to their intellect its most charming quality. Mrs. Browning, in some of her later poems, was as rugged and obscure as the elder Edda, and Miss Rossetti seems to us in danger of throwing away a really fine imagination by choosing to be whimsical when she might be original. There is no falser axiom than that which denies sex to mind.

The poems of Miss Ingelow, like those of all young writers, show traces of the influence of the prevailing school. There are tricks of verse and turns of phrase which she has caught of Tennyson and Charles Kingsley, and there is too much of that landscape-painting which applies the principles of Pre-Raphaelitism to poetry, where they are out of place, and gives all the particulars that can be found by an eye at leisure instead of the few essential features into which a scene is generalized by a mind under strong emotion. Miss Ingelow, as young poets are wont, strives to say all that *can* be said, rather than to leave out all but what *must* be said. But making all the allowances which an honest criticism should, there is quite enough in her volume to give her a place among the better poets of the day. There is a genuine originality in her choice of subjects and her conception of situations and motives. She has a true eye for what is lovely and touching, both in the outward world and the inward one of the emotions, and a fine instinct of the way in which each reproduces itself in the other, giving

or taking, as the case may be, the hue of its own sentiment. Some of her lyrics have the highest charm of feeling and measure; fresh and full of unexpected turns, they have the freedom and simplicity, the delightful *nonchalance*, of nursery rhymes, but such as are sung only by the Muse over the cradles of her favorites. They have that exhilarating want of purpose, that singing for mere singing's sake, that seemed to be lost since the day of the Old Dramatists. Miss Ingelow raises high expectations, which we have no doubt her maturer powers will fully justify.

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22. — *Poems in the Dorset Dialect.* By WILLIAM BARNES. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1864. 12mo. pp. viii. and 207.

WE need do no more than announce the republication of this volume, for it comes to us with its reputation already made. Mr. Barnes is not a peasant writing in his native *patois*, but a scholar who has made himself perfect master of a dialect, for such the language of Dorsetshire almost deserves to be called; not quite in the same sense as Lowland Scotch, the French of Jasmin, the German of Hebel, or the Italian of Meli, but still a dialect in its retention of archaic forms and words peculiar to itself. These poems, laying no claim to any very high imaginative power, have the merit, almost as rare, of nature and simplicity. Mr. Barnes, with a true sense of his own strong point, called a former volume "Homely Rhymes." But his verse is homely only in the best sense, that it deals with household sentiment and the mirth or sadness of the fireside. He writes, like Robert de Brunne,

> "For the luf of symple men,
> That strange English can not ken,
> For tho that on this land wonn
> That the Latyn ne Frankys conn."

People that are reasonably tired of metaphysics in rhyme, who have tastes not yet so dulled that they need to have even passion red-peppered for them, will find real solace and refreshment in these poems. In subject and treatment, they are sweet, kindly, and rural. Nor is the dialect such as to make them hard reading. There is hardly a stanza in the volume which cannot be made English by a change of spelling, a curious illustration of what we said before, — that Mr. Barnes writes in a language which he has acquired, and not to which he was born. This fact, however, as the tongue is neither foreign nor dead, does not in the least detract from the perfectly easy naturalness of the poems.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE publishers of the North American Review have had the honor of receiving the following letter from the President of the United States.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, January 16, 1864.

"MESSRS. CROSBY AND NICHOLS: —

"GENTLEMEN: The number for this month and year of the North American Review was duly received, and for which please accept my thanks. Of course I am not the most impartial judge; yet, with due allowance for this, I venture to hope that the article entitled 'The President's Policy' will be of value to the country. I fear I am not quite worthy of all which is therein kindly said of me personally.

"The sentence of twelve lines, commencing at the top of page 252, I could wish to be not exactly as it is. In what is there expressed, the writer has not correctly understood me. I have never had a theory that Secession could absolve States or people from their obligations. Precisely the contrary is asserted in the Inaugural Address; and it was because of my belief in the continuation of these *obligations*, that I was puzzled, for a time, as to denying the legal *rights* of those citizens who remained individually innocent of treason or rebellion. But I mean no more now than to merely call attention to this point.

"Yours respectfully,

"A. LINCOLN."

The sentence to which the President refers is the following: —

"Even so long ago as when Mr. Lincoln, not yet convinced of the danger and magnitude of the crisis, was endeavoring to persuade himself of Union majorities at the South, and to carry on a war that was half peace, in the hope of a peace that would have been all war, — while he was still enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law, under some theory that Secession, however it might absolve States from their obligations, could not escheat them of their claims under the Constitution, and that slaveholders in rebellion had alone, among mortals, the privilege of having their cake and eating it at the same time, — the enemies of free government were striving to persuade the people that the war was an Abolition crusade. To rebel without reason was proclaimed as one of the rights of man, while it was carefully kept out of sight that to suppress rebellion is the first duty of government."

[Nothing could have been further from the intention of the Editors than to misrepresent the opinions of the President. They merely meant that, in their judgment, the policy of the Administration was at first such as practically to concede to any rebel who might choose to profess loyalty, rights under the Constitution whose corresponding obligations he repudiated.]

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